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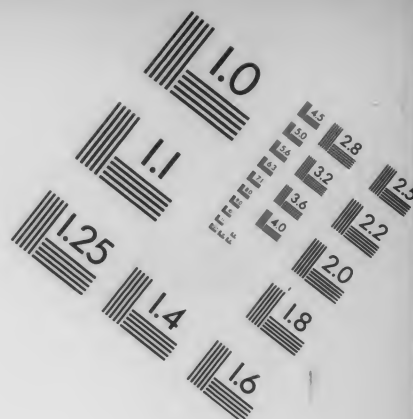
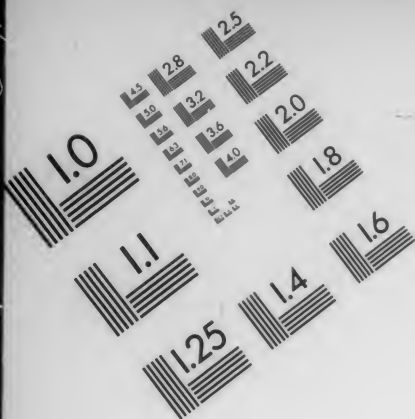
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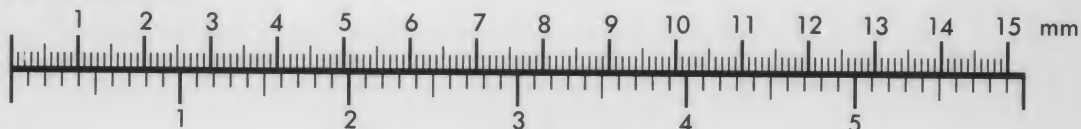
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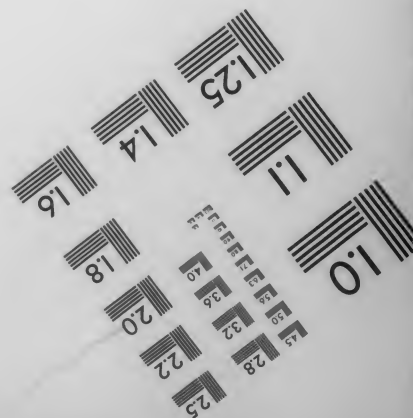
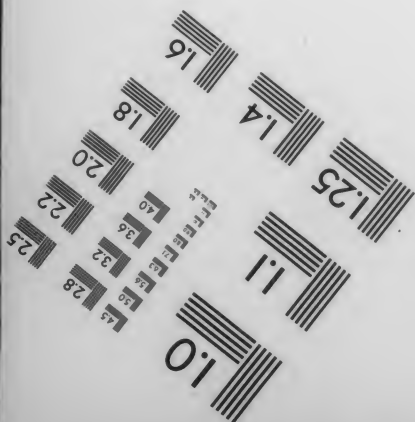
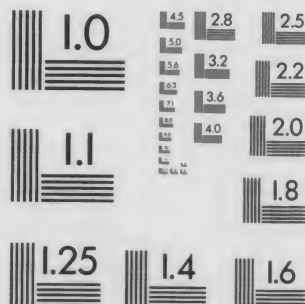
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OF THE
HOUSE OF HANOVER

BY DR. DORAN,
AUTHOR OF "HABITS AND MEN," "TABLE TRAITS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



REDFIELD
NO. 34 BEEKMAN-STREET, NEW YORK
1855

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v. 1

INTRODUCTION.

In the reign of George II. there lived a Wiltshire gentleman, named Paul Methuen, who had a passion for reading the weary, dreary novels of his time. Queen Caroline loved to rally him on this weakness, and one day asked him what he had last been reading. "May it please your Majesty," said Paul, "I have been reading a poor book on a poor subject,—the kings and queens of England." As far as the quality of the book is concerned, I shall, perhaps, be found to have furnished one which might be catalogued in Paul Methuen's words to Caroline. If any portions of its contents escape such characterizing, it will probably be those which I have cited in the words of writers who were sometimes the witnesses of, at others the actors in, the scenes they describe. Whatever there is of merit, it is only there to be found, and I have no part therein. I am not like those dull old Roman gentlemen, who nightly attended sociable parties, whither, being witless themselves, they took their wittiest slaves to amuse the company, and set down all the laughter and applause as compliments paid to their own wit. Wherever I could find an eye-witness, I have allowed him to speak, and occasionally at some length, for I question if one could narrate what Ulysses saw, better,—that is, more truly,—than Ulysses himself.

It is hardly necessary for me to add that I have not, without some feeling of alarm at my own boldness, taken up a theme which has been so gracefully treated by Miss Strickland, and, in the "Queens before the Conquest," so spiritedly, by Mrs. Matthew Hall. When I think of the classical groups in the volumes of the latter, and the pictorial procession, if I may so speak, in those of the former lady, and compare with them my own scenes, anecdotes, and incidents, I am reminded of what Saladin said to the gossiping knight and the well-read monk whom he had taken prisoners:—"I asked you both to tell, by turns, the history of your own native land. You, sir Priest, describe it wisely and well; while you, sir Knight, tell me only tales and stories, and leave a world of matter still untold." Doubtless, there remains much to be told of the royal ladies whose names are inscribed on the pages of these volumes; and should the long-desired but not-yet-discovered diary of Sophia Dorothea, the journal of Queen Charlotte, and the day-book of the second Caroline, fall into the hands of so accomplished a reader of

cyphers, and so able a commentator on grave historical documents, as Mrs. Everett Green, I shall feel more than ever, and indeed shall be contentedly resigned to feel, what sort of honor Bibulus enjoyed when he shared the consulship with Julius Cæsar. In the mean time, I present my humble offering to the public, not only with deference and respect, but with a profoundly grateful feeling for the favorable reception given to my "*Opuscula*," "*Table Traits*," and "*Habits and Men*." Finally, this present little Work I venture to dedicate to

JOHN BRUCE, ESQ., F.S.A., &c.

One who is too well endowed, mentally, not to at once discover its many defects, yet too kindly affectioned to be otherwise than gentle of censure. May he accept it, however unworthy, as a tribute of regard for the "true man," and respect for the "true scholar," at the hands of his obliged and grateful friend,

THE AUTHOR.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, OF ZELL,
WIFE OF GEORGE I.

Das Glänzende ist nicht immer das Bessere.

KOTZEBUE, *Bruder Moritz*.

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE OF BRUNSWICK-ZELL AND ELEANORE D'OLBREUSE.

WHEN George the First ascended the throne of England, the heralds, with an alacrity at once officious and official, proceeded to furnish him with that sort of greatness without profit and without value, which it is part of their profession to provide for those who are weak enough to need it, and wealthy enough to pay for it. They, in other words, provided him with an ancestry; and they constructed that crane's foot roll which the Normans knew by the name of a "*pied de grue*," and which pretended, with pleasant disregard of truth, that his Majesty, who had few god-like virtues of his own, was descended from that deified hero, Woden, whose virtues, according to the bards, were all of a god-like quality. Now, George Louis of Brunswick-Lunebourg, with respect to Woden, was, as Dumas remarks, of a questionable great-grandson of Charlemagne, "*un descendant bien descendu*." The two

had little in common, save lack of true-heartedness towards their wives.

The more modest builders of ancestral pride, who ventured to water genealogical trees for all the branches of Brunswick to bud upon—before the princes of the family so named ever hoped to sit in the seat of the Conqueror and Cœur de Lion, did not dig deeper for a root, or go farther for a fountain head than, into the Italian soil, of the year 1028. Even then, they found nothing more or less noble than a certain Azon d'Este, Marquis of Tuscany, who having little of sovereign about him, except his will, joined the banner of the Emperor Conrad, and hoped to make a fortune in Germany, either by cutting throats, or by subduing hearts whose owners were heiresses of unencumbered lands.

Azon was as irresistible in field and bower as his almost namesake, Azor, of the fairy tale, and not only did this truly designated soldier of fortune win a name by his sword, but a heart by his tongue. He was doubly lucky, it may be added, in his bride, for when he espoused Cunegunda of Guelph, he married a lady who was not only wealthy, but who had the additional attraction and advantage of being the last of her race. The household was, consequently, a happy one, and when there appeared an heir to its honors in the person of Guelph d'Este the Robust, the vaticinating court-poet foretold brilliant fortunes for his house, yet failed to see the culminating brilliancy which awaited it in Britain, beyond their ken.

It is singular, however, to see how soon the Guelphs of Este became connected with Britain. This same Prince "Robust," of whom I have just spoken, when he had come to man's estate, wooed no maiden heiress as his father had done, but won the widowed sister-in-law of our Great Harold. The lady in question was Judith, daughter of Baldwin de Lisle, Count of Flanders, and widow of Tostig, Earl of Kent. He took her by the hand while she was yet seated under the shadow of her great sorrow, and looking up at Guelph the Robust, she smiled and was comforted.

Guelph was less satisfactorily provided with wealth than the comely Judith, but in the days in which he lived provision was easily made, were he who needed it only in favor with the impe-

rial magician, at whose word fortunes rose, disappeared, and were transferred from one prince to another without troubling the legal conveyancers.

Guelph and Judith had found this important favor in the eyes of the Emperor Henry IV., who, forthwith ejected Otho of Saxony from his possessions in Bavaria, and conferred the same, with a dreadfully long list of rights and appurtenances, on the newly-married couple.

These possessions were lost to the family by the rebellion of Guelph's great-grandson against Frederick Barbarossa. The disinherited prince, however, found fortune again, by help of a marriage and an English king. He had been previously united to Maud, the sister of Henry II., and his royal brother-in-law, with that benevolence which prevails so largely in all communities, took unwearied pains to find some one who could afford him material assistance. He succeeded, and Guelph received, from another emperor, the gift of the countships of Brunswick and Lunebourg. Otho IV. raised them to duchies, and William (Guelph) was the first duke of the united possessions, about the year 1200.

Since that period, dukes in Brunswick have seldom failed, but the heir to the title, if he were a child when he could lay claim to his inheritance, usually found a wicked uncle in possession, who affected to act upon trust, but who never would acknowledge his ward's majority except under the irresistible pressure of force. Thus, Otho the Child, would probably have lost all of his inheritance except his claims to it, but for the energetic action in his favor exercised by the Emperor Frederick.

The early dukes were for the most part warlike in character, but their bravery was rather of a rash and excitable character, than heroically, yet calmly firm. Some of them were remarkable for their unhappy tempers, and acquired names which unpleasantly distinguish them in this respect. I may cite, as instances, Henry, who was not only called the "young," from his years, and "the black," from his swarthy skin, but "the dog," because of his undignified snarling propensities. So Magnus, who was surnamed "the collared," in allusion to the gold chain which hung from his bull-neck, was also known as the "insolent," and the "violent," from

the circumstance that he was ever either insufferably haughty or insanely passionate.

The House of Brunswick has, at various times, been divided into the branches of Brunswick-Lunebourg, Brunswick-Wölfenbützel, Brunswick-Zell, Brunswick-Danneberg, &c. These divisions have arisen from marriages, transfers, and interchanges. The first duke who created a division was Duke Bernard, who, early in the fifteenth century, exchanged with a kinsman his duchy of Brunswick for that of Lunebourg, and so founded the branch which bears, or bore, that double name.

The sixteenth duke, Otho, was the first who is supposed to have brought a blot upon the ducal scutcheon, by honestly marrying rather according to his heart than his interests. His wife was a simple lady of Brunswick, named Matilda de Campen. The two lived as happily together as the stirring times and attendant anxieties would allow them; and they paid as dearly for the felicity which they enjoyed as did their descendant, of whom I shall presently speak, who also espoused a lady below the line of ducal sovereignty, and who gave to England the second of her queens whose feet never rested upon English soil.

It became the common object of all the dukes of the various Brunswick branches to increase the importance of a house which had contributed something to the imperial greatness of Germany. They endeavored to accomplish this common object by intermarriages, but the desired consummation was not achieved until a comparatively recent period,—when the branch of Brunswick-Lunebourg became Electors, and subsequently Kings of Hanover, and that of Brunswick-Wölfenbützel, Sovereign Dukes of Brunswick.

The grandfather of our George I., William, Duke of Brunswick-Lunebourg, had seven sons, and all these were dukes, like their father. On the decease of the latter, they affected to discover that if the seven heirs, each with his little dukedom, were to marry, the greatness of the house would suffer alarming diminution, and the ducal gem be ultimately crushed into numberless glittering but not very valuable fragments.

They accordingly came to a singular yet natural conclusion.

They determined that one alone of the brothers should form a legal matrimonial connection, and that the naming of the lucky re-founder of the dignity of Brunswick should be left to chance!

The seven brothers, in pursuance of their plan, met in the hall of state in their deceased father's mansion, and there drew lots, or threw dice, for reports differ on this point, as to who should live on in single blessedness, wearing bachelor's buttons for ever, and which should gain the prize, not of a wife, but of permission to find one.

They must have formed a pictorial, and probably an excited group,—those brothers all risking cold celibacy that one might keep warm the dignified vitality of the race. Had the gods been propitious, the lot would surely have fallen upon one who already wore a lady in his heart; and there undoubtedly was such a one among them whose own heart doubtless beat quickly when “double sixes” were thrown by the brother who had but an indifferent heart of his own, and who had yet to seek to establish an interest in that of some lady.

The lucky prince was George, the sixth son, and he experienced little difficulty in finding a princess willing to be the mother of a new race of Brunswick princes. The lady, cavalierly wooed and ready to be won, was Anne Eleanore, daughter of the Landgraf of Hesse-Darmstadt.

The brothers are said to have so religiously observed their compact, that when the story was told to the sultan, Achmet I., that potentate, who belonged to a race which knows nothing of fraternal affection when the latter stands in the way of interest, clapped his hands with surprise, solemnly declared that God was great—by way of inapplicable comment upon the legend of the seven brothers—and swore that it would be worth while to go on foot from Byzantium to Brunswick only to look at them!

The heir-apparent of this marriage was Frederick Ernest Augustus, who, in 1658, married Sophia, the daughter of Frederick and Elizabeth, the short-lived King and Queen of Bohemia; the latter the daughter of James I. The eldest child of this marriage was George Louis, who ultimately became King of Great Britain, and who was *then* discovered, as I have said, to be a descendant

of Woden. He at least espoused a lady who, by the mother's side, was less heroically, yet not less honorably, descended.

When Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, the Roman Catholic religion in France achieved neither a less sanguinary, nor a less melancholy, nor a less vaunted triumph, than it did on the bloody day of the never-to-be-forgotten St. Bartholemew. Those who refused to be converted were executed or imprisoned. Some found safety, with suffering, in exile; and confiscation made beggars of thousands. When towns, where the Protestants were in the majority, exhibited tardiness in coming over to the king's way of thinking, dragoons were ordered thither, and this order was of such significance, that when it was made known, the population, to escape massacre, usually professed recantation of error in a mass. This daily accession of thousands who made abjuration under the sword, and walked thence to confession and reception of the Sacrament under an implied form in which they had no faith, was described to the willingly-duped king by the *ultra* bishops as a miracle as astounding as any in Scripture.

Of some few individuals, places at court for themselves, commissions for their sons, or honors which sometimes little deserved the name, for their daughters, made, if not converts, hypocrites. Far greater was the number of the good and faithful servants who left all and followed their Master. With one especially I have here to do. His name was Alexander D'Esmiers, Marquis D'Olbreuse, a gallant Protestant gentleman of Poitiers, who preferred exile and loss of estate to apostacy, and who, when he crossed the frontier, a banished man, brought small worldly wealth with him, but therewith one child, a daughter, who was to him above all wealth; and to uphold his dignity, the memory of being descended from the gallant Fulques D'Esmiers, the valiant and courteous Lord of Lolbroire.

Father and daughter had the world before them where to choose, and like unfortunates who, ejected from home, still linger on the loved threshold, they sojourned for a time on the northern frontier of the kingdom, having their native country within sight. There they tabernacled in much sorrow, perplexity, and poverty, but friends ultimately supplied them with funds; and however sad a

man a French exile may be when his purse is empty and his mind is filled with gloomy thoughts, that same mind speedily becomes serene when steadied by the ballast of a heavy purse.

The marquis was not a Croesus even now, but he found himself in a condition to appear in Brussels without sacrifice of dignity, and into the gay circles of that gay city he led his daughter Eleanora, who was met by warm homage from the gallants, and much criticism at the hands of her intimate friends,—the ladies.

But the sharpest criticism could not deny her beauty, and her wit and accomplishments won for her the respect and homage of those whose allegiance was better worth having than that of mere *petits maîtres* with their stereotyped flattery. Eleanora, like the lady in Göthe's tragedy, loved the society and the good opinion of wise men, while she hardly thought herself worthy of either; and, like Leonora d'Este, she might have said:

Ich freue mich wenn klüge Männer sprechen,
Dass ich verstehen kann wie sie es meinen.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that Eleanora was a Frenchwoman, and consequently for being attached to the wise she was not out of love with gaiety. She was the fairest and the liveliest in the train of the brilliant Duchess of Tarento, and she was following and eclipsing her noble patroness at a ball, when she was first seen by a prince who had travelled a little, and now suddenly felt that he loved much. This prince was George William, second son of George, Duke of Brunswick-Lunebourg, and heir to the pocket, but sovereign dukedom of Zell.

The heir of Zell became, what he had never been before, an honest wooer. It is said that he did not become so without a struggle; but the truth is that his heart was for the first time seriously inclined, and he, whose gallantry had been hitherto remarkable for its dragooning tone, was now more subdued than Cymon in the subduing presence of Iphigenia. He had hated conversation, because he was incapable of sustaining it, but now love made him eloquent. He had abhorred study, and knew little of any other language than his own, but now he took to French vocabularies and dictionaries, and long before he had got so far as to ask Elean-

ora to hear him conjugate the verb *aimer*, "to love," he applied to her to interpret the difficult passages he met with in books, and throughout long summer days the graceful pair might have been seen sitting together, book in hand, interesting and interested, fully as happy and twice as hopeful as that other celebrated and enamored pair, Paolo and Francesca.

With this young couple, love's course ran as little smoothly, after a time, as it is said to do proverbially. George William soon saw that something more of sterling homage was expected from him than his becoming the mere pupil of a noble but dowerless maiden from France, and the heir to a duodecimo ducal coronet was sorely puzzled as to his proceedings. To marriage he could have condescended with alacrity, but unfortunately there was "a promise in bar." With the view common to many co-heirs of the family, he had entered into an engagement with his brother Ernest Augustus, heir of the chief of the house of Brunswick, and Bishop of Osnaburgh, never to marry. This concession had been purchased at a certain cost, and the end in view was the further enlargement of the dominions and influence of the House of Brunswick. If George William should not only succeed to Zell, but should leave the same to a legitimate heir, *that* was a case which Ernest Augustus would be disposed to look upon as one inflicting on him and his projects a grievous wrong. A price was paid therefore for the promised celibacy of his brother, and that brother was now actively engaged in meditating as to how he might, without disgrace, break a promise and yet retain the money by which it had been purchased. His heart leaped within him as he thought how easily the whole matter might be arranged by a morganatic (or a *diminished*, as that Gothic word implies) marriage. A marriage, in other words, with the left hand; an union sanctioned by the church but so far disallowed by the law that the children or such wedlock were, in technical terms, *infantes nullius*, "children of nobody," and could, of course, succeed to nobody's inheritance.

George William waited on the Marquis d'Olbreuse with his morganatic offer, the poor refugee noble entertained the terms with much complacency, but left his child to determine on a point which involved such serious considerations for herself. They were ac-

cordingly placed with much respect at Eleanora's feet, but she musing rather angrily thereon, used them as Alnaschzar did his basket of glass, she became angry and by an impetuous movement, shivered them into fragments. She would not listen to the offer.

In the meantime, these love-passages of young George William were productive of much unseemly mirth at Hanover, where the Bishop of Osnaburgh was keeping a not very decorous court. He was much more of a dragoon than a bishop, and indeed his flock were more to be pitied than his soldiers. The diocese of Osnaburgh was supplied with bishops by the most curious of rules; the rule was fixed at the period of the peace which followed the religious wars of Germany, and this rule was that as Osnaburgh was very nearly divided as to the number of those who followed either church, it should have alternately a Protestant and a Romanist bishop. The necessary result has been that Osnaburgh has had sad scrapegraces for her prelates, but yet, in spite thereof, has maintained a religious respectability that might be envied by dioceses blessed with two diverse bishops at once, for ever anathematizing the flocks of each other and their shepherds.

The Protestant Prince Bishop of Osnaburgh made merry with his ladies at the wooing of his honest and single-minded brother, whom he wounded to the uttermost by scornfully speaking of Eleanora d'Olbreuse as the duke's "*Madame*." It was a sorry and unmanly joke, for it lacked wit, and insulted a true-hearted woman. But it had the effect also of arousing a true-hearted man.

George William had now succeeded to the little dukedom of Zell, not indeed without difficulty, for as the ducal chair had become vacant while the next heir was absent, paying homage at Brussels to a lady rather than receiving it from his lieges in Zell, his younger brother, John Frederick, had played his lord-suzeraine a scurvy trick, by seating himself in that chair, and fixing the ducal parcel-gilt coronet on his own brows, with a comic sort of "*gare qui le touche!*" levelled at all assailants generally, and the right-ful and fraternal owner particularly.

George William having toppled down the usurper from his ill-earned elevation, and having bought off further treason by pensioning the traitor, returned to Brussels with a renewal of his former

offer. He added weight thereto by the intimation, that if a morganatic marriage were consented to now, he had hopes, by the favor of the emperor, to consolidate it at a subsequent period by a legal public union, whereat Eleanora d'Olbreuse should be recognized Sovereign Duchess of Zell, without chance of that proud title ever being disputed.

Thereupon a family council was holden. The poor marquis argued as a father, of his age, and few hopes, might be pardoned for arguing;—he thought a morganatic marriage might be entered upon without “derogation” being laid to the account of the descendants of Fulques D'Esmiers; *au reste*, he left all to his daughter's love, filial and otherwise. Eleanora did not disappoint either sire or suitor by her decision. She made the first happy by her obedience, her lover by her gentle concession; and she espoused the ardent duke with the left hand, because her father advised it, her lover urged it, and the council and the suit were agreeable to the lady, who professed to be influenced by them to do that for which her own heart was guide and warrant.

The marriage was solemnized in the month of September, 1665, the bride was then in the 26th year of her age. With her new position, she assumed the name and style of Lady Von Harburg, from an estate of the duke's so called, and probably the last thing she thought of among the dreams conjured up by the new impressions to which she was now subject, was that the Lady of Harburg, a poor exile from France for the sake of conscience and religion, should be the mother of a Queen of England whom England should never see, or the ancestress of one who is more honored for her descent from the godly D'Esmires of Poitou than if she could be proved to be a daughter, far off indeed, and in unbroken line, of the deified and heathenish savage Woden of Walhalla.

The Bishop of Osnaburgh was merrier than ever at what he styled the mock marriage, and more unmanly than ever in the coarse jokes he flung at the Lady of Harburg. But even this marriage, maimed as it was, not in rite, but in legal sanction, was not concluded without fresh concessions made by the duke to the bishop, in order to secure to the latter an undivided inheritance of Brunswick, Hanover and Zell. His mirth was founded on the idea that

he had provided for himself and his heirs, and left the children of his brother, should any be born, and these survive him, to nourish their left-handed dignity on the smallest possible means. The first heiress to such dignity, and to much heart-crushing and undeserved sorrow, soon appeared to gladden for a brief season, to sadden for long and weary years, the hearts of her parents. Sophia Dorothea was born on the 15th September, 1666. Her names imply, “Wisdom the gift of God;” and if she had not possessed in after life that wisdom, whose commencement is established in the fear of God, her fate would have been as insupportable as it was undeserved.

Her birth was hailed with more than ordinary joy in the little court of her parents; at that of the bishop it was productive of some mirth and a few bad epigrams. The bishop had taken provident care that neither heir nor heiress should affect his succession to what should have been their own inheritance, and simply looking upon Sophia Dorothea as a child whose existence did not menace a diminution of the prospective greatness of his house, he tolerated the same with an ineffably gracious condescension.

CHAPTER II.

WIVES AND FAVORITES.

I THINK it is the remark of Madame de Stäel,—a lady, by the way, whom the Messrs. Goncourt in their one-sided history of French society, have described as having “the face of a lion; purple, pimpled, and dry-lipped, rude in body as in ideas, masculine in gesture, uttering in the voice of a boy her vigorous and swelling phraseology”—nothing of which would be believed by those who have seen her only in Girard's picture, holding in her hand that little branch without which she knew not how to be eloquent;—it is, I repeat, the remark of Madame de Stäel, that society, and perhaps even Providence, vouchsafes but a single blessing to women—the being loved after marriage. Whether this be true or not,

the blessing here named appears to have been the undisputed possession of the Lady of Harburg.

Such a household as that maintained in sober happiness and freedom from anxiety by herself and the duke was a rare sight, if not in Germany at least in German courts. The duke was broadly ridiculed because of his faithful affection for one who was worthy of all the truth and esteem which a true-hearted wife could claim. He could well afford to allow the unprincipled to ridicule what they could not realize; and he held, with more honesty than ever distinguished knight in chivalrous times, that if it were disgraceful to commit a breach of faith even in gaming, it was doubly so to be guilty of such treachery in marriage.

It may well be imagined how hilariously this sentiment was contemplated by the princes of Germany, who aped Louis XIV. only in his vices and his arrogance, and who, while professing to be as wise as Solomon, followed the example of that monarch only in the matter of concubines.

The only fault that was ever brought by the bitterest of the enemies of the wife of the Duke of Zell against that unexceptionable lady was, that she was over-fond of nominating natives of France to little places in her husband's little court. Considering that the Germans, who looked upon her as an intruder, would not recognize her as having become naturalized by marriage, it is hardly to be wondered at that she gathered as much of France around her as she could assemble in another land. This done, her husband approving, and her child creating for her a new world of emotions and delights, she let those who envied her rail on, having neither time nor inclination to heed them.

But the sunshine was not all unclouded. Three other children were the fruit of this marriage, whose early deaths were deplored as so many calamities. Their mother lived long enough to deplore that Sophia Dorothea had survived them. This was the real sorrow of the mother's life; and stupendous indeed must be the maternal affliction which is based upon the fact that a beloved and only child does not lie confined at her parents' feet.

The merits of the mother won, as they deserved to do, increase of esteem and affection on the part of the duke. His most natural

wish was to raise her to a rank equal to his own, as far as a mere name could make assertion of such equality. This, however, could not be effected but gradually and with a world of trouble, delay, disappointment, petitioning, and expense. It was thought a wonderful act of condescension on the part of the emperor, that he gave his imperial sanction to the elevation of the Lady of Harburg to the rank and title of Countess of Wilhelmsburg.

The Bishop of Osnaburgh was harder to treat with than the emperor. He bound down his brother by stringent engagements, solemnly engrossed in lengthy phrases, guarding against all mistake by horribly technical tautology, to agree that the encircling his wife with the coronet of a countess bestowed upon her no legal rights, and conferred no shadow of legitimacy, in the eye of the law, on the children of the marriage, actual or prospective. For such children, modest yet sufficient provision was secured; but they were never to dream of claiming cousinship with the alleged better-born descendants of Henry the Dog, or Magnus the Irascible.

George William and Eleanora mildly acquiesced, and the Bishop of Osnaburgh turned the key of his family muniment chest, with the comfortable feeling of a man who has fenced his dignity and prospects with a safeguard that could not possibly be violated. George William looked at his wife with a smile, and uttered, in something of the fashion of the prophetic persons in Shakespeare's tragedy,—“Hail, Countess of Wilhelmsburg, Duchess of Zell, hereafter!”

I, of course, do not mean to imply that this was more than mentally uttered. That the idea possessed the duke, and that he acted upon it quite as much as if he had given it expression, and bound himself by its utterance, is clearly distinguishable by his subsequent action. He was resolved not to rest until his wife should also be his duchess. A “star-chamber matter” has been made of many a simpler thing, but a smile is allowable when we read of the fact that the Estates of Germany gravely discussed the subject as to whether a worthy wife should be permitted to wear the title which was commonly worn by her husband. This had once before been permitted to a single lady, who had given her hand, or, to speak more in the spirit of Brunswick court lawyers, whose hand

had been graciously taken by a Brunswick duke. In the case, furnishing a precedent, the lady in question was at least a native of the duchy; but in the present case a great difficulty presented itself; the lady was a foreigner with nothing ennobling her but her virtues. The Estates thought long, and adjourned often ere they came to a tardy and reluctant conclusion, by which the boon sought was at length conceded. When the emperor added his consent, there was many a princess in the various German courts who became tremblingly sensible that Teutonic greatness had been shattered for ever.

The concession made by the Estates, and the sanction superadded by the emperor, were, however, only obtained upon the military bishop withholding all opposition. The princely prelate was, in fact, bought off. Again his muniment-box was unlocked; once more he and his staff of lawyers were deep in parchments, and curious in the geography of territorial maps and plans. The result of much dry labor and heavy speculation was an agreement entered into by the two brothers. The Duke of Zell contracted that the children of his marriage, with the daughter of the Poitevin marquis, should inherit only his private property, and the empty title of Counts, or Countesses, of Wilhelmsburg. The territory of Zell with other estates added to the sovereign dukedom were to pass to the prince-bishop or his heirs. On these terms Eleanora of Olbreuse, Lady of Harburg, and Countess of Wilhelmsburg, became Duchess of Zell.

"Ah!" exclaimed the very apostolic bishop to the dissolute disciples at his court, on the night that the family compact was made an accomplished fact, "my brother's French *Madame*, is not a jot the more his wife, for being duchess,"—which was true, for married is married, and there is no comparative degree of intensity which can be applied to the circumstance. "But she has a dignity the more, and therewith may *Madame* rest content,"—which was not true, for no new title could add dignity to a woman like the wife of Duke George William. As to being content, she knew not what it was to lack content until after the period when Brunswick greeted her by an empty name.

As yet, however, all went,—if I may employ a simile much

cracked by wear,—all went as merry as a marriage bell;—save when the knell tolled for the three happy children who were summoned early to occupy graves over which their mistaken parents long and deeply mourned. Sophia Dorothea was the sole daughter then of their house, if not of their hearts, and she was a "thing of beauty," beloved by all, because of her worth, and flattered by none, because she was nobody's heiress.

Of the personal history of her youth, the most salient circumstance is, that when she was yet but seven years old, she had for an occasional playfellow in the galleries and gardens of Zell and Calenberg, a handsome lad, Swedish by birth, but German by descent, whose name was Philip Christopher von Königsmark. He was in Zell for the purpose of education, and many of his vacation hours were spent with the child of George William, who was his father's friend. When gossips saw the two handsome children, buoyant of spirit, beaming with health, and ignorant of care, playing hand in hand at sports natural to their age, those gossips prophesied "in bated breath," of future marriage. They could foretell "circumstance," like our laureate, and prattle in reference to these happy children, of

"Two lovers whisp'ring by an orchard wall,
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease:
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed;"—

but their "circumstance" was as ærial as that of the poet, and they could not foresee the dark reality,—one child in a dungeon, the other in a bloody grave.

Indeed their speculation in this direction had soon no food whereon to live, for the young Königsmark was speedily withdrawn from Zell, and Sophia bloomed on alone, or with other companions, good, graceful, fair, accomplished, and supremely happy.

But even daughter as she was of a left-handed marriage, there was hanging to her name a dower sufficiently costly to dazzle and allure even princely suitors. To one of these she was betrothed before she was ten years old. The suitor was a soldier and a prince, and although not as much older than his little lady, than Richard II. was when at the age of nine and twenty, he espoused

the French Princess Isabella of Valois, with no more years upon her sunny brow than nine,—a child whom he married politically, loved paternally, and was beloved by filially, as he well merited;—although the disparity was not so great, it was enough to bar anything beyond betrothment.

The princely lover in question was the cousin of the *quasi* princely lady, Augustus Frederick, Crown-Prince of Brunswick-Wölffenbützel. This crown prince was allured by the “*beaux yeux de la casette*” of the little heiress. If Mr. Justice Alderson takes license to make puns when the court is dull and cases heavy, it may be pardoned a poor chronicler, if he marks down in his record, that the Crown Prince of Brunswick-Wölffenbützel was mightily moved by the crowns sets down as the dower that was to go with the hand of the Duke's daughter. These were little better than half-crowns after all,—thalers worth about three shillings each, and of them one hundred thousand. The lover possibly exclaimed as Boileau's celebrated gentleman did—

Elle a cent mille vertus en louis bien comptées.

But for louis here were only *thalers*; and a hundred thousand thalers is at the most but fifteen thousand pounds sterling, and that was but an humble dower for a Duke's only daughter. In the country, where merchants are “princes,” sires give as much to each of a whole circle of daughters; but George William was only Duke of Zell.

In the meantime, the affianced lover had to prove himself, by force of arms, worthy of his lady and her fortune. The latter, at least, was hardly worth the risk he ran to show himself deserving, and which deprived him of that in honor of which he put himself in peril. At the time of which I am speaking there was as much murderous bad ambition abroad in the world as there now is heaping a mountain of responsibility for murder upon the head of the late Czar Nicholas. One of the consequences thereof was the noted siege of Philipsburg, in the year 1676. Thither repaired the chivalrous Augustus of Brunswick-Wölffenbützel. He went to the bloody work proudly, plume in helm, scarf on breast, and all the insignia of greatness about him. There was nothing in his

nature of that humility, so selfish in aspect, which distinguishes Russian officers going into action,—gallant leaders, who deck themselves in the great coats of private soldiers, in order to avoid mortal honor from those opponents who seek to cross swords with men supposed to be worthy of their steel. This novel phasis of strategy, of Russian introduction, was not yet known in the days of Augustus of Brunswick-Wölffenbützel. He was accordingly content to take his chance honestly and valiantly, and he bore himself with a dignity and daring that entitled him to respect. With regret it must be added, that the fortune of war deprived him of that which he hoped to reap with the hand of Sophia Dorothea. A fatal bullet slew him suddenly; a brief notice in a despatch was his soldierly requiem, and when the affianced child-bride was solemnly informed by circumstance of Hof-Marshall that her lord was slain and her heart was free, she was too young to be sorry, and too unconscious to be glad. But glad she would not have been, had she known that by the slaying of one lover at Philipsburg she was ultimately to gain another, the gain of whom would prove a bitter loss.

Meanwhile, the two courts of the Bishop of Osnaburgh and the Duke of Zell, continued to present a striking contrast. At the latter, harmony and respectability reigned in common. At that of the Bishop there was little of either, even the ostentatious patronage bestowed on literature was not respectable, *because* it was ostentatious. It was, however, the best feature of which the Court had to boast.

The Bishop was one of those men who think themselves nothing unless they are imitating some greater man, not in his virtues but his vices. There was one man in Europe whom Ernest Augustus described as a “paragon,” and that distinguished personage was Louis XIV. The vices, extravagance, the pomposity of the great king, were the dear delights of the little prince. As Louis neglected his wife, so Ernest Augustus disregarded *his*. Fortunately, Sophia, the wife of the latter, had resources in her mind, which made her consider with exemplary indifference the faithlessness of her lord. Assuredly, *his*, like Israel's incense, was too often cast upon unworthy shrines, and the goddesses who

received it were in every respect unworthy of the homage. Every prince is not a Pericles, and if he were, he would find that every *Lais*, for being the favorite of a prince, is not necessarily as intellectually gifted as the extravagant and accomplished lady of old.

And yet, as far as regards a particular sort of extravagance and accomplishment, perhaps few ladies could have surpassed those known at Hanover as Catherine and Elizabeth von Meissengen. Introduced to a court of ill-dressed ladies, they set the fashion of a witchery of costume, remarkable for its taste, and sometimes for outraging it. Had they come straight from the euphuistic and gallantly attired circle of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, they could not have been nicer of phrase nor more resplendent of garb. They possessed, too, the great talent of Madame de Sillery Genlis, and where inimitable in their ability and success in getting up little *fêtes*, at home or abroad, in the *salon*, or *al fresco*—formal and full-dressed, or rustic and easy—where major-generals were costumed as agricultural swains, and ladies of honor as nymphs or dairy-maids, with costumes rural of fashioning, but as resplendent and costly as silkmán and jeweller could make them.

These young ladies came to Court precisely as knights used to do of old,—to push their fortunes,—but not exactly after a knightly fashion. They hoped in some way to serve the sovereign; or, failing him, to be agreeable to the Crown Prince George Louis, (afterwards George I. of England). But even the Crown Prince, a little and not an attractive person, to say nothing of the Bishop, seemed for a time a flight above them. They could wait a new opportunity; for as for defeat in their aspirations, they would not think of it. They had the immense power of those persons who are possessed by one single idea, and who are under irresistible compulsion to carry it out to reality. They could not reach the Prince Bishop or his heir, and accordingly they directed the full force of their enchantments at two very unromantic-looking personages, the private tutors of the young princes of Hanover. They were soon mighty at Greek particles, learned in the arists, fluent on the digamma, and familiar with the mysteries of the differential calculus.

Catherine and Elizabeth von Meissengen opened a new gram-

mar before their learned pundits, the *Herrn* Busche and Platen; and truth to tell, the philosophers were nothing loth to pursue the new study taught by such professors. When this educational course had come to a close, the public recognized at once its aim, quality and effects, by learning that the sage preceptors had actually married two of the liveliest and lightest-footed of girls that had ever danced a *branle* at the balls in Brunswick. The wives, on first appearing in public after their marriage, looked radiant with joy. The tutors wore about them an air of constraint, as if they thought the world needed an apology, by way of explaining how two Elders had permitted themselves to be vanquished by a brace of Susannas. Their ideas were evidently confused, but they took courage as people cheerfully laughed, though they may have lost it again on discovering that they had been drawn into matrimony by two gracefully-graceless nymphs, whose sole object was to use their spouses as stepping-stones to a higher greatness.

There must have been many attendant advantages in connection with such an object, or the two married philosophers would hardly have worn the air of content which they put on as soon as they saw the aim of their estimable wives, and felt the gain thence accruing.

Elizabeth von Meissengen, the wife of Platen, was the true mistress of the situation. Platen, principally through her intrigues, had been appointed prime-minister of the sovereign Bishop. The business to be transacted by potentate and premier could not have been very extensive,—but it was serious on one point, seeing that *that* had reference to the question of the succession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of Great Britain. But as this question was not one of a “much vexed” character, the time passed by Platen with his sovereign master afforded him ample leisure to talk of his wife, praise her political abilities, and over-eulogize her, as men and women do the consorts for whom they have no cause to bear an over-heaped measure of respect.

The Prince Bishop felt his curiosity excited to behold and study more nearly this phoenix of a woman. The curiosity of such a sovereign a loyal subject would, of course, be eager to gratify. It

was, therefore, the most natural of consequences that von Platen should lead his lady to his master's feet, though it perhaps was not so natural that he should leave her there to "improve" the position thus reached.

The lady lost no time in justifying all that her husband had advanced in warranty of her talent, skill, and willingness to use them for the advantage of the Bishop and his dominions; the powerful prelate was enchanted with her,—enchanted with her in every sense. Were I treating of mythic, classical, or romantic mediæval days, it would just be barely possible to throw a poetical feeling round such a "tableau" as that presented by the Bishop and the diplomatic Madame von Platen. But "Hebe in Hercules' arms" is very well in statuary, and "Dido with Æneas" may be attractive on canvas, while the love adventures of Arthur, and the adventurous and liberal love of Guinever may amuse us in ballads,—but there is a light of reality that does not dazzle us like the light of romance. Full in such illumination is revealed to us the picture of Bishop Ernest and Elizabeth von Platen. A more shameless couple never stood at the tribunal of judgment; but if they were not ashamed of their own iniquity, therein lies no reason why we should detail it. Quite sufficient will it be to remark that it had its reward; and if the wages of sin, in this case, were not literally a death, they were at least quite as retributive, and not the more welcome.

When Alcides submitted to take the distaff of Omphale, and uncomplainingly endured to be buffeted by her slipper, he only afforded an illustration of how power may playfully make itself the slave of weakness,—there is even something pretty in the picture. It is strong man yielding to womanly influence; and the picture only ceases to be heroic, without ceasing to be of an amiable aspect, when the chief character is poor, sickly, Cowper, winding up cotton in reels for good Mrs. Unwin.

But the obese Ernest Augustus in the hands of the youthful Elizabeth von Platen, reminds me of nothing so much as of the "Lion in Love," deservedly having his claws clipped by the clever object of his ridiculous adoration: the fate of the lion was also that of the Bishop. He was not, indeed, a man of weak mind, but that

of Madame von Platen was still stronger. He could rule his minister, but not his minister's wife; and most appropriately might he have made paraphrastic application of the line in Othello, and have declared his consciousness with a sigh, that his "general's wife was now the general."

CHAPTER III.

THE BRUNSWICKER IN ENGLAND.

WHILE all was loose and lively at the court of the Bishop, there was only the daily routine of simple pleasures and duties to mark the course of events at the modest court of the Duke of Zell. The monotony of the latter locality was, however, agreeably interrupted by the arrival there of his Serene Highness Prince Augustus William of Wölffenbittel. He had just been edified by what he had witnessed during his brief sojourn in the episcopal circle of Osnaburg, where he had seen two ladies exercising a double influence, Madame von Platen ruling her husband and his master, while her sister Caroline von Busche was equally obeyed by *her* consort and his Highness George Louis, the Bishop's son.

Prince Augustus of Wölffenbittel was the brother of that early suitor of the little Sophia Dorothea, who had met a soldier's death at the siege of Philipsburg. He was, like his brother, not as rich in gold pieces as in good qualities, and was more wealthy in virtues than in acres. He was a bachelor prince, with a strong inclination to lay down his bachelorship, at the feet of a lady who would, by addition of her dowry, increase the greatness and material comforts of both. Not that Augustus of Wölffenbittel was mercenary; he was simply prudent. A little princely state in Germany cost a great deal to maintain, and when the errant Prince went forth in search of a lady with a dower, his last thought was to offer himself to one who had no heart, or who had no place in his own. If there was some system, a little method, and an air of business about the passion and principle of the puissant Prince Augustus, something thereof must be laid to the charge of the times, and a

little to the princely matter-of-fact good sense: he is a wise and a merciful man, who, ere he comes to conclusions with a lady, on the chapter of matrimony, first weighs prospects, and establishes, as far as in him lies, a security of sunshine.

Augustus of Wölffenbittel had long suspected that the sun of his future home was to be found at Zell, and in the person of his young cousin Sophia Dorothea. Even yet tradition exists among Brunswick maidens as to the love-passages of this accomplished and handsome young couple. Those passages have been enlarged for the purposes of romance-writers, but divested of all exaggeration, there remains enough to prove, as touching this pair, that they were well assorted both as to mind and person; that their inclinations were towards each other; and that they were worthy of a better fate than that which fell upon the honest and warm affection which reigned in the hearts of both.

The love of these cousins was not the less ardent for the fact of its being partially discouraged. The Duke of Zell looked upon the purpose of Prince Augustus with an unfavorable eye. He had indeed nothing to object to the suitor's person, character, position, or prospects. He did not deny that with such a husband, his daughter might secure that which Monsieur Necker's daughter has designated as woman's sole blessing, happiness in the married state; but then that suitor was the successor of a dead brother, who had been the prosecutor of a similar suit. The simple-minded Duke had an unfeigned superstitious awe of the new lover; and the idea of consenting to a match under the circumstances as they presented themselves, seemed to him tantamount to a species of sacrilege outraging the *manes* and memory of the defunct kinsman.

But then, on the other hand, the Duke loved his daughter, and the daughter assuredly loved Augustus of Wölffenbittel; and, added thereto, the good Duchess Eleonora was quite disposed to see the cherished union accomplished, and to bestow her benediction upon the well-favored pair. Altogether, there were strong odds against the opposition of a father, which rested on no better foundation than a tripod, if one may so speak, of whim, doubt, and a fear of ghosts. He was influenced, possibly, by his extensive reading in old legendary ballad-lore, metrical and melancholy German ro-

mances, the commonest incident in which is the interruption of a marriage ceremony by a spiritual personage professing priority of right.

It was not without infinite trouble that the lovers and the Duchess succeeded in breaking down the opposition of the Duke. Even when his reluctant consent had been given, he was everlastingly bringing forward the subject of the departed suitors, until his remarks became as wearisome as the verses of the German author, who wrote a poem of three hundred lines in length, all about pigs, and every word of which began with the letter P.

The opposition to the marriage was not, however, all surmounted when the antagonism of the Duke had been successfully overcome. A father may be accounted for something even in a German dukedom; but a mistress may be stronger, and Madame von Platen has the credit of having carried out her opposition to the match to a very successful issue.

It is asserted of this clever lady, that she was the first who caused the Bishop of Osnaburgh thoroughly to comprehend that Sophia Dorothea would form a very desirable match for his son George Louis. The young lady had lands settled on her which might as well be added to the territory of that electoral Hanover of which the Prince-Bishop was soon to be the head. Every acre added to the possessions of the chief of the family would be by so much an increase of dignity, and little sacrifices were worth making to effect great and profitable results. The worthy pair, bishop and female prime minister, immediately proceeded to employ every conceivable engine whereby they might destroy the fortress of the hopes of Sophia Dorothea and Augustus of Wölffenbittel. They cared for nothing, save that the hand of the former should be conferred upon the Bishop's eldest son; that George who was subsequently our George I., and who had as little desire to be matched with his cousin, or his cousin with him, as kinsfolk can have who cordially detest each other.

George Louis was not shaped for a lover. He was not indeed as deformed as Prince Riquet with the tuft, but neither was he possessed of that legendary prince's wit, refinement, and most winning ways. George Louis was mean in person and character.

Epaminondas was little more than a dwarf, but then he was a giant measured by the stature of his worth. Not so this heir of great hopes; he was the lord of small virtues; and his insignificance of person *was* insignificant only because it bore not about it any manly stamp, or outward promise of an inward merit. George was brave indeed; to none of the princes of the House of Brunswick can be denied the possession of bravery. In all the bloody and useless wars of the period, he had distinguished himself by his dauntless courage and his cool self-possession. I have intimated that he was not heroic, but I may correct the phrase; he really looked heroic at the head of his squadron, charging across the battle-field, and carrying his sword and his fringed and feathered hat into the very thickest of the fray, where the thunder was loudest, and death revelled amid the incense of villanous saltpetre. He did not fail, it may be added, in one of the characteristics of bravery, humanity on the field. He had no great heart for the common sufferings, or the mental anguish, of others; but for a wounded foe he had a thorough English respect, and he no more dreamed of the Muscovite officers' fashion of massacring the helpless wounded enemy than he did of the Millennium.

Out of the field of battle George Louis was an extremely ordinary personage, except in his vices. He was coarsely-minded and coarsely-spoken, and his profligacy was so extreme of character,—it bore about it so little of what Lord Chesterfield recommended when he said, a man might be gentlemanlike even in his vices, that even the Bishop, easy as he was both as parent and prelate, and rich as he was himself in evil example to a son who needed no such warrant to plunge headlong into sin,—even the Bishop felt uncomfortable for a while. He thought, however, as easy fathers do sometimes think, that marriage would cure profligacy. When we read in German ballads of pure young girls being sacrificed to monsters, the meaning probably is, that they are given, unconsulted and unheeded, to lords and masters who are odious to them.

George Louis was now in his twenty-second year. He was born in 1660, and he had recently acquired increase of importance from the fact of his sire having succeeded to the paternal estates,

grandeur, and expectations of his predecessor, Duke John Frederick. The latter was on his way to Rome, in 1679, a city which he much loved, holding in respect a good portion of what is taught there. He was proceeding thither with a view of a little more of pleasure and something therewith of instruction, when a sudden attack of illness carried him off, and his death excited as much grief in the Bishop as it possibly could in a son who had little reverence for his sire, and by whose death he profited largely.

When the Bishop, as a natural consequence of his death, established a gayer court at Hanover than had ever yet been seen there, became sovereign duke, made a sovereign duchess of his wife Sophia, of whom I shall have to speak more at large, in a future page, and raised George Louis to the rank of a "Crown Prince," a title given to many heirs who could inherit nothing but coronets,—the last-named individual began to consider speculatively as to what royal lady he might, with greatest prospect of advantage to himself, make offer of his hand.

At the time here spoken of, it will be remembered that Charles II. was King in England. The King's brother, James, Duke of York, had a daughter, a certain "lady Anne," who is better known to us all by her after-title, in which there is undeniable truth seasoned by a little flattery, of "good Queen Anne." In the year 1680, George of Hanover came over to England with matrimonial views respecting that young Princess. He had on his way visited William of Orange, at the Hague; and when that calculating Prince was made the confidential depository of the views of George Louis respecting the Princess Anne of England, he listened with much complacency, but is suspected of having forthwith set on foot the series of intrigues which, helped forward by Madame von Platen, ended in the recall of George from England, and in his hapless marriage with the more hapless Sophia Dorothea.

George of Hanover left the Hague with the conviction that he had a friend in William; but William was no abettor of marriages with the Princess Anne, and least of all could he wish success to the hereditary prince of Hanover, whose union with one of the heiresses of the British throne might, under certain contingencies, miserably mar his own prospects. The case is very succinctly put

by Miss Strickland, who makes allusion to the subject of this visit and contemplated marriage in her life of Mary, the wife of William. "If George of Hanover married Anne of York, and the Princess of Orange died first, without offspring (as she actually did), William of Orange would have had to give way before their prior claims on the succession; to prevent which he set at work a threefold series of intrigues, in the household of his sister-in-law, at the court of Hanover, and that of Zell." The plot was as complicated as any in a Spanish comedy, and it is as hard to unravel.

A history of Brunswick, published anonymously soon after the accession of George I. to the crown of these realms, asserts that the Prince arrived in this country to prosecute his suit to the Princess Anne, who had just been somewhat unexpectedly deprived of another lover, on the 17th of November, 1680. The Sidney Diary fixes his arrival at Greenwich on the 6th of December of that year. England was much disturbed at the time by a double subject of discussion. Men's minds were much occupied with the question of excluding from the succession to the throne James, the father of the lady to whom George came a-wooing. The second subject of disquietude was the trial of Lord Viscount Stafford, who was then in process of being slowly murdered by a judicial trial, on a charge of conspiring the death of the King. The charge was supported by the oaths, made with alacrity, of that pupil of whom Merchant Taylors' School is not proud, Titus Oates, and one or two others—liars as stupendous. If George Louis landed at Greenwich, as is said, on the 6th of December, 1680, it was the day on which the calumniated nobleman entered on his defence. On the 7th he was condemned, and Evelyn, who was present at the trial, rightly remarks upon the guilt or innocence of the accused in this strain:—"I can hardly think that a person of his age and experience should engage men whom he never saw before (and one of them that came to visit him as a stranger at Paris), *point blank* to murder the King;" but in recollection of the deliberate and hard swearing, he adds, perplexedly, "God only, who searches hearts, can discover the truth." On the 29th of the month Viscount Stafford was beheaded on Tower Hill, and at this lively spectacle George of Hanover was probably pres-

ent, for on the 30th of the month he sends a long letter to her Serene Highness, his mother, stating that "they cut off the head of Lord Stafford yesterday, and made no more ado about it than if they had chopped off the head of a pullet."

In this letter, the writer enters into the details of the incidents of his arrival and reception in England. His highness's spelling of the names of places is as defective as that of poor Caroline of Brunswick was generally, and it reminds us, if one may go to the stage for a simile, of the "Cacology" of Lord Duberly. However, the prince spelt quite as correctly as many a lord or lady either, of his time. The tenor of his epistle is, that he remained one whole day at anchor at "*Grunnwitzsch*," (which is his reading of Greenwich,) while his secretary, Mr. Beck, went ashore to look for a house for him, and find out his uncle Prince Rupert. Scant ceremony was displayed, it would appear, to render hospitable welcome to such a visitor. Hospitality, however, did not altogether lack. The zealous Beck found out "Uncle Robert," as the prince ungermanizes Rupert, and the uncle having little of his own to offer to his nephew, straightway announced to Charles II. the circumstance that the princely lover of his niece was lying in the mud off *Grunnwitzsch*. "His Majesty," says George Louis, "immediately ordered them apartments at *Wriethall*,"—and he then proceeds to state that he had not been there above two hours when Lord Hamilton arrived to conduct him to the king, who received him most obligingly. He then adds, "Prince Robert had preceded me, and was at court when I saluted King Charles. In making my obeisance to the king, I did not omit to give him the letter of your Serene Highness; after which he spoke of your Highness, and said that he 'remembered you very well.' When he had talked with me some time, he went to the queen, and as soon as I arrived, he made me kiss the hem of her Majesty's petticoat. The next day I saw the Princess of York (the Lady Anne), and I saluted her by kissing her, with the consent of the king. The day after, I went to visit Prince Robert, who received me in bed, for he has a malady in his leg, which makes him very often keep his bed. It appears that it is so, without any pretext, and he has to take care of himself. He had not failed of coming to

see me one day. All the lords came to see me, *sans pretendre le main chez moi*," (probably, rather meaning without ceremony, without kissing hands, as was the common custom in Germany, from inferiors to superiors, and still remains a custom in Southern Germany—than, as has been suggested, that "they came without venturing to shake hands with him.")

There is something melancholy in the idea of the fiery Rupert held ingloriously prostrate in bed by a sore leg; and there is a subject for a picture in the profligate little George, saluting the lips of the cold princess Anne. Cold, at all events, and deaf, if we were to judge by results, did the princess remain to the suit of the Hanoverian wooer. The suit, indeed, was not pressed by any sanction of the lady's father, who during the three months' of George Louis in England, remained in rather secluded state, at Holyrood. Neither was the suit opposed by James. In the seclusion to which he was condemned by Charles, who bade him take patience, a commodity much needed by himself, James was troubled but little touching the suitor of his daughter. He had personal troubles enough of his own wherewith to be concerned, and therewith sundry annoyances. On the Christmas day of this year, while George of Hanover was enjoying the festivities of this time, at the side of James's daughter, the students of King's College, Edinburgh, entertained James himself by a spectacle which must have raised a sardonic smile on his unusually sardonic face. Those young gentlemen burnt the Pope in effigy, in front of Holyrood House, and beneath the windows of the apartments occupied by James. Sir John Lauder apologizes for this rudeness by kindly explaining that "this was highly resented as an inhospitable affront to the Duke of York, though *it was only to his religion*." As if an affront to what is so sacred, could be excused by an "only." But it was at a time when the actors at the "Théâtre Royal" in London were playing "the Female Prelate," and George Louis had a good opportunity of hearing in what rugged hexameters was told the story of Joanna Angelica. How the offended became the slighted mistress of the Duke of Saxony, vowed revenge, turned monk, became Pope, and after revenging

the injuries she had received from the Duke, as woman, condemned him to the stake for his blasphemies against her as Pope.

Among the "celebrations" of the visits of George Louis to this country, was the pomp of the ceremony which welcomed him to Cambridge. Never had the groves or stream of Cam been made vocal by the echoes of such laudation as was given and taken in this solemnly hilarious occasion. There was much feasting, which included very much drinking, and there was much expenditure of heavy compliment in very light Latin. Scaliger's assertion, that the Germans do not care what wine they drink, as long as it is wine, nor what Latin they speak, as long as it is Latin, is a calumny. They are nice connoisseurs of both. George and his trio of followers, who were made doctors of law by the scholastic authorities, were too polite to criticise either. The honor, however, was hardly more appropriate than when a similar one was conferred, in after years, upon Blucher and the celebrated artillery officer, Gneisenau. "Ah!" exclaimed the veteran leader, "they are going to make me a doctor; but it was Gneisenau that furnished all the pills."

That Parliament was convened at Oxford whereby there was, as Evelyn remarks, "great expectation of his Royal Highness's cause, as to the succession against which the house was set," and therewith there was, according to the same diarist, "an extraordinary, sharp, cold spring, not yet a leaf upon the trees, frost and snow lying while the whole nation was in the greatest ferment."—Such was the Parliament, and such the spring, when George Louis was suddenly called home. He was highly interested in the bill, which was read a first time at that Parliament, as also in the "expedients" which were proposed in lieu of such bill, and rejected. The expedients proposed instead of the Bill of Exclusion in this Parliament, were that the whole government, upon the death of Charles II., should be vested in a regent, who should be the Princess of Orange, and if she died without issue, then the Princess Anne should be regent. But if James, Duke of York, should have a son educated a Protestant, then the regency should last no longer than his minority, and that the regent should govern in the name of the father while he lived; but that he

should be obliged to reside five hundred miles from the British dominions; and if the Duke should return to these kingdoms, the crown should immediately devolve on the regent, and the Duke and his adherents be deemed guilty of high treason.

Here was matter in which the Hanoverian suitor was doubly interested both as man and as lover. However strenuously some writers may assert that the heads of the House of Brunswick troubled themselves in no wise upon the question of the succession, no one can deny, or doubt, that they had a deep, though, it may be as yet, a distant interest in it. Their concern was greater than their professed adherents will consent to acknowledge. Nor was there anything unnatural or unbecoming in such concern. The possible inheritance of even such a throne as that of England was in the days of Charles II., when Britain was treated with a contempt by other nations, which of right belonged only to her worthless sovereign—even a possible inheritance to even such a throne was not to be contemplated without emotion. An exclusive Protestant succession made such a heritage possible to the house of Brunswick, and if ever the heads of that house, before the object of their hopes was realized, ceased to be active for its realization, it was when assurance was made doubly sure, and action was unnecessary.

It is not easy to determine what part William of Orange had in the recall of George Louis from England, but the suddenness of that recall was an object of some admiring perplexity to a lover, who left a lady who was by no means inconsolable, and who, two years afterwards, was gaily married at St. James's to the Prince of Denmark, on the first leisure day between the executions of Russell and Sidney.

George Louis, however, obeyed the summons of his sovereign and father, but it was not until his arrival in Hanover that he found himself called upon to transfer the prosecution of his matrimonial suit from one object to another. The ruling idea in the mind of Ernest Augustus was, that if the territory of Zell were united to that of Hanover, there would be an increased chance of procuring from the Emperor its elevation to an electorate; and he felt that, however he might have provided to secure his succession

to the dominion of Zell, the marriage of his son with the Duke's only child would add thereto many broad acres, the possession of which would add dignity to the Elector.

Sophia Dorothea was still little more than a child; but that very circumstance was made use of in order to procure the postponement of her marriage with Augustus of Wölffenbüttel. The Duke of Zell did not stand in need of much argument from his brother to understand that the union of the young lovers might more properly be celebrated when the bride was sixteen than a year earlier. The duke was ready to accept any reasoning, the object of which was to enable him to retain his daughter another year at his side. Accordingly, a betrothal only took place between Sophia and Augustus, and the public ceremony of marriage was deferred for a year and some supplementary months.

It was a time which was very actively employed by those who hoped to accomplish much before it had quite expired. Latimer remarks, that the devil is the only prelate he knew who is for ever busy in his diocese. He certainly was unweariedly occupied for a time in that portion of his see which is comprised in the narrow limits including Hanover and Zell. And it was an occupation in which that dark diocesan must have been especially delighted. The end of the action employed was to destroy the happiness of two young persons who were bound to each other by the strong bonds of respect and affection. A bad ambition was the impelling motive of such action. The devil, then, never had work which so exactly suited his satanic nature.

His ministers, however worthy they may have been of their master, as far as zeal was concerned, did him or themselves little credit with regard to the measure of their success. The sixteenth birth-day of Sophia Dorothea had arrived, and George Louis had made no impression on her heart, the image of the absent Augustus still lived there; and the whole plot would have failed, but for the sudden, and active, and efficient energy of one who seemed as if she had allowed matters to proceed to extremity, in order to exhibit the better her own powers when she condescended to interfere personally, and remedy the ill-success of others by a triumph of her own. That person was Sophia, the wife of Ernest, a lady

who rivalled Griselda in one point of her patience—that which she felt for her husband's infidelities. In other respects she was crafty, philosophical, and free-thinking; but she was as ambitious as any of her family, and as she had resolved on the marriage of her son, George Louis, with Sophia Dorothea, she at once proceeded to accomplish that upon which she had resolved.

It had suddenly come to her knowledge that Augustus of Wölffenbittel had made his re-appearance at the Court of Zell. Coupling the knowledge of this fact with the remembrance that Sophia Dorothea was now sixteen years of age, and that at such a period her marriage had been fixed, the mother of George Louis addressed herself at once to the task of putting her son in the place of the favored lover. She ordered out the heavy coach and heavier Mecklenburg horses, by which German potentates were wont to travel stately and leisurely by post some two centuries ago. It was night when she left Hanover; and although she had not farther to travel than an ordinary train could now accomplish in an hour, it was broad daylight before this match-making and match-breaking lady reached the portals of the ducal palace of Zell.

There was something delightfully primitive in the method of her proceeding. She did not despise state, except on occasions when serious business was on hand. The present was such an occasion, and she therefore waited for no usher to marshal her way and announce her coming to the duke. She descended from her ponderous coach, pushed aside the sleepy sentinel, who appeared disposed to question her, ere he made way, and entering the hall of the mansion, loudly demanded of the few servants who came hurrying to meet her, to be conducted to the duke. It was intimated to her that he was then dressing, but that his Highness would soon be in a condition to descend and wait upon her.

Too impatient to tarry, and too eager to care for ceremony, she mounted the stairs, bade a groom of the chamber point out to her the door of the duke's room; and, her order having been obeyed, she forthwith pushed open the door, entered the apartment, and discovered the dismayed duke in the most *négligé* of *dishabillés*. She neither made apology nor would receive any; but intimating

that she came upon business, at once asked, "Where is your wife?" The flurried Duke of Zell pointed through an open door to a capacious bed in the adjacent room, wherein lay the wondering duchess, lost in *cider-down* and deep amazement.

The "old Sophia" could have wished, it would seem, that she had been further off. She was ~~not~~ quite rude enough to close the door, and so cut off all communication and listening; but remembering that the Duchess of Zell was but very indifferently acquainted with German, she ceased to speak in the language then common to the German courts—French,—and immediately addressed the duke in hard Teutonic phrase, which was utterly unintelligible to the vexed and suspecting duchess.

It was another group for an artist desirous to illustrate the byeways of history. Half undressed, the duke occupied a chair close to his toilet-table, while the astute wife of Ernest Augustus, seated near him, unfolded a narrative to which he listened with every moment an increase of complacency and conviction. The Duchess Eleanor, from her bed in the adjacent room, could see the actors, but could not comprehend the dialogue. But if the narrative was unintelligible to her, she could understand the drift of the argument; and as the names of her daughter and lover were being constantly pronounced with that of George Louis, the poor lady continued to lie helpless beneath much alarm and her silk counterpane.

The case was forcibly put by the mother of George. She showed how union makes strength, how little profit could arise from a match between Sophia Dorothea and Augustus of Wölffenbittel, and how advantageous must be an union between the heir of Hanover and the heiress of the domains which her provident father had added to Zell, and had bequeathed to his daughter. She spoke of the certainty of Ernest Augustus being created arch-standard-bearer of the empire of Germany, and therewith Elector of Hanover. She hinted at the possibility even of Sophia Dorothea one day sharing with her son the throne of Great Britain. The hint, if really made, was something premature, but the astute lady *may* have strengthened her case by reminding her hearer that the crown of England would most probably be reserved only for a Protestant

succession, and that her son was, if a distant, yet not a very distant, and certainly a possible heir.

The obsequious Duke of Zell was bewildered by the visions of greatness presented to his mind's eye by his clever sister-in-law. He was as proud as the poor exiled Stanislaus, who entered his daughter's apartment on the morning he received the application of Louis XV. for her hand, with the salutation, "Good morning, my child! you are Queen of France;" and then he kissed the hand of Marie Leczińska,—the happy father, too happy to be the first to render homage to his daughter on her becoming, what he had ceased to be—a sovereign oppressed by responsibilities. The Duke of Zell was almost as eager to go and congratulate his daughter. With ready lack of honesty, he had consented to break off the match between Sophia Dorothea and her affianced lover, and to bestow her hand upon the careless prince for whom it was now demanded by his mother. The latter returned to Hanover perfectly satisfied with the work of that night and morning.

The same satisfaction was not experienced by the Duchess Eleanora. When she came to learn the facts, she burst forth in expressions of grief and indignation. The marriage which had now been definitively broken, had been with her an affair of the heart,—of a mother's heart. It had not been less an affair of the heart,—of a young girl's heart, with Sophia Dorothea; and the princely lover from Wölfenbüttel had invested as much heart in the matter as had ever been known in German times when minstrels sang of knights whose chivalry more than half consisted of fidelity in love. It was a pitiable case! There were three persons who were to be rendered irretrievably wretched, in order, not that any one might be rendered happy, but that a man, without a heart, might be made a little more spacious in the possession of dirt. The acres of Zell were to bring misery on their heiress, and every acre was to purchase its season of sorrow.

No entreaty could move the duke. In his dignity he forgot the father; and the prayers and tears of his child failed to touch the parent, who really loved her well, but whose affection was dissolved beneath the fiery heat of his ambition. He was singularly ambitious; for the possible effect of a marriage with George Louis was

merely to add his own independent duchy of Lunebourg to the dominions of Hanover. His daughter, moreover, detested her cousin, and his wife detested her sister-in-law;—above all, the newly accepted bridegroom, if he did not detest, had no shadow, nor affected to have any shadow, of respect, regard, or affection for the poor young victim who was to be flung to him with indecent and unnatural disregard of all her feelings as daughter and maiden.

The matter was urged onward by Sophia of Hanover; and in testimony of the freedom of inclination with which Sophia Dorothea acted on this marriage, she addressed a formal letter to the mother of her proposed husband, expressive of her obedience to the will of her father, and promissory of the same obedience to the requirements of her future mother-in-law. It is a mere formal document, proving nothing but that it was penned for the assumed writer by a cold-hearted inventor, and that the heart of the copier was far away from her words.

After a world of misery and mock wooing, crowded into a few months, the hateful and ill-omened marriage took place at Zell on the 21st of November, 1682. The bride was sixteen, the bridegroom twenty-two. There was quite enough on both sides to make happiness, if youth could establish felicity; but in this case the maiden, who was one of the fairest and most refined of German maidens, had neither heart nor regard for the youth, who was one of the least attractive in mind or person who could address himself to win a maiden's hand, which, on the present occasion, was the very last thing he thought of doing.

The marriage took place, as I have stated, on the 21st of November, 1682; a week after, Prince Rupert, who, for some time before had been sunning himself, a poor invalid, beneath the beeches at Windsor, died at his house in Spring Gardens (where he had resided for eight years)—as though the intelligence of the marriage had been too much for his worn-out spirit—or its shattered tabernacle.

Of the splendor which attended the ceremony, court historians wrote in loyal ecstasy and large folios, describing every character and dress, every incident and dish, every tableau and trait, with a minuteness almost inconceivable, and a weariness which

is saddening even to think of. They thought of everything but the heart of the principal personage in the ceremony—that of the bride. They could describe the superb lace which veiled it, and prate of its value and workmanship; but of the worth and woe of the heart which beat beneath it, these courtly historians knew no more than they did of honesty. Their flattery was of the grossest, but they had no comprehension of “the situation.” To them all mortals were but as ballet-dancers and pantomimists, and if they were but bravely dressed, and picturesquely grouped, the describers thereof thought of nothing beyond.

The maker of this splendidly miserable marriage was proud of her achievement. She claims a word of description for herself, even though it be at the end of a chapter.

Chevreau, the friend of the Elector Palatine Charles Louis, the brother of Sophia, said of the Duchess of Hanover, “that in all France there exists no one of a more excellent wit than the Duchess Sophia;” and, as if to show that there were things in Germany as valuable as wit, he adds, “neither is there any one more deeply instructed in philosophical science than her sister, the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia.”

Sophia had been born in a school which sharpens wit. Her mother was the high-spirited daughter of a meanly-spirited king, who allowed her to marry as poor-spirited a prince. Elizabeth, daughter of James I., used to say to her rather provoking and not very Protestant mother, Anne of Denmark, that she would not be a Romanist to gain the most brilliant crown in the world. She was married to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, when the religious revolutions of the time called him to the newly-created throne of Bohemia, whereon his gallant wife would have held him, had she only, in return, been supported by her father. “Goody Palsgrave” was hardly a harsh nickname for such a consort as hers. He had nothing of the manly courage which looks misfortune steadily in the face, and strives to make it lead to ultimate success. He lost a kingdom, with tears in his eyes, like the Moor in Spain,—and thereupon submitted, yet with nothing of heroic patience, to destiny. So, he lost the young prince, Frederick Henry, his son, who was drowned in his sight,—calling to him for help. He could be-

wail the lot of his perishing boy, but even parental love could not nerve him to strike out boldly and save the sinking child. Like his misfortunes, his children were not few, but they were singularly unlike their father. His son, Charles Louis, perhaps, had some points of resemblance with his sire; but how unlike him was the fiery Rupert; how unlike, the “Grave Maurice,” named so, not from his gravity, but from his rank. His daughters, too, partook more of their mother’s mental qualities than of her husband’s. Adversity, tribulation, flattery, or deception, worked in each—Elizabeth, Louisa, Henrietta, and Sophia—various results; but the mother’s intellect was inherited by all, without all possessing the mother’s virtues.

Whilst the mother was dwelling at the Hague, absent from the electoral court of her son, Sophia was the chosen companion, the solace, and the joy of the deep-thinking and wild-dreaming Elizabeth, her sister. The latter heard with some surprise, and still more indignation, that the heavy Duke of Brunswick, Ernest Augustus, had made an offer of marriage to the brilliant and light-hearted Sophia. The offer smacked of presumption, for Sophia was the daughter of a king, though but of a poor and brief-reigning monarch; whereas Ernest Augustus was but a duke, with large pride, but a very small estate, and not rich in expectations. No one could have guessed when he went a-wooing to the gay and intellectual Sophia, that he would ever be more than Duke of Brunswick and Bishop of Osnaburgh. It did not enter into popular speculation that he would ever be Duke of Brunswick and Elector of Hanover. On the other hand, speculation could hardly have imagined, in the year 1658, that the young Sophia would be the heiress of a throne, and the mother of a line of kings. Her own mother, the ex-Queen of Bohemia, decidedly looked upon the match as a *mésalliance*, but it was one of those which may be said, in more than in the popular and proverbial sense, to have been made in Heaven; for though it could not personally benefit the daughter of James I., it gave a crown to the grandchild of her who had so proudly declared that she would rather forfeit the most glorious crown on earth than retain it by the surrender of Protestantism. It was doubly right that in the Protestant child of such a

mother, the succession to the throne of these realms should have been fixed. We shall hear subsequently of the grand-daughter of Charles I., the Duchess of Savoy (subsequently Queen of Sardinia), protesting against such an arrangement. Her protest was not valid, only because it was not founded on the principles which were asserted by Elizabeth of Bohemia, and which influenced her daughter Sophia. The daughter of Charles the First's youngest daughter would fain have had the throne of England rendered accessible to herself and heirs, although Romanists, upon the poor understanding of toleration to the reformed faith. Our forefathers would have nothing to do with such compromise, and they who kept to the purer faith gained the splendid prize.

Sophia was married in 1658, and during a long course of subsequent years, she sustained the highest reputation for shrewdness, extensive knowledge, wit, acute observation, originality of conception, and brilliancy of expression. She had not, indeed, the stern steadiness of principle of her mother, and she was by far more ambitious, while she was less scrupulous as to the means employed for the attainment of her ends. Men of less information than herself were afraid of her, for she was fond of triumphing in argument. But she was previously well-armed for securing such triumphs, and the amount of knowledge which she had made her own, amid scenes and trials and dissipations little favorable to the amassing of such intellectual treasure, is accounted for by a remark of Leibnitz, with whom she loved to hold close intercourse,—to the effect that she was not only given to asking *why*, but that, as he quaintly puts it, she invariably wanted to know the *why* of the *whys*. In other words, she accepted no reasons that were not rendered strictly intelligible to her.

And then, she was as pretty as she was clever; without a tinge of pertness to spoil her beauty, or a trace of pedantry to mar her scholarship. If she loved to win logical battles by power of the latter, and fought boldly, eagerly, and with every sense awake to profit by the weakness of her adversary, it was all done gaily, and lightly; and if great wits were rolled over in the dust when they tilted against her in intellectual tournaments, they were ready to

acknowledge that they were struck down with a most consummate grace.

She as much enjoyed to see these battlings of brains between other parties, as to sustain the fight herself. When her sister Elizabeth had withdrawn from the world, and retired within the Protestant Abbey of Herford, to dream with the dreaming Labadie and his disciples over theories more baseless than dreams themselves, the gay Sophia once surprised her too grave sister with a visit. She brought in her train the ecclesiastical superintendent of Osnaburgh for the express purpose of "pitting" him against the prophet and reformer Labadie. Prince Charles, the son of Charles Louis (brother of Elizabeth and Sophia) and his tutor Paul Hackenburgh, were witnesses or partakers in the intellectual skirmish. Hackenburgh has left a graphic description of the onslaught between the orthodox Osnaburgher and the new apostle Labadie; at which Sophia assisted without uttering a remark, but not without giving evidence of much enjoyment. When all was over, says Paul, "during dinner we talked of nothing else but this absurd and quaking sort of piety to which people are sometimes brought, and our astonishment could hardly find words when, alluding to the number of young women of the best families, richly dressed, brilliant with beauty and youth, who were insane enough to give up the conduct of their souls to this worst of men and most powerless of priests (only to be laughed at too by him in secret), and who were so riveted to their delusions that neither the prayers of their parents, nor the pleadings of their betrothed, nor the prospect of maternal joys could tear them away; some among them said they were surely hypochondriacs and unanswerable for what they might do; others opined that they should all be sent to the baths of Schwalbach or Pyrmont, and that probably they would come back cured. All these remarks and discussions made the Princess Elizabeth highly indignant, and she exclaimed against the unkindness which could induce any one to ascribe to bodily infirmity a greater degree of piety wherewith the Holy Ghost chose to inspire a certain number of individuals purer than the rest! But to this the Electress Sophia, a lady of extraordinary beauty, found an answer which turned all bitterness into general mirth, by asserting,

with mock gravity, that her sister's sole reason for holding to the Labadists was that they were stingy housekeepers, and cost little or nothing to keep." Hackenburg says that the accusation was a true one, but it may be added that whatever the cost of this household, it never incurred debt, never allowed expenses to go beyond its means; and if the Lady of Hanover and her lord had always followed the same vulgar fashion, it would have been none the worse for their reputation and comfort, or for that perhaps of some of their descendants who might otherwise have profited by example.

Spittler, writing of Sophia and her husband, says, rather too panegyrically, perhaps:—"Through the complicated events of their troublous times, this princely pair are a sort of landmark whereon to rest the eye, and form a proof of how much good may be done by those who hold an exalted position. We must admire that really German intellectual enthusiasm which made them the friends of Leibnitz, that systematic firmness which characterized their government, and allied to ceaselessly active efforts for the public good, that untiring patience and longanimity so easy to learn in years of discouragement, and generally so easily forgotten when years of greater prosperity are reached." This is rather showing the principal characters in the drama under a flood of pink light, but there is much therein that is fairly applicable to the wife of Ernest Augustus.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GEORGE AND SOPHIA.

ACCORDING to Pope, it was "to curse Pamela with her prayers" that the gods—

"Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing,
Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart."

The greatness of Sophia Dorothea was no consequence of her prayers, and she was unlike the Poet's Pamela in all things, save that she had "a fool for mate," spent her time in sighs, and was indeed "no duchess at her heart." For a few months after her husband had taken her to Hanover, she experienced perhaps a less degree of unhappiness than was ever her lot subsequently. Her open and gentle nature won the regard even of Ernest Augustus. That is, he paid her as much regard as a man so coarsely minded as he was *could* feel for one of such true womanly dignity as his daughter-in-law.

His respect for her, however, may be best judged of by the companionship to which he sometimes subjected her. He more frequently saw her in society with the immoral Madame von Platen, than in the society of his own wife. The position of Sophia Dorothea with regard to this woman was not unlike that of Marie Antoinette at the Court of Louis XV. with regard to Madame du Barry. Poor Marie Antoinette was, in some degree, the worse conditioned of the two, for her own mother, the great Maria Theresa, held friendly intercourse with the king's "favorites," and did not hesitate, when she had a political purpose in view, to address them by letter in terms of familiarity, if not of endearment. By her own mother she was exposed to much indecent outrage. It was otherwise with Sophia Dorothea. Her mother deplored her marriage as a miserable event, simply because she was aware from the character of George Louis, that her husband would heap upon her nothing but insult and indignity. Ever after the separation of mother and daughter, the former seemed as one doomed to sit for ever beneath the shadow of a great sorrow. The first child of this marriage brought with him, however, some transitory promise of felicity. He was born at Hanover, on the 30th of October, 1683, and when his father conferred on him the names of George Augustus, he expressed pleasure at having an heir, and he even added some words of regard for the mother. But expression of regard is worth little unless its sincerity be proved by action. It was not so in the present case. The second child of this marriage was a daughter, born in 1684. She was that Sophia Dorothea who subsequently married the King of Prussia. In

tending these two children the mother found all the happiness she ever experienced during her married life. Soon after the birth of the daughter, George Louis openly neglected and openly exhibited his hatred of his wife. He lost no opportunity of irritating and outraging her, and she could not even walk through the rooms of the palace which she called her home, without encountering the abandoned female favorites of her husband, whose presence beneath such a roof was the uncleanest of pollutions and the most flagrant of outrages.

I have said that, in some respects, the position of Sophia Dorothea at Hanover was not unlike that of Marie Antoinette at Versailles. This similarity, however, is perhaps only to be discovered in the circumstance of both being subjected to the degradation of intercourse with women of little virtue but of large influence,—Marie Antoinette indeed, like Sophia Dorothea, married a prince who, at the best, contemplated his wife with supreme indifference, but there was this difference in their respective destinies as married women: Marie Antoinette gradually overcame her husband's want of regard, and he who had been the coldest of bridegrooms became, in after years, the most devoted of husbands and lovers. It was far otherwise with the wife of George Louis. The poor show of enforced ceremony beneath which, during the first year of his marriage, he hid his want of affection for a wife as gentle and good as she was fair and accomplished, was not maintained after that period. He did not even give himself the trouble to conceal from her his daily increasing aversion. She bore her fierce and bitter trial with calm dignity;—and she was further unlike Marie Antoinette in this respect, she was not “nearer her sex than her rank;” a pithy saying of Rivarolle's, which more correctly describes the wife of Louis XVI., than even Rivarolle himself either suspected or understood.

The prime mover of the hatred of George Louis for his consort was Madame von Platen, and this fact was hardly known to—certainly not allowed by—George Louis himself. There was one thing in which that individual had a fixed belief: his own sagacity and, it may be added, his own imaginary independence of outward influences. He *was* profound in some things, but, as

frequently happens with persons who fancy themselves deep in all, he was very shallow in many. The Dead Sea is said to be in most places fifteen hundred feet deep, but there are spots where the lead will find bottom at two fathoms. George Louis may be compared with that sea. It was often impossible to divine his purpose, but quite as often his thoughts were as clearly discernible as the pebbles in the bed of a transparent brook. Madame von Platen saw through him thoroughly, and she employed her discernment for the furtherance of her own detestable objects.

The man who hated Aristides because he was called the “just,” was a man with whose feelings Madame von Platen could entertain sympathy. Sophia Dorothea had not merely contrived to win the good opinion of her mother-in-law, but the warm favor of Ernest Augustus. That grand potentate looked upon her as the Duchess of Burgundy of his court. She was only so inasmuch as she was affectionate and obliging. In most other respects it would be correct to compare her with Pompadour as with the duchess, who won the regard and penetrated the secrets of the Grand Monarque, only to betray both.

The praise of his daughter-in-law was ever the theme which hung on the lips of Ernest Augustus, and such eulogy was as poison poured in the ears of Madame von Platen. She dreaded the loss of her own influence over the father of George Louis, and she fancied she might preserve it by destroying the happiness of the wife of his son. Her hatred of that poor lady had been increased by a circumstance with which she could not be connected, but which nearly concerned her mother the Duchess of Zell.

Ernest Augustus used occasionally to visit Madame von Platen at her own residence. He was an imitator of the way of life of Louis XIV.; and as that monarch more than once visited a “favorite” with a military escort attending him, trumpets heralding his passage, and his own queen dragged along in his train, so Ernest Augustus, with diminished state, but with more than enough of publicity, visited Madame von Platen. He was more inclined to conversation with her than with his prime minister, her husband; and she had wit enough, if not worth, to give warrant for such preference. Now and then, however, the ducal sovereign

would repair to pay his homage to the lady, without previous notice being forwarded of his coming; and it was on one of these occasions that, on arriving at the mansion, or in the gardens of the mansion of his minister's spouse, he found, not the lady of the house, who was absent, but her bright-eyed, ordinary-featured, and quick-witted handmaid, who bore a name which might have been given to such an official in Elizabethan plays, by Ford or Fletcher. Her name was "Use."

Ernest Augustus found the wit of Use much to his taste; and the delighted abigail was perfectly self-possessed, and more brilliant than common in the converse which she sustained for the pleasure of the sovereign, and her own expected profit. She had just, it is supposed, come to the point of some exquisitely epigrammatic tale, for the prince was laughing with his full heart, and her hand in his, and the tiring maiden was as radiant as successful wit and endeavor could make her, when Madame von Platen interrupted the sparkling colloquy by her more fiery presence. She affected to be overcome with indignation at the boldness of a menial who dared to make merry with a sovereign duke; and when poor Use had been rudely dismissed from the two presences—the one august and the other angry—Madame von Platen probably remonstrated with Ernest Augustus, respectfully or otherwise, upon his deplorable want of dignity and good taste.

But, to leave hypothesis for fact, we know that revenge certainly followed, whether remonstrance may or may not have been offered. Ernest Augustus went to sojourn for a time at one of his rural palaces, and he had no sooner left his capital than Madame von Platen committed the terrified Use to close imprisonment in the common jail. The history of little German Courts, as well as novels and dramas, in their illustrations of life, and in the mirror which they hold up to nature, assure us that this exercise and abuse of power were not at all uncommon with the "favorites" of German princes. Their word was "all potential as the duke's," and doubtless Madame von Platen's authority was as good warrant for a Hanoverian jailer to hold Use in custody, as if he had shut up that maid who offended by her wit, under the sign manual of Ernest Augustus himself.

Use was kept captive, and very scurvily treated, until Madame von Platen had resolved as to the further course which should be ultimately adopted towards her. She could bring no charge against her, save a pretended accusation of lightness of conduct, and immorality scandalous to Hanoverian decorum. Under this charge she had her old handmaid drummed out of the town; and if the elder Duchess Sophia heard the tap of the drums which accompanied the alleged culprit to the gates, we can only suppose that she would have expelled Madame von Platen to the same music. But, in the first place, the wives of princes were by no means so powerful as their favorites; and secondly, the friend of the philosophical Leibnitz was too much occupied with the sage to trouble herself with the affairs which gave concern to Madame von Platen.

The present affair, however, most nearly concerned poor Use, who found herself outside the city walls, friendless, penniless, with a damaged character, and nothing to cover it but the light costume which she had worn in the process of her march of expulsion to the roll of "dry drums." When she had found a refuge, her first course was to apply to Ernest Augustus for redress. The prince, however, was at once oblivious, ungrateful, and powerless; and confining himself to sending to the poor petitioner a paltry eleemosynary half-dozen of gold pieces, he forbade her return to Hanover, and counselled her to settle elsewhere, and congratulate herself that she had not received even rougher treatment.

Use, perhaps, would have quoted the Psalmist, who dissuades men from putting their trust in princes, but for the fact that she hoped, even yet, if not from a prince, to find succor from a princess. She accordingly made full statement of her case to the Duchess of Zell; and that lady, deeming the case one of peculiar hardship, and the penalty inflicted on a giddy girl too unmeasured for the pardonable offence of amusing an old prince who encouraged her to the task, after much consideration, due weighing of the statement, and befitting inquiry, took the offender into her own service, and gave to the exiled Hanoverian a refuge, asylum, and employment in Zell.

These are but small politics, but they illustrate the nature of

things as they then existed, in by-gone days, at little German courts. They had, moreover, no small influence on the happiness of Sophia Dorothea. Madame von Platen was enraged that the mother of that princess should have dared to give a home to one whom she had condemned to be homeless; and she in consequence is suspected of having been fired with the more satanic zeal to make desolate the home of the young wife. She adopted the most efficient means to arrive at such an end. It was the period when Sophia Dorothea had just become the mother of a daughter who bore her name, and who was subsequently Queen-consort of Prussia. It was from this period that George Louis openly treated his wife with contempt, and the evil genius by whom he was most influenced was Madame von Platen.

The first attempt to estrange him permanently from Sophia Dorothea was made through her sister, Madame von Busche. The latter lady, previous to her marriage with the tutor of George Louis, had endeavored with some slight success, to fascinate his pupil. She embraced with alacrity the mission with which she was charged, again to throw such meshes of fascination as she was possessed of around the heart of the not over susceptible prince. If endeavor could merit or achieve success, the attempt of this would-be charmer would have deserved, and would have accomplished, a triumph. But George Louis stolidly refused to be charmed, and Madame von Busche gave up the attempt in a sort of offended despair. Her sister, like a true genius, fertile in expedients, and prepared for every emergency, bethought herself of a simple circumstance, whereby she hoped to attain her ends. She remembered that George Louis, though short himself of stature, had a predilection for tall women. At the next fête at which he was present at the mansion of Madame von Platen, he was enchanted by a may-pole of a young lady, with a name almost as long as her person—it was Ermengarda Melusina von Schulemburg.

She was more shrewd than witty, this “tall mawkin,” as the Electress Sophia once called the lofty Ermengarda; and, as George Louis was neither witty himself, nor much cared for wit in others, she was the better enabled to establish herself in the

most worthless of hearts that ever beat beneath an embroidered vest. She was an inimitable flatterer, and in this way she fooled her victim to “the very top of his bent.” She exquisitely cajoled him, and with exquisite carelessness did he surrender himself to be cajoled. Gradually, by watching his inclinations, anticipating his wishes, admiring even his coarseness, and lauding it as candor, she so won upon the lazily excited feelings of George Louis, that he began to think her presence indispensable to his well-being. If he hunted, she was in the field, the nearest to his saddle-bow. If he went out to walk alone, he invariably fell in with Ermengarda. At the Court theatre, when *he* was present, the next conspicuous object was the towering von Schulemburg, like Mademoiselle Georges, “in all her diamonds,” beneath the glare of which, and the blazing impudence of their wearer, the modest Sophia Dorothea was almost extinguished. Doubly authorized would she have been, as she looked at her unworthy husband, to have exclaimed, as Alfieri afterwards did in his autobiography:—

• “O picciola cosa é pur l'uomo.”

It is said of the robe originally worn by the prophet Mahomet, and reverently preserved at Mecca, that it was annually washed in a tub of clear water, which was subsequently duly bottled off and sent as holy water to the various princes of Islâm. A fashion alleged to have been adopted by Madame von Platen is recalled to memory by this matter of the prophet's robe.

That estimable person had announced a festival, to be celebrated at her mansion, which was to surpass in splendor anything that had ever been witnessed by the existing generation. The occasion was the marriage of her sister, Madame von Busche, who had worried the poor ex-tutor of George Louis into the grave, with General Wreyke, a gallant soldier, equal, it would seem, to any feat of daring. Whenever Madame von Platen designed to appear with more than ordinary brilliancy in her own person, she was accustomed to indulge in the extravagant luxury of a milk bath; and it *was* added by the satirical or the scandalous, that the milk which had thus lent softness to her skin was charitably dis-

tributed among the poor of the district wherein she occasionally affected to play the character of Dorcas.

Be this fable or not—and very strange things were done in the old-fashioned circles of Germany in those days—the fête and the giver of it were not only to be of a splendor that had never been equalled, but George Louis had promised to grace it with his presence, and had even pledged himself, to “walk a measure” with the irresistible Ermengarda Melusina von Schulemberg. Madame von Platen thought that her cup of joy and pride and revenge would be complete and full to the brim, if she could succeed in bringing Sophia Dorothea to the misery of witnessing a spectacle, the only true significance of which was that the faithless George Louis publicly acknowledged the gigantic Ermengarda for his “favorite.”

There was more activity employed to encompass the desired end than if the aim in view had been one of good purpose. It so far succeeded that Sophia Dorothea intimated her intention of being present at the festival given by Madame von Platen; and when the latter lady received the desired and welcome intelligence, she was conscious of an enjoyment that seemed to her an antepast of Paradise.

The eventful night at length arrived. The bride had exchanged rings with the bridegroom, congratulations had been duly paid, and the floor was ready for the dancers, and nothing lacked but the presence of Sophia Dorothea. There walked the proudly eminent von Schulemberg, looking blandly down upon George Louis, who held her by the hand; and there stood the impatient von Platen, eager that the wife of that light-o'-love cavalier should arrive, and be crushed by the spectacle. Still she came not; and finally her lady of honor, the Countess von Knesebeck, arrived, not as her attendant, but her representative, with excuses for the non-appearance of her mistress, whom indisposition (unfeigned indisposition to be a witness of a suspected sight) detained at her own hearth.

The course of the festival was no longer delayed; in it the bride and bridegroom were forgotten, and George and Ermengarda were the hero and heroine of the hour. After that hour, no one doubted as to the bad eminence achieved by that lady; and so narrowly

and sharply observant was the lynx-eyed von Knesebeck of all that passed between her mistress' husband and that husband's mistress, that when she returned to her duties of *dame d'atours*, she unfolded a narrative that inflicted a stab in every phrase, and tore the heart of the despairing listener.

But court life in Germany was at this, as also at an earlier and till a later period, one of unmixed extravagance and viciousness. A few of the social traits of such life will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

COURT LIFE IN GERMANY—THE ELECTORATE OF HANOVER.

THE extravagance of Madame von Platen, mentioned in the last chapter, was a reflex of that which made some of the sovereign courts of her day most sadly illustrious. Louis XIV. was not the only monarch guilty of impoverishing the people by living in a splendor which made his country bankrupt. The German courts needed not, and did not turn to France for a precedent of superb wickedness. The imperial household at Vienna was a high school, whereat the minor potentates of Germany might take degrees in extravagance and profligacy. Not less than forty thousand individuals were attached to the service of that house, and the licentious habits and coarse tone of the majority of these servants of the Emperor, from the noble to the lacquey, not only had an ill effect upon contemporary society, but may be said to be felt even now in Vienna; the most dissolute capital in Europe, where the aristocracy point in scorn to the citizens as abandoned to vice, and the citizens scowl at the aristocracy as the setters of bad example.

In the times of which I am treating, there was not the minutest count holding sovereignty over a few acres who did not maintain an ambassadorial establishment at Vienna, the expenses of which swallowed up a very considerable portion of the state represented. These legates of their lords, and often with their lords, and these lords' “ladies” in their company, were busily employed in the

imperial city in the solemn occupations of feasting, drinking, dancing, gazing at fireworks, and other business which will less bear mentioning. Two hogshheads of Tokay wine were daily consumed for soaking the bread which was given to the imperial parrots! The Empress' nightly possets required twelve gallons of the same wine. Not that the imperial appetite was equal to such consumption, but that the kitchen supplied that quantity to the household generally; for in the eighteenth century a German noble or his consort no more thought of going to sleep without the "sacramental" posset, than an English squire of the same period.

I have alluded in another page to the "protector" of the sister of Count Königsmark, Augustus the Strong,—strong in everything but virtue, and utterly worthless as man or monarch in all beside. His reign, after he became king of Poland, was a long course of brutal excess in every shape, and, in some cases, outraging nature as much as was done in the brutal excesses of Caligula. He left behind him three hundred and fifty-two children dependent on the state, but whose claims the state soon refused to recognize.

His extravagant taste exceeded that even of the masters of Vienna or Versailles. In honor of Maria Aurora Königsmark, the queen of the harem, and the only "favorite" of this crowned brute that ever retained in her bad eminence the refinement of character and conduct which had distinguished her before her elevation; in honor of this "favorite" he gave a festival on the Elbe, at which Neptune appeared in a sea-shell (in very shallow water,) surrounded by a fleet of frigates, gondolas, and gun-boats, all of true model dimensions, and manned by crews who might have sung in chorus the song from *La Promise*, "*ma veste, ma veste*," so gay, glorious, glittering, and unseamanlike were they, in their satin jackets, their silk stockings, and their paste-diamond shoe-buckles.

Soldiers, or civilians in the masquerade of soldiers of all nations under the sun, and all splendidly attired, lined the banks of the river. The festival lasted throughout a long day, and when night set in, a huge allegorical picture, occupying six thousand yards, nearly four miles of canvas, was illuminated by blazing piles of odoriferous woods; and there was squandered that day, in honor

of a royal concubine, as much wealth as would have fed and clothed all the hungry and destitute in Dresden for a whole year.

Nor was this a solitary instance of the profligate extravagance of this monarch. On the occasion of a visit to his court by Frederick William of Prussia, and the Crown Prince, he expended five thousand dollars in porcelain vases for the adornment of their bed-chambers, and gave them a gypsy party at Mühlberg, where the rural amusements of a few hours absorbed not less than three millions of dollars.

But Augustus delighted in monster fêtes, with all sorts of monster appliances; and one of these gigantic festivals is spoken of, at which a cake was placed before the guests twenty-eight feet long by twelve broad, the sides of which were cut into by a gaudy official, armed with a silver axe. Into the lap of one of his favorites, Augustus poured no less a sum than twenty millions of dollars. The fortunate recipient was the Countess von Kosel. He spent the same sum in welcoming to his dominions the daughter of the Emperor Joseph I., newly espoused to his son. The festivities were "stupendous," in character, duration, and extravagance. He met the bride with a whole army at his back to give her welcome; and a host, nearly as large, of courtiers, players, minstrels, and dancers, all exerting themselves in their several capacities to win a smile of approbation from the lady, who looked in melancholy on the show.

She must have been weary of it ere it was half over, for it dragged on, in gorgeous ponderosity, through a whole month. Day after day the festival was renewed, and there was more revelry in Dresden than there was in Babylon when Alexander entered it; and of much the same degree of uncleanness too. To crown the whole, Augustus and his court appeared in the guise of heathen deities; thus rivalling that Augustus of Rome and his friends, who sat down to the banquet, in the likeness of the gods and goddesses of Olympus,—less dignified, indeed, than they, but twice as beastly.

His conduct might fairly be described as that of a maniac, were it not for one circumstance. He flung gold about with a reckless prodigality that betokened insanity, but it must be remembered, that, at the very period of his doing so, he entertained the convic-

tion, that he was on the point of tearing the veil before the great arcanum of chemistry, mastering the knowledge connected with the transmutation of metals, and becoming the maker of gold, to an extent limited only by his necessities.

For this purpose he maintained an alchemist in his palace. The professional gentleman, so calling himself, was right royally lodged as regarded his person, and right profusely provided as respected his vocation. His apartments were furnished with a splendor that might have dazzled an emperor, and his laboratory was a glittering chaos of costly vessels, means, and appliances,—such as befitted the arch-deceiver of a king foolish enough to be deceived.

The experiments were being carried on while Augustus was as insanely experimenting on the patience of his people. The alchemist, however, soon encountered a swifter and more hideous ruin than ultimately fell upon the head of Augustus himself. His patron became impatient, and more exacting than ever; the magician more tricky, more boastful of success, and less satisfactory in realization of his boasting. His specimens were pronounced counterfeit, his gold was scornfully rejected by the goldsmiths of the capital, and, detected as a cheat, he was beheaded by the order of him who had hoped to profit by his address.

Dresden is yet strewn with the gorgeous wrecks of the profligate reign of Augustus. The "Green Vaults" of the palace, crowded as they are with gems and jewellery, and rich metals wrought into grotesque figures; the huge ostrich cups, the gigantic pearls, the musical clocks, and toys and trifles, for which a "king's ransom" was less than the purchase money, should awake in the mind of the beholder not so much of admiration for the collection, as of disgust and amazement at the thoughtless extravagance of him who acquired it with the money entrusted to his dishonest stewardship. If the memory of Augustus the Strong can ever be dwelt upon with any measure of respect, it is perhaps when the visitor at Dresden contemplates the gallery of pictures there, of which he was the founder. In his profligate expenditure he had a worthy imitator in Count Brühl, the minister of his indolent son and successor, Augustus III. His wardrobe could have supplied half the great families in Europe with costumes; his col-

lection of embroidered shoes was a sight for all Saxony; and his museum of Parisian wigs, arranged in chronological order, was the pride of all the *petit-mâtres* who were curious in perukes.

The court of Bavaria at the beginning of the last century set no better example to the people, on whose love and allegiance it made a claim that was but scurvily revered. The little and delicate electress, Maria Amelia, had the propensities of a gigantic *roué*. She was delicate only in person, not in mind; but mind and body were similarly "little" in other respects. She was an excellent shot, followed the chase with the zest of the keenest sportsman, and would toil half the day, across ridge and furrow, or up to her knees in mud, in pursuit of the game among which she made such deadly havoc. At these times, and often when the occasion was not warrant for the fashion, she appeared in public in male attire, generally of green cloth, her brilliant complexion heightened by a brilliantly powdered white peruke. She loved dogs as well as she did men, rather better perhaps on the whole; and was never more pleased than when she dined in no better company than with a dozen of these canine favorites, whose unceremonious clearing of the dishes, before their hostess could help herself, only excited her hearty laughter.

There were occasions, however, on which she was given to anything rather than laughter, and chiefly when she encountered the favorites of her husband. On these she had no mercy; and her dog-whip was more than once applied to the shoulders of shameless rivals,—which had perhaps better have been applied to those of the unworthy husband, on whose smiles and hard gold they lived in splendid infamy.

Other German courts were marked and disgraced by scenes of similar profligacy; and that of Hanover forms no exception, although it ceased sooner than the others to be so distinguished. This desirable consummation was not a result of greater cleanliness of manner, but of a transportation of the uncleanness to another locality; and the court of Hanover no longer presented an evil example to the people, because at a later period George I., the unworthy husband of Sophia Dorothea, removed in 1714,

"with all his mistresses," to this, the favored country, which was hardly grateful for the acquisition.

The lack of gratitude was made manifest enough by the reply of "First Citizen," in a dramatic tumult in the street raised by the arrogance of these women. "Worthy folks!" said one of them in broken English, "we come here for all your goods;"—"Yes!" roared "First Citizen," "and for all our chattels too," a remark not far from the truth; for the mistresses of the first two Georges were supported out of the funds raised by taxation of the people. But we are anticipating events.

The ecclesiastical princes were not a jot behind their secular highnesses in glaring infamy of conduct. They scorned and outraged public opinion, as they did the laws against clerical luxury and immorality enacted by the Council of Trent. The debauchery and profligacy of the higher orders of the priesthood (mostly sons of princely families) were appalling. An instance of their unseemliness of conduct has been cited from Dluco's Memoirs, wherein mention is made of a want of decency manifested by the Prince Archbishop of Cologne, when that electoral dignitary was sojourning at Versailles. He gave notice that he would preach in the Royal Chapel on the 1st of April, when a large and august auditory assembled to do honor to the occasion. The preacher, we are told, ascended the pulpit, and bowed gravely to the audience; then shouting, "April fools all!" he ran down the stairs amidst the laughter of the court, and the clang of horns, trumpets, and kettle-drums.

It was a strange time, when men were allowed to have their particular views, and women their peculiar faults, without much censure resulting, provided they respected certain limits. In this they were like the pagans, among whom a woman might swear for ever by Castor, and a man only by Hercules, while *Edépol* was an execratory phrase common to both.

Among the instances of German social life in the higher classes at this period, may be cited the case of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, driven out of his dukedom by the hatred of his oppressed subjects, took up his residence in Paris, about the year 1672. The duke had been married to a Protestant princess, of

whom growing weary, he divorced himself from her, for no other reason than that he had seen a Catholic princess who pleased him, for the moment, better than his own wife. He married this second lady, after first making public profession of his conversion to the Church of Rome. Not a very long period had elapsed before he became more weary of the new love than he had ever been of the old. He was as tired of the faith, by accepting which he had gained the lady; and in an affected horror of having committed some terrible sin, he immediately set about procuring a divorce. It was no difficult matter; and no less a man, judge and philosopher, than the great "Leibnitz," less influenced, it is said, by a desire to disarm his foe than by certain juristic sophistries, decided in favor of the divorce, in violation of all law, and to the ineffable disgust of all honest men.

But if princes and people were forgetful of duty, it was, perhaps, in part at least, because their teachers, priests and philosophers either failed to instruct them, or neglected to make example add double force to precept. There was no man in Hanover so honored as this Leibnitz; but he was honored more for his intellectual than his moral worth. There had been no more unreserved eulogist and flatterer of Louis XIV. than he, but at the bidding of Ernest Augustus, who had acquired reputation as patriot and general by the share he had taken in the war against France, Leibnitz attacked the *Grand Monarque* in a satirical pamphlet, entitled "The Most Christian Mars," in which he miserably succeeded in showing how wittily a clever man might argue against his own convictions.

The father-in-law of Sophia Dorothea deserves to have it said of him that, however immoral a man he may have been, he was a more honest man than Leibnitz. When Ernest Augustus was aspiring to the Electorate, and the Emperor was as desirous to form an united empire of amalgamated Catholics and Protestants, Leibnitz, to further the duke's purpose, wrote a pamphlet on the points of difference between the two churches, and on the principles which should form the basis and the bonds of a common religion and a common church. The Protestant philosopher preferred to publish this pamphlet anonymously, as the author of it so framed his argu-

ments as to let his readers suppose that he was a Catholic. The duke refused to sanction this dishonesty, and the pamphlet was not published until after the author's death. It appeared as the "Theological System" of Leibnitz, and there was not an argument in it which was the result of that author's conviction. It was the boast of this philosopher, that he was *autodidactos*,—self-taught. As pupil, it must be confessed, that he sometimes had but a very indifferent preceptor.

While on the subject of social traits of the period, I may not inaptly notice one in England. I have already observed, that on the arrival of George Louis in England, to ask for the hand of the Princess Anne, he was indebted to his gouty, and still fiery uncle, Rupert, for some attentions. In 1683, the gallant prince died too poor to leave wherewith to pay his debts. A plan was accordingly proposed, whereby the necessary sum was to be raised by the disposing of the prince's jewels by lottery. There had, however, been so much cheating practised in matters of this sort, that the public would take no shares in this particular and princely lottery, unless the king himself would guarantee that all should be conducted fairly and honestly, and also that Mr. Francis Child, the then eminent goldsmith and banker of Temple Bar, should be responsible for the "respection adventures;" that is, the genuineness of the tickets. This stipulation proposed by the public, appears to have been accepted by the government, for in the London Gazette of October 1, 1683, there is an advertisement, which runs as follows:—"These are to give notice, that the jewels of his late royal highness, Prince Rupert, have been particularly valued by Mr. Isaac Legouche, Mr. Christopher Rosse, and Mr. Richard Beauvoir, jewellers,—the whole amounting to twenty thousand pounds, and will be sold by way of lottery; each lot to be five pounds. The biggest prize will be a great pearl necklace, valued at 3,000*l.*, and none less than 100*l.* A printed particular of each appraisement, with their divisions into lots, will be delivered gratis by Mr. Francis Child, of Temple Bar, London, into whose hands, such as are willing to be adventurers, are desired to pay their money, on or before the 1st day of November next. As soon as the whole sum is paid in, a short day will be appointed (which, it is hoped, will be before

Christmas,) and notified in the Gazette, for the drawing thereof, which will be done in his Majesty's presence, who is pleased to declare that he himself will see all the prizes put in among the blanks, and that the whole will be managed with equity and fairness, nothing being intended but the sale of the said jewels at a moderate value. And it is further notified, for the satisfaction of all as shall be adventurers, that the said Mr. Child shall and will stand obliged to each of them for their several adventures; and that each adventurer shall receive their (*sic*) money back, if the said lottery be not drawn and finished before the first day of February next." At a later period, the Gazette announces, that "the king will probably, to-morrow, in the Banqueting House, see all the blanks told over, that they may not exceed their number, and that the papers on which the prizes are to be written shall be rolled up in his presence, and that a child, appointed either by his Majesty or the adventurers, shall draw the prizes." If the king had never done worse than to preside at the drawing of a lottery for the payment of the debts of his cousin, the uncle of George Louis, we might say that he was undignified, but not that he was, as he *really* was, ignoble and graceless; more refined, perhaps, but not less debauched, than Augustus of Saxony.

But, to return finally to Hanover: while Sophia Dorothea was daily growing more unhappy, her father-in-law was growing more ambitious, and the prospects of her husband more brilliant. The younger branch of Brunswick was outstripping the elder in dignity, and not merely an electoral but a kingly crown seemed the prize they were destined to attain. A few brief paragraphs will serve to show how this was effected, before we once more take up the personal history of Sophia Dorothea.

Whatever opinion may be formed with respect to the opinions and feelings of the Hanover family in reference to its being recognized in the line of legal succession to the Crown of England, it is pretty well ascertained, that Burnet was the first, and probably not without being commissioned to the task, who seriously opened the subject with the family, and that through the Hanoverian minister at the Hague. Burnet, in 1686, was residing at the latter place, the friend and agent of William of Orange, and one of the most ac-

tive adversaries of James II., whose aversion and perhaps dread of that busy ecclesiastic were not without foundation.

In the year 1686, the Hanoverian minister at the Hague was acting in strict obedience to the orders of his master, Ernest Augustus, by rather supporting than opposing the ambitious views of France. Louis XIV. had so degraded England as to make Charles II. his pensionary, and the French monarch now looked upon James as his ally, ready to follow whithersoever the King of France was disposed to lead the way. The union of these two Roman Catholic monarchs, if carried out to the ends contemplated by them, threatened both the religious and civil liberties of every country over which their influence could be made to extend. It was especially threatening to the princes of the Protestant faith, and particularly so to Holland. To destroy this union would be not only to rescue Holland from the perils which threatened her, but would perhaps open the throne of England to a Protestant prince. This prince could not be looked for in the line of Charles I., for the children of his daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, were Romanists, whereas, failing other branches of the family, the probable nature of which failure has already been adverted to; the line which might hope to inherit the crown was to be found in the immediate descendants of James I., through his daughter, Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, whose daughter Sophia was married to Ernest Augustus of Hanover.

When Burnet found the minister of the latter prince offending the States-General of Holland by his tacit support of the views of France, he at once saw the false position of the minister who was acting in obedience to the instructions of his master, but in opposition to his own sentiments. It was no difficult task for Burnet to prove to this diplomatist, that by supporting the views of France he was destroying the prospects of Hanover; whereas if it was his desire to promote the influence and glory, and to elevate the fortunes of the latter house, his course was clear, simple, patriotic, and profitable. Opposition to France, on the part of Hanover, would be popularly acknowledged with something more than empty gratitude in England, and the time might come when such opposition

would receive as splendid a recompense as prince or patriot could desire.

It is easy to believe that William approved of a communication of such a nature made, as Burnet protests, without being otherwise than self-prompted thereto. The immediate result would be, to secure an ally for Holland, and William might safely leave ulterior contingencies to Providence and time.

However this may be, it is certain that Burnet was eminently successful in his object with the Hanoverian minister. The latter appears not only to have communicated what passed to his sovereign, but to have added comments thereto which carried conviction to the mind of Ernest Augustus. This conviction is seen by the result which followed. Hanover, in 1688, ranged herself with the European coalition, that is, with England, Holland, and the German Empire, against France.

There was true "definite policy" in this act. Ernest Augustus was bound indeed to supply a contingent to the Emperor whenever the latter might call for such aid in behalf of the empire; but he was not satisfied with this alone; his own territory was not threatened, and it was too far away from the stage whereon the great drama was being played, or was about to be played out, to give him fears concerning the inviolability of his frontier. He acted, however, as though he had as fierce a quarrel with Louis as the more powerful belligerents opposed to that monarch. He recalled his minister from Paris, gave passports to the French ambassador at Hanover, and in short, played his grand *coup* for an electorate *now*, and a throne in futurity.

To be elevated to the electorate had certainly been long the dearest among the more immediate objects of his ambition. When his elder brother John Frederick died childless, and left him the principalities of Calenberg and Grubenberg, with Hanover for a "residenz," he hailed an increase of influence which he hoped to see heightened by securing the Duchy of Zell also to his family. He had determined that George Louis should succeed to Hanover and Zell united. In other words, he established primogeniture, recognized his eldest son as heir to all his land, and only awarded to his other sons moderate appendages whereby to support a dig-

nity which he considered sufficiently splendid by the glory which it would receive, by reflection, from the head of the house.

This arrangement by no means suited the views of one of Ernest's sons, Maximilian. He had no inclination whatever to borrow glory from the better fortune of his brother, and was resolved, if it might be, to achieve splendor by his own. He protested loudly against the accumulation of the family territorial estates upon the eldest heir; claimed his own share; and even raised a species of domestic rebellion against his sire, to which weight, without peril, was given by the adhesion of a couple of confederates, Count Mölke, and a conspirator of burgher degree.

Ernest Augustus treated "Max" like a rude child. He put him under arrest in the paternal palace, and confined the filial rebel to the mild imprisonment of his own room. Maximilian was as obstinate as either Henry the Dog, or Marcus the Violent, and he not only opposed his sire's wishes with respect to the aggrandizement of the family by the enriching of the heir-apparent, but went counter to him in matters of religion, and in after years was not only a good Jacobite, but he also conformed to the faith of the Stuarts, and Maximilian ultimately died, a tolerable Catholic, in the service of the Emperor.

In the meanwhile, his domestic antagonism against his father was not productive of much inconvenience to himself. His arrest was soon raised, and he was restored to freedom, though not to favor or affection. It went harder with his friend and confederate Count Mölke, against whom, as nothing could be proved, much was invented. An absurd story was coined to the effect that at the time when Maximilian was opposing his father's projects, the Count Mölke, at a court entertainment, had presented his snuff-box to Ernest Augustus. That illustrious individual having taken therefrom the pungent tribute respectfully offered, presented the same to an Italian greyhound which lay at his feet, who thereon suddenly sneezed, and swiftly died. The count was sent into close arrest, and the courtly gossips forged the story to account for the result. The unfortunate Mölke was indeed as severely punished as though he had been a murderer by anticipation. He was judged in something of the old Jedburgh fashion, whereby execution pre-

ceded judgment; and the head of Count Mölke had fallen before men could well guess why he had forfeited it. The fact was that this penalty had been exacted as a vicarious infliction on Prince Maximilian. In old-fashioned courts in England there used to be a whipping-boy who received castigation whenever the young princes of the royal family behaved ill. The latter, in the agony of the actual victim, were supposed to be able to understand what their own deserts were, and what their sufferings would have been, had not their persons been far too sacred to endure chastisement for their faults. The more ignoble plotter was only banished, and in the death of a friend, and the exile of a follower, Maximilian, it was hoped, would see a double suggestion from which he would draw a healthy conclusion. This course had its desired effect. The disinherited heir accepted his ill-fortune with a humor of the same quality, and, openly at least, he ceased to be a trouble to his more ambitious than affectionate father.

Domestic rebellion having been thus suppressed or got rid of, Ernest Augustus looked to the Emperor for the reward of his ready alacrity in supporting the imperial house. It was not without much trouble and vexation that the desired end was achieved. The sacred college opposed the aim of the sovereign of Hanover, but the Emperor, of his own accord, made Ernest Augustus an elector; and the 19th December, 1691, was the joyful day of nomination.

The day, however, was anything but one of joy to the branch of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel. That elder branch felt itself dishonored by the august dignity which had been conferred upon the younger scion of the family. The hatred which ensued between the kinsmen was of that intensity which is said to distinguish the mutual hate of kinsmen above all others. The elder branch, and the sacred college with it, affirmed that the Emperor was invested with no prerogative by which he could, of his own spontaneous act, add a ninth elector to the eight already existing. Originally there were but seven, and the accession of one more to that time-honored number was pronounced to be an innovation by which ill-fortune must ensue. Something still more deplorable was vaticin-

ated as the terrible consequence of an illegal step so peremptorily taken by the Emperor, in despite of the other electors.

It was said by the supporters of the Emperor and Hanover that the addition of a ninth, and Protestant elector was the more necessary; that there were only two electors on the sacred roll who now followed the faith of the Reformed Church; and that the sincerity of one, at least, of these was very questionable. The reformed states of Germany had a right to be properly represented, and the Emperor was worthy of all praise for respecting this right. With regard to the nomination, it was stated that though it had been made spontaneously by the Emperor, it had been confirmed by the Electoral College,—a majority of the number of which had carried the election of the Emperor's candidate.

Now, this last point was the weak point of the Hanoverians; for it was asserted by many adversaries, and not denied by many supporters, that in such a case as this, no vote of the Electoral College was good unless it were an unanimous vote. To this objection, strongly urged by the elder branch of Brunswick-Wölffenbüttel, no answer was made, except indeed by praising the new elector, of whom it was correctly stated that he had introduced into his states such a taste for masquerades, operas, and ballets, as had never been known before; and that he had made a merry and a prosperous people of what had been previously but a dull nation, as regarded both manners and commerce. The Emperor only thought of the good service which Ernest Augustus had rendered him in the field, and he stood by the "accomplished fact" of which he was the chief author.

The college was to the full as obstinate, and would not recognize any vote tendered by the Elector of Hanover, or of Brunswick, as he was at first called. Ernest Augustus sat in the college, as our Bishop of Sodor and Man is said to have done, in the olden time, in the House of Lords, where a seat was prepared for the prelate, which he was allowed to occupy on condition that he had no voice in the proceedings. For nearly sixteen years was this opposition carried on. At length, on the 30th of June, 1708, this affair of the ninth electorate was adjusted, and the three colleges of the empire resolved to admit the Elector of Hanover to sit *and* vote in the

Electoral College. In the same month he was made general of the imperial troops, then assembled in the vicinity of the Upper Rhine.

His original selection by the Emperor had much reference to his military services. The efforts of Louis XIV. to get possession of the Palatinate, after the death of the Palatine Louis, had caused the formation of the German confederacy to resist the aggression of France,—an aggression which was not finally overcome till the day when Marlborough defeated Tallard, at Blenheim. Louis was hurried into the war by his minister Louvois, who was annoyed by his interference at home in matters connected with Louvois's department. It was to make the confederation more firm and united that Ernest Augustus was created, rather than elected, a ninth elector. The three Protestant electors were those of Saxony, Brandenburg, and Hanover; the three Catholic, Bohemia, Bavaria, and the Palatinate; and the three spiritual electors, the Prince Archbishops of Metz, Treves, and Cologne. The original number of electors was seven, and their office, according to Schiller, was to encircle the ruler of the world (the Emperor) as the company of stars surround the sun:—

Und alle die Wähler, die Sieben
Wie der Sterner Chor um die Sonne sich stellt,
Umstanden geschäftig die Herrscher der Welt,
Der Würde des Amtes zu üben.

In the battle-field they stood with their colors round the imperial standard, "like Iris with all her seven." Their efforts against France were not at first marked by success. Marshal Luxembourg routed the Dutch General Waldeck, and in 1691 Namur was carried by storm, and Liège bombarded. In the following year William III. was defeated at Steinkirk, where the husband of Sophia Dorothea served under him, and learned how great a general may be under defeat;—a retreat was never conducted in more masterly style. The castle of Heidelberg, the birth-place of the Electress Sophia was, at the same period, blown into ruins by the French; and in 1697 the peace of Ryswick humiliated the allies, and gave breathing time to the King of

France to frame new projects, which were ultimately foiled by the triumphant sword of Marlborough. But this is anticipating.

The history of the creation of the ninth electorate would not be complete without citing what is said in respect thereof by the author of a pamphlet suppressed by the Hanoverian government, and entitled "Impeachment of the Ministry of Count Munster." It is to this effect. "During the war between Leopold I. and France, at the close of the 17th century, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, and administrator of Osnabrück, father of George I., had been paid a considerable sum of money on condition of aiding the French monarch with ten thousand troops—the Emperor, aware of the engagement, and anxious to prevent the junction of these forces with the enemy, proposed to create a ninth electorate, in favor of the Duke, provided he brought his levies to the imperial banner. The degrading offer was accepted, and the envoys of Brunswick-Lüneberg received the electoral cap, the symbol of their master's dishonor, at Vienna, on the 19th December, 1692. From the opposition of the college and princes, Ernest was never more than nominally an elector, and even his son's nomination was with difficulty accomplished in 1710. It was in connection with this new dignity that Hanover, a name till then applied only to a principal and almost independent city of the Dukedom of Brunswick, became known in the list of European sovereignties.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KÖNIGSMARKS.

HAVING briefly traced the outline of the history regarding the elevation of the Court of Hanover to the rank of an electoral court, I must beg permission to continue for a short space more to be episodic, in order to trace the career of an individual whose residence at that Court brought death, dishonor, and destruction in his train.

I have before noticed the circumstance of the sojourn of a Count Königsmark at Zell, during the childhood of Sophia Doro-

thea. The family of the Königsmarks was originally of the Mark of Brandenburg, but a chief of the family settled in Sweden, and the name carried lustre with it into more than one country. In the army, the cabinet, and the church, the Königsmarks had representatives of whom they might be proud; and generals, statesmen, and prince-bishops, all laboring with glory in their respective departments, sustained the high reputation of this once celebrated name. From the period, early in the 17th century, that the first Königsmark (Count John Christopher) withdrew from the imperial service and joined that of Sweden, the men of that house devoted themselves, almost exclusively, to the profession of arms. This Count John is especially famous as the subduer of Prague, in 1648, at the end of the Thirty Years' War. Of all the costly booty which he carried with him from that city, none has continued to be so well cared-for, by the Swedes, as the silver book, containing the Mæso-Gothic Gospels of Bishop Ulphilas, still with pride preserved at learned Upsal.

John Christopher was the father of two sons. Otho William, a marshal of France, a valued friend of Charles XII., and a gallant servant of the state of Venice, whose government honored his tomb with an inscription *Semper Victori*, was the younger. He was pious as well as brave, and he enriched German literature with a collection of very fervid and spiritual hymns. The other, and the older son, was Conrad Christopher. The last name was almost as common an appellation in the family of Königsmark as those of Timoleon Cossé in the family of Brissac. Conrad Christopher was killed in the year 1673, when fighting on the Dutch and imperial side, at the siege of Bonn. He left four children, three of whom became at once famous and infamous. His sons were Charles John and Philip Christopher. His daughters were Maria Aurora (mother of the famous Maurice of Saxony), and Amelia Wilhelmina, who was fortunate enough to achieve happiness without being celebrated, and who, if she has not been talked of beyond her own Swedish fireside, passed there a life of as calm felicity as she and her husband, Charles von Loewenhaupt, could enjoy when they had relations so celebrated, and so troublesome, as Counts Charles John, and Philip Christopher, and the Countess

Maria Aurora, the "favorite" of Augustus of Poland, and the only royal concubine, perhaps, who almost deserved as much respect as though she had won her greatness by a legitimate process.

It was this Philip Christopher who was, for a brief season, the playfellow of Sophia Dorothea, in the young days of both, in the quiet gardens and galleries of Zell. It is only told of him that, after his departure from Zell, he sojourned with various members of his family, travelled with them, and returned at intervals to reside with his mother, Maria Christina, of the German family of Wrangle, who unhappily survived long enough to be acquainted with the crimes as well as misfortunes of three of her children.

In the year 1682, Philip Christopher was in England. The elder brother, who had more than once been a visitor to this country, and a welcome, because a witty, one at the Court of Charles II., had brought his younger brother hither, in order to have him instructed more completely in the tenets of the Protestant religion, and to ultimately place him at Oxford. In the meantime he placed him in a very singular locality for a theological student. He lodged him with a "governor," at the riding academy, in the Haymarket, of that Major Foubert, whose second establishment, where he taught the young to witch the world with noble horsemanship, is still commemorated by the passage out of Regent-street, which bears the name of the French Protestant refugee and professor of equestrianism.

The elder brother of these two Königsmarks was a superb scoundrel, and I have no more faith in his professed zeal for Philip Christopher's religion than he had in the truth which Philip was to be taught, after he had learned to ride. He had led a roving and adventurous life, and was in England when not more than fifteen years of age, in the year 1674. During the next half dozen years he had rendered the ladies of the Court of France ecstatic at his impudence, and had won golden opinions from the "marine knights" of Malta, whom he had accompanied on a "caravane," or cruise, against the Turks, wherein he took hard blows cheerfully, and had well-nigh been drowned by his impetuous gallantry. At some of the Courts of southern Europe he appeared with an éclat which made the men hate and envy him;

but no where did he produce more effect than at Madrid, where he appeared at the period of the festivities held to celebrate the marriage of Charles II. with Maria Louisa, of Orleans, daughter of that Henrietta Maria, who was the youngest child of our Charles I., born at Exeter, never beheld by her sire, and murdered, it is feared, by the connivance of her husband, the Duke of Orleans, as her daughter this Maria Louisa was, by the negligence or connivance of *her* consort.

The marriage of the last-named august pair was followed by the fiercest and the finest bull-fights, symbolic of Spanish royal unions, that had ever been witnessed in Spain. At one of these, Charles John made himself the champion of a lady, fought in her honor in the arena, with the wildest bull of the company, and got dreadfully mauled for his pains. His horse was slain, and he himself, staggering and faint, and blind with loss of blood and with deep wounds, had finally only strength enough left to pass his sword into the neck of the other brute, his antagonist, and to be carried half-dead and quite senseless out of the arena, amid the fierce approbation of the gentle ladies, who purred applause, like satisfied tigresses, upon the unconscious hero.

In 1681, at the mature age of twenty-two, master of all manly vices, and ready for any adventure, he was once more in England, where he seized the opportunity afforded him by the times and their events, and hastened to join the expedition against Tangier. He behaved like a young hero, and with his appetite for sanguinary adventure whetted by what he had tasted, on the conclusion of the warm affair at Tangier, he went as an amateur against the Algerines, and without commission, inflicting on them and their "uncle" (as the word *Dey* implies,) as much injury as though he had been chartered general at the head of a destroying host. When he returned to England at the conclusion of this season of adventure, he was received amid those who love adventurers, with a peculiar delight. That he was a foreign adventurer, then as now, only increased his attraction; and, from the king downwards, "polite" people, as the aristocracy rudely styled itself, with mendacious exclusiveness, received Count Charles John with enthusiasm. His handsome face, his long flaxen hair, his stupendous perriwig for

state occasions, and the boy's ineffable impudence, made him the delight of the impudent people of those impudent times.

Now, of all those people, the supercilious Charles John cared but for one, and she, there is reason to believe, knew little and cared less for this presuming lad of the house of Königsmark.

All the wisdom and science of John Locke, the physician of the last of the Percys, could not save from death, at the age of twenty-six, Joscelyn, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, who died in the year 1670;—the last of the male line of his house.

He left an only daughter, four years of age, named Elizabeth. Her father's death made her the possessor,—awaiting her majority, of vast wealth, to which increase was made by succession to other inheritances. Her widowed mother married Ralph Montague, English ambassador in Paris, builder of the "Montague" houses, which occupied successively the site of the present British Museum, and finally husband, after the death of the widow of Percy, of the mad Duchess of Albemarle, who declared that she would never wed beneath royalty, and whom he wooed, and maintained as "Emperor of China."

When the widow of Joscelyn espoused Montague, her daughter Elizabeth went to reside with the mother of Joscelyn,—Dowager-Countess of Northumberland, and co-heiress to the Suffolk estate, destined to be added to the possessions of the little Elizabeth. She was an intriguing, indelicate, self-willed, and worthless old woman; and with respect to the poor little girl of whom she was the unworthy guardian, she "made her the subject of constant intrigues with men of power who wished for wealth, and with rich men who wished for rank and power." Before the unhappy little heiress had attained the age of thirteen, her grandmother had bound her in marriage with Henry Cavendish, Earl Ogle. Though the ceremony was performed, the parties did not, of course, reside together. The Dowager Countess and the Earl were satisfied that the fortune of the heiress was secured, and they were further content to wait for what might follow.

That which followed was what they least expected,—death; the bridegroom died within a year of his union with Elizabeth Percy; and this child, wife, and widow, was again at the disposal of her

wretched grandmother. The heiress of countless thousands was anything but the mistress of herself.

At this period the proprietor of the house and domain of Long-leat, in Wiltshire, was that Thomas Thynne, whom Dryden has celebrated as the Issachar of his "Absalom and Achitophel," who was the friend of the Duke of Monmouth, was alliteratively spoken of as "Tom of Ten Thousand," and who was a very unworthy fellow, although the member of a most worthy house.

Tom's Ten Thousand virtues were of that metal which the Dowager Countess of Northumberland most approved; and her granddaughter had not been many months the widow of Lord Ogle, when her precious guardian united her by private marriage to Thynne. The newly-married couple were at once separated. The marriage was the result of an infamous intrigue between infamous people, some of whom, subsequently to Thynne's death, sued his executors for money which he had bound himself to pay for services rendered to further the marriage.

When Charles John Königsmark arrived in England, in January, 1682, all England was talking of the match wherein a poor child had been sold, although the purchaser had not yet possession of either his victim or her fortune. The common talk must have had deep influence on the count, who appears to have been impressed with the idea that if Thynne were dead, Count Charles John Königsmark might succeed to his place and expectations.

On the evening of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1682, Thynne was in his coach, from which the Duke of Monmouth had only just previously alighted, and was riding along that part of Pall-Mall which abuts upon Cockspur Street, when the carriage was stopped by three men on horseback, one of whom discharged a carbine into it, whereby Tom of Ten Thousand was so desperately wounded that he died in a few hours.

The persons charged with this murder were chiefly discovered by means of individuals of ill repute with whom they associated. By such means were arrested a German, Captain Vratz, Borosky a Pole, and a fellow, half knave, half enthusiast, described as Lieutenant Stern. Vratz had accompanied Königsmark to England. They lodged together, first in the Haymarket, next in Rupert

Street, and finally in St. Martin's Lane. Borosky had been clothed and armed at the count's expense; and Stern was employed as a likely tool to help them in this enterprise. It was proved on the trial, that after the deed was committed, these men were at the count's lodgings, that a sudden separation took place, and that the count himself, upon some sudden fear, took flight to the water side; there he lay hid for a while, and then dodged about the river, in various disguises, in order to elude pursuit, until he finally landed at Gravesend, where he was pounced upon by two most expert thief-catchers,—cunning as Vidocq, determined as Townsend, and farsighted as Field.

The confession of the instruments, save Vratz, did not affect the count. His defence took a high Protestant turn,—made allusion to his Protestant ancestors, and their deeds in behalf of Protestantism, lauded Protestant England, alluded to his younger brother, brought expressly here to be educated in Protestant principles, and altogether was exceedingly clever, but in no wise convincing. It was a defence likely to do him good with a jury and people in mortal fear of Popery, possessed by deadly hatred of a possible Popish successor to the throne, and influenced by foolish affection for the Duke of Monmouth, who, being of no religion at all, was consequently no "Papist," and might hereafter become a good Protestant king,—just as his graceless father had been. It was, moreover, known that the king would learn with pleasure that the count had been acquitted; and as this knowledge was possessed by judges who were removable at the king's pleasure, it had a very strong influence, and the arch-murderer, the most cowardly of the infamous company, was acquitted accordingly. In his case, the verdict, as regarded him, was given in last. The other three persons were indicted for the actual commission of the fact, Königsmark as accessory before the fact, hiring them, and instigating them to the crime. Thrice he had heard the word "Guilty" pronounced, and, despite his recklessness, was somewhat moved when the jury were asked as to their verdict respecting *him*. "Not Guilty," murmured the foreman;—and then the noble count, mindful only of himself, and forgetful of the three unhappy men whom he had dragged to death, exclaimed in his unmanly joy, "God

bless the king, and this honorable bench!" He well knew where his gratitude was due—to a graceless monarch, and a servile judge. The meaner assassins were flung to the gallows. Vratz went to his fate, like Pierre; declared that the murder was the result of a mistake, that he had no hand in it, and that as he was a gentleman, God would assuredly deal with him *as* such!

This "gentleman," who looked for civil treatment hereafter, accounted for his presence at the murder, as having arisen by his entertaining a quarrel with Mr. Thynne, whom he was about to challenge, when the Pole, mistaking his orders and inclinations, discharged his carbine into the carriage, and slew the occupant. The other two confessed to the murder, as the hired instruments of Vratz; but the latter (who could not have saved his own neck by implicating the count, his employer), kept his own secret as to him who had seduced him to this great sin, and, feeling that he was thus behaving as a "gentleman" of those days was expected to behave, quietly confided in God to treat him in gentlemanlike fashion, in return.

Count Philip Christopher gave brief evidence on this trial, simply to speak to his brother's having been engaged in the purchase of horses. As for Count Charles John, he felt for a moment that there was a blot or speck upon the escutcheon of the Königsmarks. "Tut," said he, after a little reflection,—*"it will all be wiped out by some dazzling action in war, or a lodging on a counterescarp!"* So did this Protestant gentleman settle with his conscience. He proceeded to efface the little speck in question by repairing to the Court of France, where he was received in that sort of gentlemanly fashion which Vratz looked for in Paradise.

His sword gleamed in many an action fought in various battle-fields of Europe during the next few years, in most of which he distinguished himself at the head of a French regiment, of which he was colonel. Finally, in 1686, he was in the service of the Venetians in the Morea. On the 29th of August he was before Argos, when a sortie was made by the garrison, and in the bloody struggle which ensued, he was mortally wounded. He had done enough, he thought, to wipe out the speck which had for a season sullied the good name of Königsmark; and he was grateful to the

last for the kind attentions paid to him by the "polite" society of England during the time of his little troubles. In short, this so-called Protestant gentleman, who was a Popish colonel in the service of Louis XIV., did not appear to have the remotest idea of the balance likely to be struck against him by the Recording Angel. Like Vratz, perhaps, he considered that he was too much of a "gentleman" to have his little foibles set down against him in Heaven's Chancery.

They were not even recorded against him on Thynne's tomb in Westminster Abbey. A Latin inscription was prepared for the tomb, which more than merely hinted that Königsmark was the murderer of Tom of Ten Thousand. "Small, servile, Spratt," then Dean of Westminster, would not, however, allow the inscription to be set up; and his apologists who advance in his behalf that he would have done wrong had he allowed a man, cleared by a jury from the charge of murder, to be permanently set down in hard record of marble, as an assassin, have much reason in what they advance.

Before we trace the further outlines of the Königsmark annals, it were as well briefly to state what became of the youthful maid, wife, and widow, Lady Ogle. She remained at Amsterdam (whither she had gone, some persons said *fled*), after her marriage with Thynne, until the three of his murderers, who had been executed, had expiated their crime, as far as human justice was concerned, upon the scaffold. If her ladyship landed at Harwich, the most frequented port in those days for travellers arriving from or proceeding to Holland, she probably passed the body of one of the assassins, Stern, as she entered London by Mile End. However this may be, the young lady did not "appear public," as the phrase went, for six or seven weeks, and when she did so, it was found that she had just married Charles Seymour, third Duke of Somerset—a match which made one of two silly persons and a couple of colossal fortunes.

This red-haired lady met with rude ingratitude from the Duke, and was designated by Swift as "your d—d Duchess of Somerset." He had reason to be angry, for when she was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Anne, she contrived to prevent his being raised to

a bishopric; by which she did extremely good service. She was the mother of a numerous family, and her third son married a grand-daughter of the first Viscount Weymouth,—the cousin and heir of Tom of Ten Thousand. She died in the fifty-sixth year of her age, A.D. 1722; and the Duke, then sixty-four, found speedy consolation for his loss in a marriage with the youthful Lady Charlotte Finch, who was at once his wife, nurse, and secretary. A very few persons of extreme old age are alive who saw her in their childhood, when she died, in the year 1773. It is said of her, that she one day, in the course of conversation, tapped her husband familiarly on the shoulder with her fan; whereupon that amiable gentleman indignantly cried out:—"Madam, my first wife was a Percy; and she never took such a liberty!"

But it is time to revert to the Königsmark whose fate was so bound up with that of Sophia Dorothea. He left England with his brother, and did *not* pursue his researches after Protestantism at the feet of any reformed Gamaliel on the Continent. Like his brother, he led an adventurous and roving life, never betraying any symptom of the Christian spirit of the religion of the Church of England, of which he first tasted what little could be found in Major Faubert's riding school. A portion of his time was spent at Hamburg with his mother and two sisters. His renown was sufficient for a cavalier who loved to live splendidly; and when he appeared at the Court of Hanover, he was welcomed as cavaliers are who are so comfortably endowed.

CHAPTER VII.

KÖNIGSMARK AT COURT.

THE estimation in which Count Philip Christopher von Königsmark was held at the Court of Hanover, was soon manifested by his elevation to the post of Colonel of the Guards. He was the handsomest colonel in the small Electoral army, and passed for the richest. His way of life was warrant for the opinion entertained

of his wealth, but more flimsy warrant could hardly have existed, for the depth of a purse is not to be discovered by the manner of life of him who owns it. He continued withal to enchant every one with whom he came in contact. The spendthrifts revered him, for he was royally extravagant; the few people of taste spoke of him encouragingly, for at an era when little taste was shown, he exhibited much in both his dress and his equipages. These were splendid without being gaudy. The scholars even could speak with and of him without a sneer expressed or reserved, for Philip Christopher was intellectually endowed, had read more than most of the mere cavaliers of his day, and had a good memory, with an understanding, whose digestive powers a philosopher might have envied. He was not less welcome to the soldier than the scholar, for he had had experience in "the tented field," and had earned in the "imminently deadly breach" much reputation, without having been himself, in the slightest degree, "illustriously maimed." Ball-rooms re-echoed with the ringing eulogiums of his gracefulness, and his witty sayings are reported as having been in general circulation; but they have not been strong enough to travel by the rough paths of time down to these later days. He is praised, too, as having been satirical, without any samples of his satire having been offered for our opinion. He was daringly irreligious, for which free-thinkers applauded him as a man of liberal sentiments, believing little, and fearing less. He was pre-eminently gay, which, in modern and honest English, means that he was terribly licentious; and such was the temper of the times, that probably he was as popular for this characteristic as for all the other qualities by which he was distinguished, put together. Those times must be more than ordinarily out of joint when a man is more estimably accounted of for his great sins than for his sterling virtues.

There was nothing remarkable in the fact that he speedily attracted the notice of Sophia Dorothea. She may, without fault, have remembered with pleasure the companion of her youth; may have "wished him well and no harm done," as Pierre says. He was not a mere stranger; and the two met, just as the husband of Sophia Dorothea had publicly insulted her by ostentatiously

parading his attachment and his bad taste for women, no more to be compared with her in worth and virtue than Lais with Lucretia.

What follows much more nearly resembles romance than history, but it is without doubt substantially true, and in the details of the catastrophe wholly so. It is asserted that the count had scarcely been made Colonel of the Guards when the Countess von Platen fixed upon him as the instrument by which she would ruin Sophia Dorothea, and relieve George Louis of a wife whose virtues were a continual reproach to him. The simplest and most innocent of circumstances appeared here the basis whereon to lay the first stone of her edifice of infamy.

The princess had been taking some exercise in the gardens of the palace, returning from which she met her little son, George Augustus, whom she took from the arms of his attendant, and with him in her arms began to ascend the stairs which led to her apartments. Her good will was greater than her strength, and Count Königsmark happened to see her at the moment when she was exhibiting symptoms of weakness and irresolution, embarrassed by her burden, and not knowing how to proceed with it. The count at once, with ready gallantry, not merely proffered, but gave his aid. He took the young prince from his mother, ascended the stairs, holding the future King of England in his arms, and at the door of the apartment of Sophia Dorothea again consigned him to maternal keeping. They tarried for a few brief moments at the door, exchanging a few conventional terms of thanks and civility, when they were seen by the ubiquitous von Platen, and out of this simple fact she gradually worked the subsequent terrible calamity which may be said to have slain both victims, for Sophia Dorothea was only for years slowly accomplishing death, which fell upon the cavalier so surely and so swiftly.

This incident was reported to Ernest Augustus with much exaggeration of detail, and liberal suggestion not warranted by the facts. The conduct of the princess was mildly censured as indiscretion, and that of the count as disloyal impertinence; and, therefore, there seems to have been added a mountain of comment and a misty world of hints, which annoyed the Duke without convincing

him. If he had a conviction, it was that von Platen was herself more zealous than discreet, and less discerning than either.

Foiled in her first attempt to ruin Sophia Dorothea, she addressed herself to the task of cementing strict friendship with the count; and he, a gallant cavalier, was nothing loth, naught suspecting. Of the terms of this friendly alliance little is known. They were only to be judged of by the conduct of the parties whom that alliance bound. A perfect understanding appeared to have been established between them; and the Countess von Platen was often heard to rally the count upon the love-passages in his life, and even upon his alleged well-known admiration of Sophia Dorothea. What was said jokingly, or was intended to seem as if said jokingly, was soon accepted by casual hearers as a sober, and a sad as sober, truth.

This first step having been made, no time was lost in pursuing the object for which it had been accomplished. At one of those splendid masquerades, in which Ernest Augustus especially delighted, which he managed with consummate taste, and for which he gained as much reputation among the gay, as he had deservedly won for deeds of battle, from the brave,—at one of these gorgeous entertainments, given about the time of the Duke's elevation to the electorate, Königsmark distinguished himself above all the other guests by the variety, as well as richness, of his costume, and by the sparkling talent with which he supported each assumed character. He excited a universal admiration, and in none,—so it was said by the Countess von Platen,—in none more than in Sophia Dorothea. This may have been true, and the poor princess may possibly have found some oblivion for her domestic trials in allowing herself to be amused with the exercise of the count's dramatic talent. She honestly complimented him on his ability, and on the advantages which the fête derived from his presence, his talent, and his good-nature. Out of this compliment, the countess forged another link of the chain, whereby she intended to bind the princess to a ruin from which she should not escape.

The next incident told is more dramatic of character, perhaps, than any of the others. The countess had engaged the count in conversation in a pavilion of the gardens in the electoral palace,

when, making the approach of two gentlemen an excuse for retiring, they withdrew together. The gentlemen alluded to were George Louis and the Count von Platen; and these entering the pavilion which had been just vacated, the former picked up a glove which had been dropped by the countess. The prince recognized it by the embroidery, and perhaps by a crest, or some mark impressed upon it, as being a glove belonging to his consort. He was musingly-examining it, when a servant entered the place, professedly in search of a glove which the princess had lost. On some explanation ensuing, it was subsequently discovered that Madame Wreyke, the sister of the Countess von Platen, had succeeded in persuading the Prince Maximilian to procure for her this glove, on pretext that she wished to copy the pattern of the embroidery upon it, and that the prince had thoughtlessly done so, leaving the glove of Madame Wreyke in its place. But this, which might have accounted for its appearance in the pavilion, was not known to George Louis, who would probably, in such case, have ceased to think more of the matter, but that he was obligingly informed that Count Königsmark had been before him in the pavilion where the glove was found,—been there, indeed, with the excellent Countess von Platen, who acknowledged the fact, adding, that no glove was on the ground when she was there, and that the one found could not have been hers, inasmuch as she never wore Netherland gloves, as the one in question was, but gloves altogether of different make and quality. Königsmark had been there, and the glove of the Princess Sophia Dorothea had been found there, and this excellent German specimen of *Mrs. Candour* knew nothing beyond.

This unlucky glove really effected as much perplexity, pain, and calamity as the handkerchief in *Othello*. Thenceforth, George Louis was not merely rude and faithless to his wife, but cruel in the extreme—the degrading blow, so it was alleged, following the harsh word. The Elector of Hanover was more just than his rash and worthless son; he disbelieved the insinuations made against his daughter-in-law, and was probably disgusted with the domestic trouble with which his electorship had been inaugurated. The electress was less reasonable, less merciful, less just, to her son's wife. She treated her with a coolness which interpreted a belief

in the slander uttered against her; and when Sophia Dorothea expressed a wish to visit her mother, the electoral permission was given with an alacrity which testified to the pleasure with which the Electress of Hanover would witness the departure of Sophia Dorothea from her court.

Granting that the incidents were all as here related, the persons who were affected by them as damning evidence against the wife of "the electoral prince," as George Louis was now called, must have been singularly void of penetration, or even of common discernment. But some of them, if they lacked clearness of judgment, did not want for wickedness; and, in truth, it may be rather said, that their penetration was not at fault, but that their wickedness would not permit of its being exercised.

Sophia Dorothea had experience of this as soon as she descended at the gates of her father's residence. She found a mother there, indeed, ready to receive her with the arms of a mother's love, and to feel that the love was showered upon a daughter worthy of it. Not of like quality were the old Duke's feelings. Communications had been made to him from Hanover, to the effect that his daughter was obstinate, disobedient, disrespectful to the elector and electress, neglectful of her children, and faithless in heart, if not in fact, to their father. The Duke of Zell had been, as he thought, slow to believe the charges brought against his child's good name, and had applied to the elector for some farther explanation. But poor Ernest Augustus was just then perplexed by another domestic quarrel. His son, the ever troublesome Prince Maximilian, having long entertained a suspicion that the Countess von Platen's denial of the light offence laid to her charge, of wearing *rouge*, was also a playful denial, mischievously proved the fact one day, by not very gallantly "flicking" (a good German word, as explaining the consequence of what he did) from his finger a little water in which peas had been boiled, and which was then a popularly mischievous test to try the presence of *rouge*, as, if the latter were there, the pea-water left an indelible *fleck* or stain upon it. At this indignity, the Countess von Platen was the more enraged, as her denial had been disproved. She rushed to the feet of the elector, and told her complaint with an energy as if the whole state

were in peril. The elector listened, threatened Prince Maximilian with arrest, and wished his family were as easy to govern as his electoral dominions. He had scarcely relieved himself of this particular source of trouble, by binding Prince Maximilian to his good behavior, when he was applied to by the Duke of Zell on the subject of his daughter. He angrily referred the Duke to three of his ministers, who, he said, were acquainted with the facts. Now these ministers were the men who had expressly distorted them.

These worthy persons, if report may be trusted, performed their wicked office, with as wicked an alacrity. However the result was reached, its existence cannot be denied, and its consequences were fatal to Sophia Dorothea. The Electress Sophia is said to have so thoroughly hated her daughter-in-law as to have entered partly into these misrepresentations, which acquired for her the temporary wrath of her father. But of this enmity of her mother-in-law, the younger Sophia does not appear to have suspected anything. She possessed not those means of discovering the treachery of such a relative, which, according to Plutarch, were to be procured by the nations of old. The icy-cold plant called the Phryxa, which grew on the banks of the Tanais, was popularly said to be the guardian angel of those who feared the machinations of step-dames and mothers-in-law. If one of the latter were plotting against the peace of her kindred by marriage, the plant set itself on fire, and shot forth a bright flame upon being looked at by the intended victim. On the other hand, the name of a step-dame or mother-in-law breathed over the white violet which grew on the banks of the river Lycormas, caused the flower to instantly wither away,—such antipathy did it bear to the persons holding in families the rank and position above named.

Sophia Dorothea had no means of applying the first test, nor would she, even if the application had resulted in the discovery of her mother-in-law's treachery, have had recourse, even if she could, to the test. She was too gentle of nature, and she bore her father's temporary aversion with a wondering patience, satisfied that "time and the hour" would at length do her justice.

The Duke's prejudice, however, was rather stubborn of character, and he was guilty of many absurdities to show, as he thought,

that his obstinacy of ill-merited feeling against his own child was not ill-founded. He refused to listen to her own statement of her wrongs, in order to show how he guarded himself against being unduly biassed: a proceeding which as much ran counter against profession, as that of the old clergy of the Established Church of Scotland, who had a horror of theatrical entertainments, but who, nevertheless, made a point of going to the play in Lent, that they might manifest their contempt for what they considered a remnant of Popery!

The mother of the princess remained, however, and naturally so, her firmest friend, and truest champion. If misrepresentations had shaken her confidence for a moment, it was *only* for a moment. She knew the disposition of Sophia Dorothea too well to lend credit to false representations which depicted her as a wife, compared with whom Petruchio's Katherine would have been the gentlest of Griseldas. As little did she believe,—and to the expression of her disbelief she gave much indignant force of phrase,—as little did she believe in the suggestions, rather than assertions, of the ministers of the elector, that the familiar terms which, as they alleged, existed between the electoral princess and Count Königsmark were such as did foul wrong to her husband George Louis. Those terms were not more familiar than those which existed between the electress herself and her favorite, Leibnitz; but the electress was neither fair nor young, and Leibnitz was of neither a seductive look nor age. The judges of morality at once jumped to the conclusion, that youth and good looks were incompatible with propriety of conduct.

The worst that could have been alleged against Sophia Dorothea at this period was, that some letters had passed between her and Count Königsmark, and that the latter had once or twice had private audience of the electoral princess. Whatever may be thought of such things here in England, and the present age, they have never been accounted of in Germany but as commonplace circumstances, involving neither blame nor injury. A correspondence between two persons, of the respective ranks of the electoral princess and the count, was not an uncommon occurrence—save that it was not often that two such persons had either the

taste or capacity to maintain such intercourse. As to an occasional interview, such a favor, granted by ladies of rank to clever conversational men, was as common an event as any throughout the empire; and as harmless as the interviews of Leonora and that very selfish personage, the poet Tasso. The simple fact appears to have been, that, out of a very small imprudence,—if imprudence it may be called,—the enemies of Sophia Dorothea contrived to rear a structure which should threaten her with ruin. Her exemplary husband, who affected to hold himself wronged by the alleged course adopted by his consort, had abandoned her, in the worst sense of that word. He had never, in absence, made her hours glad by letters, whose every word is dew to a soul athirst for assurance of even simple esteem. In his own household his conversation was seldom or never addressed to his wife; and, when it was, never to enlighten, raise, or cheer her. She *may* have conversed and corresponded with Königsmark, but no society *then* construed such conversation and correspondence as crimes; and even if they had approached in this case to a limit which would have merited stern censure, the last man who should have stooped to pick up a stone to cast at the reputation of his consort was that George Louis, whose affected indignation was expressed from a couch with Mademoiselle von Schulemburg at his side, and their very old-fashioned (as to look, but not less illegitimate as to fact) baby, playing, in much unconsciousness of her future distinction, between them.

It was because Sophia Dorothea had not been altogether tamely silent touching her own wrongs, that she had found enemies trumpet-tongued publishing a forged record of her transgressions. When Count Mölke had become implicated in the little domestic rebellion of Prince Maximilian, some intimation was conveyed to him, that, if he would contrive, in his defence, to mingle the name of Sophia Dorothea in the details of the trumpety conspiracy, so as to attach suspicion to such name, his own acquittal would be secured. The count was a gallant man, refused to injure an unoffending lady, and was beheaded; as though he had conspired to overthrow a state, instead of having tried to help a discontented heir in the disputed settlement of some family accounts.

The contempt of Sophia Dorothea on discovering to what lengths the intimacy of George Louis and Ermengarde von Schulemburg had gone, found bitter and eloquent expression. Where an angry contest was to be maintained, George Louis could be eloquent too; and in these domestic quarrels, not only is he said to have been as coarse as any of his own grooms, but even, on one occasion, to have proceeded to blows. His hand was on her throat, and the wife and mother of a King of England would have been strangled by her exasperated lord, had it not been for the intervention of the courtiers, who rushed in, and, presumably prevented murder. To such a story wide currency was given, and if not exact to the letter, neither can be said to be without foundation. As little can it be said to be without precedent. William the Norman was a mirror of knighthood, and *he* is known to have knocked down the gentle Matilda of Flanders, even in the days of their courtship. The blow did not put a stop to their wooing, nor did it delay a merry wedding, which one would think could hardly have been merry under such auspices. Then there was that paragon of chivalry, the elder Aymon, sire of the "Quatre fils Aymon" of the romantic legend; that gallant gentleman was not only accustomed to maltreat his lady-wife by thumping her into insensibility, but when his eldest son, Reinold, once ventured to comment upon one of those pleasant little domestic scenes, to the effect that they interrupted conviviality, and that his respected sire should either chastise the speaker's mother more gently, or elsewhere, the knightly father was so enraged at this approach to interference on the part of a son, in behalf of a mother who was lying senseless at his feet, that, taking him with one hand by the hair, he beat his face with the other and mailed hand, into that pulpy consistency which, Professor Whewell says, possibly distinguishes the interesting inhabitants of the wide and desolate plane of the planet Jupiter. From this contest, however, the old knight came out as little recognizable in human features as his son, so chivalrously had they mauled each other. So much for precedent. The example has been followed in Germany since the days of George Louis. Louis XVIII. informs us in his Memoirs, that when the daughter of Louis XVI. found a refuge at Vienna, after her liberation from

the Temple, she was urged by the empress to consent to a marriage with one of the imperial arch-dukes, and that the Empress became at last so enraged by the firm and repeated refusals of "Madame Royale" to acquiesce in the proposal, that on one occasion her Imperial Majesty seized the royal orphan by the arm, and descended to "*voies de fait*," in other words, visited the young and destitute princess with a shower of hard blows.

The ill-treatment of George Louis drove Sophia Dorothea to Zell, and the wrath of her husband and the intrigues of von Platen made of that residence anything but a refuge. The Duke refused to give permission to his daughter to remain longer in his palace than was consistent with the limit of an ordinary visit. She petitioned most urgently, and her mother seconded her prayer with energy as warm, that for the present she might make of Zell a temporary home. Her angry father would not listen to the request of either petitioner; on the contrary, he intimated to his daughter, that if she did not return to Hanover by a stated period, she would be permanently separated from her children. On the expression of this threat she ceased to press for leave to remain longer absent from Hanover; and when the day named for her departure arrived, she set out once more for the scene of her old miseries, anticipation of misery yet greater in her heart, and with nothing to strengthen her but a mother's love, and to guide her but a mother's counsel. Neither was able to save her from the ruin under which she was so soon overwhelmed.

Her return had been duly announced to the Court of Hanover, and so much show of outward respect was vouchsafed her as consisted in a portion of the electoral family repairing to the country residence of Herrnhausen to meet her on her way, and accompany her to the capital. Of this attention, however, she was unaware, and she passed Herrnhausen at as much speed as could then be shown by electoral post-horses. It is said that her first intention was to have stopped at the country mansion, where the electoral party was waiting to do her honor; that she was aware of the latter fact, but that she hurried on her way for the reason that she saw the Countess von Platen seated at one of the windows looking on to the road, and that, rather than encounter

her, she offended nearly a whole family, who were more nice touching matters of etiquette than they were touching matters of morality. The members of this family, in waiting to receive a young lady, against whom they considered that they were not without grounds of complaint, were lost in a sense of horror that was farcical, and of indignation at violated proprieties, that must have been as comical to look at, as it, no doubt, was intense. The farcical nature of the scene is to be found in the fact, that these good people, by piling their agony beyond measure, made it ridiculous. There was no warrant for their horror, no cause for their indignation; and when they all returned to Hanover, following on the track of a young princess, whose contempt of ceremony tended to give them strange suspicions as to whether she possessed any remnant of virtue at all, these very serene princes and princesses were as supremely ridiculous as any of the smaller people worshipping ceremony in that never-to-be-forgotten city of Kotzebue's painting, called Krähwinkel.

When Sophia Dorothea passed by Herrnhausen, regardless of the company who awaited her there, she left the persons of a complicated drama standing in utter amazement on one of the prettiest of theatres. Herrnhausen, the "master's mansion" was a name given to trim gardens, as well as to the edifice surrounded by them. At the period of which we are treating, the grounds were a scene of delight; the fountains tasteful, the basins large, and the water abundant. The maze, or wilderness, was the wonder of Germany, and the orangery the pride of Europe. There was also, what may still be seen in some of the pleasure-grounds of German princes, a perfectly rustic theatre, complete in itself, with but little help from any hand but that of nature. The seats were cut out of the turf, the verdure resembled green velvet, and the chances of rheumatism must have been many. There was no roof but the sky, and the dressing-rooms of the actors were lofty bowers constructed near the stage; the whole was adorned with a profusion of gilded statues, and kept continually damp by an incessant play of spray-scattering water-works. The *grand tableau* of rage in this locality, as Sophia Dorothea passed unheedingly by, must have been a spectacle worth the contemplating.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

WITH the return of Sophia Dorothea to Hanover, her enemies appeared to have commenced more actively their operations against her. George Louis was languidly amusing himself with Ermenegarde von Schulemberg and their little daughter Petronilla Melusina. The Countess von Platen was in a state of irritability at the presence of Sophia Dorothea, and the absence of Königsmark. The last-mentioned person had, in his wide-spread adoration, offered a portion of his homage to both the countess and her daughter. The elder lady, while accepting as much of the incense for herself as was safe to inhale, endeavored to secure the count as a husband for her daughter. Her failure only increased her bitterness against the count, and by no means lent less asperity to the sentiment with which she viewed Sophia Dorothea. She was, no doubt, the chief cause, primarily and approximate, of the ruin which fell upon both.

It was not merely the absence of Königsmark, who was on a visit to the riotous court of Augustus of Saxony, which had scared her spirit; the reports which were made to her of his conversation there gave fierceness to her resentment, and called into existence that desire of bloody vengeance which she accomplished, but without profiting by the wickedness.

There was no more welcome guest at Dresden than Königsmark. An individual so gallant of bearing, handsome of feature, easy of principle, and lively of speech, was sure to be warmly welcomed at that dissolute court. He played deeply, and whatever sums he might lose, he never lost his temper. He drank as deeply as he played; not quite so deeply, perhaps, as the old Emperor Maximilian, or as the older Persians who could boast, when they

had nothing else left to boast of, that they could drink more than any other men without being overpowered by their liquor. But Königsmark was inferior to both the Persians of old, and to the more modern toper Maximilian, in discretion under wine. He then became as loquacious as Cassio, but more given to slander. He was then as prodigal, too, of flattery. No man was more open to the double peril named by Dr. South, when he said, that "as by flattery a man opens his bosom to his mortal enemy; so, by detraction and slander he shuts the same to his best friends." It was not that he had that secret propensity of the mind to think ill of all men, which is followed by the utterance of such sentiments in ill-natured expressions, the which, according to Theophrastus, constitutes slander. He spoke ill of others out of mere thoughtlessness, or at times out of mere vanity. He possessed not what Swift calls the "lower prudence" of discretion. "Vanity," says Jeremy Collier, "is a strong temptation to lying;" and in detailing its characteristics and consequences, he names, among others, that it "makes men tell strange stories of their interest and acquaintance." Königsmark in some degree illustrated these remarks; and his vanity, and the stories to which it prompted him, seemed to amuse and interest the idle and scandalous court where he was so welcome a guest.

He kept the illustriously wicked company there in an interrupted ecstasy by the tales he told, and the point he gave to them,—of the chief personages of the Court of Hanover. He retailed anecdotes of the elector and his son, George Louis, and warmly-tinted stories of the shameless mistresses of that exemplary parent, and no less exemplary child. He did not spare even the Electress Sophia; but she was, after all, too respectable for Königsmark to be able to make of her a subject of ridicule. This subject he found in ladies of smaller virtue and less merit generally. Touching them his anecdotes were of a quality to suit a "*Chronique Scandaleuse*," to delight Brantome, and to have made the very ghost of Boccaccio smile. But every word he uttered, in sarcastic description of the life, character, and behavior of the favorites of the Elector of Hanover and his son, found its way, with no loss of pungency on the road, to the ears of those persons whom the report

was most likely to offend. His warm advocacy of Sophia Dorothea, expressed at the table of Augustus of Saxony, was only an additional offence; and George Louis was taught to think that Count Königsmark had no right to ask, with Pierre, "May not a man wish his friend's wife well, and no harm done?"

The count returned to Hanover soon after Sophia Dorothea had arrived there, subsequent to her painful visit to the little court of her ducal parents at Zell. In this connection of circumstances there was nothing pre-arranged; and no one could be more surprised probably than the count himself, when, shortly after his resuming his duties as colonel of the electoral guard, he received a note from the princess, written in pencil, and expressing a wish to see him in her chamber.

The note was a forged document,—as confessed by the Countess von Platen, when confession came too late for the repair of evil that could not be undone. Nevertheless, the count, on presenting himself to Mademoiselle Knesebeck, the lady of honor to the princess, was admitted to the presence of the latter. This indiscreet step was productive of terrible consequences to all the three who were present. The count, on being asked to explain the reason of his seeking an interview with the princess, at an advanced hour of the evening, produced the note of invitation, which Sophia Dorothea at once pronounced to be a forgery. Had they then separated, little of ill consequence might have followed. The most discreet of the three, and the most perplexed at the "situation," was the lady of honor. The Memoirs which bear her name, and which describe this scene, present to us a woman of some weakness, yet one not wanting in discernment. In proof of the latter, it may be stated that, as she had long previously suspected the count to be a worthless libertine, so on this night suspicion was followed by conviction.

Sophia Dorothea, it would seem, could dwell upon no subject but that of her domestic troubles, the cruel neglect of her husband, and her desire to find somewhere the refuge from persecution which had been denied to her in her old home at Zell. More dangerous topics could not have been treated by two such persons. The count, it is affirmed, ventured to suggest that Paris would

afford her such a refuge, and that he should be but too happy to be permitted to give her such protection as she could derive from his escort thither. This was probably rather hinted than suggested; but however that may be, only one course should have followed even a distant hint leading to so unwarrantable an end. The interview should have been brought to a close. It was still continued, nevertheless, and to the annoyance, if not scandal, of the faithful Knesebeck; whose fears may have received some little solace on hearing her mistress express a desire to find at least a temporary home at the court of her cousin, Duke Anthony Ulric of Wölffenbützel.

While this discussion was proceeding, the Countess von Platen was by no means idle. She had watched the count to the bower into which she had sent him by the employment of a false lure, and she thereupon hastened to the elector to communicate what she termed her discovery. Ernest Augustus, albeit waxing old, was by no means infirm of judgment. If Königsmark was then in the chamber of his daughter-in-law, he refused to see in the fact anything more serious than its own impropriety. *That*, however, was crime enough to warrant the arrest which the countess solicited. The old elector yielded to all she asked, except credence of her assurance that Sophia Dorothea must be as guilty as Königsmark was presuming. He would consent to nothing further than the arrest of him who was guilty of the presumption; and the method of this arrest he left to the conduct of the countess, who urgently solicited it as a favor, and with solicitation of such earnestness that the old elector affected to be jealous of the interest she took in such a case, and added playfully the expression of his opinion, that, angry as she seemed to be with the count, he was too handsome a man to be likely to meet with ill treatment at her hands.

Armed with this permission, she proceeded to the body of soldiers or watch for the night, and exhibiting her written warrant for what she demanded, she requested that a guard might be given to her, for a purpose which she would explain to them. Some four or five men of this household body were told off, and these were conducted by her to a large apartment, called the Hall of

Knights, through which Königsmark must pass, if he had not yet quitted the princess's chamber.

They were then informed that their office was to arrest a criminal, whose person was described to them, of whose safe custody the elector was so desirous, that he would rather that such criminal should be slain than that he should escape. They were accordingly instructed to use their weapons if he should resist; and as their courage had been heightened by the double bribe of much wine and a shower of gold pieces, they expressed their willingness to execute her bidding, and only too well showed by their subsequent act the sincerity of their expression.

At length Königsmark appeared, coming from the princess's apartment. It was now midnight. He entered the Ritters' Hall, as unsuspecting of the fate before him as the great Guise was of *his* destiny when he crossed the vast and dark apartment in the Castle of Blois, and was butchered ere he reached an opposite door to that through which he entered, by the hired assassins of Henri III.

The elector, had he cared much for the honor of his daughter-in-law, would have investigated the case himself. The husband of Sophia Dorothea might have been summoned to look to his own honor, and the peril in which it is said to have stood that night; but it is remarkable that at this very time he was absent on a visit to Berlin, where his sister, the Electress of Brandenburg, is said to have almost called a blush upon his cheek by her portraiture of his conduct, and a detail of the wrongs by which he had inflicted vast misery upon his wife. In the absence of these two competent authorities, the Electress of Hanover troubling herself little with any affairs less weighty than politics, philosophy, and worsted-work, the Countess von Platen was sovereign for the time being, over the small circle of Hanover, of which she was the centre—and the sovereign of the hour wielded her might with a prompt and most terrific energy.

In the Ritters' Hall there was a huge, square, ponderous stove, looking like a mausoleum, silent and cold. It reached from floor to roof, and hidden by one of its sides, the guard awaited the coming of the count. He approached the spot, passed it, was seized

from behind, and immediately drew his sword to defend himself from attack. His enemies gave him but scant opportunity to assail them in his own defence, and after a few wild passes with his weapon, he was struck down by the spear, or old-fashioned battle-axe, of one of the guards, and when he fell, there were three wounds in him out of any one of which life might find passage.

On feeling himself grow faint, he—and in this case, like a thoroughly true and gallant man—thought of the lady and her reputation. The last words he uttered were, "Spare the innocent princess!" soon after which he expired; but not before, as is reported by those who love to dwell minutely on subjects of horror, not before the Countess von Platen had set her foot triumphantly upon his bloody face.

Such is the German detail of this assassination. It is added, that it gave extreme annoyance to the elector, to whom it was immediately communicated; that the body was forthwith consigned to a secure resting-place, and covered with quick-lime; and that the whole bloody drama was enacted without any one being aware of what was going on, save the actors themselves.

In Cramer's "Memoirs of the Countess of Königsmark," the fate of the count is told upon the alleged evidence of a so-called eye-witness. It differs in several respects from other accounts, but is clear and simple in its details,—though it is not to be accepted as authentic, simply on *that* account. It is to the following effect.

"Bernard Zayer, a native of Heidelberg, in the Palatinate, a wax-image maker, and artist in lacker-work, was engaged by the electoral princess to teach her his art. Being on this account, continually in the princess's apartment, he has frequently seen Count Königsmark there, who looked on while the princess worked. He once learned in confidence, from the electoral princess's groom of the chambers, that the electoral prince was displeased about the count, and had sworn to break his neck, which Bernard revealed to the princess, who answered:—'Let them attack Königsmark, he knows how to defend himself.' Some time afterwards there was an opera, but the princess was unwell and kept her bed. The opera began, and as the count was absent as well as the princess, first a page, and then the hof-fourier were sent out for intelligence.

The hof-fourier came back running, and whispered to the electoral prince, and then to his highness the elector. But the electoral prince went away from the opera with the hof-fourier. Now Bernard saw all this, and knew what it meant, and as he knew the count was with the princess, he left the opera secretly, to warn her; and as he went in at the door, the other door was opened, and two masked persons rushed in, one exclaiming, 'So! then I find you!' The count, who was sitting on the bed, with his back to the door by which the two entered, started up, and whipped out his sword, saying, 'Who can say anything unbecoming of me?' The princess, clasping her hands, said, 'I, a princess, am I not allowed to converse with a gentleman?' But the masks, without listening to reason, slashed and stabbed away at the count. But he pressed so upon both, that the electoral prince unmasked, and begged for his life, while the hof-fourier came behind the count, and ran him through between the ribs with his sabre, so that he fell, saying, 'You are murderers, before God and man, who do me wrong.' But they both of them gave him more wounds, so that he lay as dead. Bernard, seeing all this, hid himself behind the door of the other room."

Bernard was subsequently sent by the princess to spy out what they would do with Königsmark.

"When the count was in the vault, he came a little to himself, and spoke:—'You take a guiltless man's life. On that I'll die, but do not let me perish like a dog, in my blood and my sins. Grant me a priest, for my soul's sake.' Then the *electoral prince went out*, and the fourier remained alone with him. Then was a strange parson fetched, and a strange executioner, and the fourier fetched a great chair. And when the count had confessed, he was so weak that three or four of them lifted him into the chair; and there *in the prince's presence* was his head laid at his feet. And they had tools with them, and they dug a hole in the right corner of the vault, and there they laid him, and there he must be to be found. When all was over, this Bernhard slipped away from the castle; and indeed Counsellor Lucius, who was a friend of the Princess's, sent him some of his livery to save him; for they sought him in all corners because they had seen him in the room

during the affray. . . . And what Bernhard Zayer saw in the vault, he saw through a crack."

Clear as this narrative is in its details, it is contradictory in some of them, and yet it probably rests on some basis of truth.

The Countess Aurora of Königsmark has left a statement of her brother's connection with the princess, in which the latter's innocence is maintained, but his imprudence acknowledged. The statement referred to, explains the guilty nature of the intercourse kept up between Königsmark and the Countess von Platen. It is written in terms of extreme indelicacy. We may add that the faithful von Knesbeck, on whose character no one ever cast an imputation, in her examination before the judges, argued the innocence of her accused mistress upon grounds, the nature of which cannot even be alluded to. The princess it is clear had urged Königsmark to renew his interrupted intrigue with von Platen, out of dread that the latter, taking the princess as the cause of the intercourse having been broken off, should work a revenge which she did not hesitate to menace, upon the princess herself.

The details of both stories are marked by great improbability, but they have been in part substantiated by the death-bed confessions of the Countess von Platen, and Baumann, one of the guards,—the two criminals having, without so intending it, confessed to the same clergyman,—a minister named Kramer. Though these confessions are spoken of, and are even cited by German authors, their authenticity cannot perhaps be warranted. At all events, there is what I may term an English version of the details of this murder given by Horace Walpole, and as that lively writer founded his lugubrious details upon authority which he deemed could not be gainsaid, they may fairly find a place, by way of supplement to the foreign version.

"Königsmark's vanity," says Walpole, "the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumptions to make his addresses to her, not covertly, and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector, flamed at the insolence of so stigmatised a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. This princess surrounded by

women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand, before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bedchamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared, nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., on his son, the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Königsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room;—the count having probably been strangled there, the instant he left her, and his body secreted. The discovery was hushed up. George II. (the son of Sophia Dorothea) entrusted the secret to his wife Queen Caroline, who told it to my father; but the king was too tender of the honor of his mother to utter it to his mistress; nor did Lady Suffolk ever hear of it, till I informed her of it several years afterwards. The disappearance of the count made his murder suspected, and various reports of the discovery of his body, have of late years been spread, but not with the authentic circumstances."

To turn to the German sources of information: we are told by these, that after the departure of Königsmark from the chamber of the princess, she was engaged in arranging her papers, and in securing her jewels, preparatory as she hoped to her anticipated removal to the court of Wolfenbüttel. She was, of course, kept in ignorance of the count's assassination; but she was perplexed by his disappearance, and alarmed when she heard that all his papers had been seized and conveyed to the elector for his examination. Some notes had passed between them: and, innocent as they were, she felt annoyed at the thought that their existence should be known, still more that they should be perused. To their most innocent expressions the Countess von Platen, who examined them with the elector, gave a most guilty interpretation; and she so wrought upon Ernest Augustus, that he commissioned no less a person than the Count von Platen to interrogate the princess on the subject. I have previously said that she did not lack spirit; and when the coarse-minded count began to put coarse questions to her, as to the degree of intercourse which had existed between

herself and the count, she spiritedly remarked that he appeared to imagine that he was examining into the conduct of his own wife, a thrust which he repaid by bluntly informing her that whatever intercourse may have existed, it would never be renewed, seeing that sure intelligence had been received of Königs-mark's death.

Sophia Dorothea, shocked at this information, and at the manner in which it was conveyed, had no friend in whom she could repose confidence but her faithful lady-in-waiting, Mademoiselle von Knesebeck. The princess could have had no more ardent defender than this worthy attendant. But the assertions made by the latter in favor of the mistress whom she loved, were not at all to the taste of the enemies of that mistress, and the speedy result was, that Mademoiselle von Knesebeck was arrested, and carried away to the castle of Schartzfeld, in the Hartz. She was there kept in confinement many years; but she ultimately escaped so cleverly through the roof, by the help of a tiler, or a friend in the likeness of a tiler, that the credit of the success of the attempt was given, by the governor of the gaol, to the demons of the adjacent mountains.

Sophia Dorothea had now but one immediate earnest wish, namely, to retire from Hanover. Already the subject of a divorce had been mooted, but the elector being somewhat fearful that a divorce might affect his son's succession to his wife's inheritance, and even obstruct the union of Zell with Hanover, an endeavor was made to reconcile the antagonistic spouses, and to bury past dissensions in oblivion.

It was previous to this attempt being entered upon, and perhaps because it was contemplated, that the princess voluntarily underwent a very solemn ordeal,—if I may so speak of the, at least solemn, ceremony to which I here allude. The ceremony was as public as it could be rendered by the presence of part of the electoral family, and the great official dignitaries of the church and government. Before them, Sophia Dorothea partook of the sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord and Saviour, and then made solemn protestation of her innocence, and of her unspotted faith towards the electoral prince, her husband. At the termination of this touching ceremony she was insulted by an incredulous

smile which she saw upon the face of Count von Platen; whereat the natural woman was moved within her to ask him, if his own excellent wife could take the same oath in attestation of her unbroken faithfulness to *him*.

The essay at reconciliation was marred, or was rendered impossible, by an attempt made to induce the electoral princess to confess that she had been guilty of sins of disobedience towards the expressed will of her consort. All endeavor in this direction was fruitless; and though grave men made it, it shows how very little they comprehended their delicate mission. The princess remained fixed in her desire to withdraw from Hanover; but when she was informed of the wound this would be to the feelings of the elector and electress, and that George Louis himself was heartily averse to it, she began to waver, and applied to her friends at Zell, among others to Bernstorff, the Hanoverian minister there, asking for counsel in this her great need.

Bernstorff, an ally of the von Platens, secretly advised her to insist upon leaving Hanover. He assured her, pledging his word for what he said, that she would find a happy asylum at Zell; that even her father, so long estranged from her, would receive her with open arms; and that in the adoption of such a step, alone, could she hope for happiness and peace during the remainder of her life.

Worse counsel could not have been given, but it was given exactly because it *was* the worst.

She was as untruthfully served by some of the ladies of her circle, who, while professing friendship and fidelity, were really the spies of her husband, and her husband's mistress. They were of that class of women who were especially bred for courts and court intrigues, and whose hopes of fortune rested upon their doing credit to their education. In some respect they resembled the deformed and monstrous inmates of the human menagerie of the Emperors of Mexico; hideous anomalies, regarded by the Aztecs as a suitable appendage of state, and dwarfed and twisted into hideousness by unnatural parents desirous to procure a provision for their offspring by thus qualifying them for a place in the royal museum.

As the princess not merely insisted upon quitting Hanover, but

firmly refused to acknowledge that she had been guilty of any wrong to her most guilty husband, a course was adopted by her enemies which, as they considered, would not merely punish her, but would transfer her possessions to her consort, without affecting the long projected union of Zell, after the duke's death, with the territory of Hanover. An accusation of adultery, even if it could be sustained, of which there was not the shadow of a chance, might, if carried out, and followed by a divorce, in some way affect the transfer of a dominion to Hanover, which transfer rested partly on the rights of the wife of the electoral prince. A divorce might destroy the ex-husband's claims; but he was well-provided with lawyers to watch and guard the case to an ultimate conclusion in his favor.

A consistorial court was formed, of a strangely mixed character, for it consisted of the chief ecclesiastical lawyers, and some civil authorities of Hanover and Zell. It had no other authority to warrant its proceedings than the command or sanction of the Elector, and the consent of the Duke of Zell, whose ill-feeling towards his child seemed to increase daily. The only charge laid against the princess before this anomalous court, was one of incompatibility of temper, added to some little failings of character; that is, of disposition, which two loving hearts, warmed by a mutual respect, might have adjusted in a few minutes by a brief explanation.

The court affected to attempt some such adjustment of the matter; but as the attempt was always based on another to drag from the princess a confession of her having, wittingly or unwittingly, given cause of offence to her husband, she continued firmly to refuse to place her consort in the right, by doing herself and her cause extremest wrong.

In the meantime, during an adjournment of the court, she withdrew to Lauenau. She was prohibited from repairing to Zell, but there was no longer any opposition made to her leaving the capital of the Electorate. She was, however, strictly prohibited from taking her children with her. Her parting from these was as painful a scene as can well be imagined, for she is said to have felt that she would never again be united with them. Her son, George Augustus, was then ten years of age, and her daughter, Sophia,

two years younger. The homage of these children was rendered to their mother long after their hearts had ceased to pay any to their father, beyond a mere conventional respect.

In her temporary retirement at Lauenau, she was permitted to enjoy very little repose. The friends of the electoral prince seem to have been anxious lest she should publish more than was yet known of the details of his private life. This fear alone can account for their anxiety, or professed anxiety for a reconciliation. The lawyers, singly or in couples, and now and then a leash of them together, went down to Lauenau to hold conference with her. They assailed her socially, scripturally, legally; they pointed out how salubrious was the discipline which subjected a wife to confess her faults. They read to her whole chapters from Corinthians, on the duties of married ladies, and asked her if she could be so obstinate and unorthodox as to disregard the injunctions of St. Paul. Finally, they quoted codes and pandects, to prove that a sentence might be pronounced against her under contumacy, and concluded by recommending her to trust to the mercy of the Crown Prince, if she would but cast herself upon his honor.

They were grave men; sage, learned, experienced men; crafty, cunning, far-seeing men; in all the circles of the empire there were not men more skilled in surmounting difficulties than these indefatigable men, who were all foiled by the simplicity and firmness of a mere child. "If I am guilty," said she, "I am unworthy of the prince. If I am innocent, he is unworthy of me!"

Here was a conclusion with which the sciolist, as she was accounted, utterly confounded the sages. They could not gainsay it, nor refute the logic by which it was arrived at, and which gave it force. They were "perplexed in the extreme," but neither social experience, nor scriptural reading, nor legal knowledge, afforded them weapons wherewith to beat down the simple defences behind which the pure princess had entrenched herself. They tried, tried repeatedly, and tried in vain. At the end of every trial she slowly and calmly enunciated the same conclusive and insuperable reply:—"If I am guilty I am unworthy of him. If I am innocent, he is unworthy of me!"

From this text she would not depart; and all the chicanery of

all the courts of Germany could not move her. "At least," said the luminaries of the law, as they took their way homewards, *re infecta*, "at least, this woman may, of a surety, be convicted of obstinacy." We always stigmatize as obstinate those whom we cannot convince. It is the only, and the poor, triumph of the vanquished.

This triumph was achieved by the Consistory Court, the members of which, unable to prove the princess guilty of crime, were angry because she would not even confess to the commission of a fault; that is, of such a fault as should authorize her husband, covered with guilt triple-piled, to separate from her person, yet maintain present and future property over her estates.

The court, however, was a tribunal which did not embarrass itself much either about law or equity, and its decision, in December, 1694, that separation should be pronounced, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, surprised no one. The terms of the sentence were extraordinary, for they amounted to a decree of divorce, without expressly mentioning the fact. The judgment, wherein nothing was judged, conferred on the prince, George Louis, the right of marrying again, if he should be so minded, and could find a lady willing to be won. It, however, explicitly debarred the princess from entering into a second union. Not a word was written down against her alleging that she was criminal. The name of Königsmark was not even alluded to. Notwithstanding these facts, and that the husband was the really guilty party, while the utmost that can be said against the princess was that she may have been indiscreet; notwithstanding this, not only was he declared to be an exceedingly injured individual, but the poor lady, whom he held in his heart's hottest hate, was deprived of her property, possession of which was transferred to George Louis, in trust for the children; and the princess, endowed with an annual pension of some eight or ten thousand thalers, was condemned to close captivity in the castle of Ahlden, near Zell, with a retinue of domestics, whose office was to watch her actions, and a body of armed jailers, whose only duty was to keep the captive secure in her bonds.

Sophia Dorothea entered on her imprisonment with a calm, if not with a cheerful heart; certainly with more placidity and true

joy than George Louis felt, surrounded by his mistresses and all the pomp of the electoral state. All Germany is said to have been scandalized by the judgment delivered by the court. The illegality and the incompetency of the court from which it emanated were so manifest, that the sentence was looked upon as a mere wanton cruelty, carrying with it neither conviction nor lawful consequence. So satisfied was the princess' advocate on this point, that he requested her to give him a letter declaring him non-responsible for having so far recognized the authority of the court, as to have pleaded her cause before it! What is perhaps more singular still, is the doubt which long existed whether this court ever sat at all; and whether decree of separation or divorce was ever pronounced in the cause of Sophia Dorothea of Zell, and George Louis, Electoral Prince of Hanover.

Horace Walpole says, on this subject: "I am not acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or separation, nor do I know or suppose that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality when a sovereign has reason or mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty in untying the Gordian knot of matrimony, thrown in the way of an absolute prince, would be no kindness to the ladies, but might prompt him to use a sharper weapon, like that butchering husband, our Henry VIII. Sovereigns who narrow, or let out the law of God, according to their prejudices and passions, mould their own laws, no doubt, to the standard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany; and the Code of Malta seems to have more force in the empire than the Ten Commandments. Thence was introduced that most absurd evasion of the indissolubility of marriage, espousals with the left hand, as if the Almighty had restrained his ordinance to one half of a man's person, and allowed a greater latitude to his left side than to his right, or pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The consciences both of princely and noble persons in Germany are quieted if the more plebeian side is married to one who would degrade the more illustrious moiety; but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit. Shocking conse-

quence of a senseless equivocation, that only satisfies pride, not justice, and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the last tribunal.

"Separated the Princess (Sophia) Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honors of her rank, being thenceforward always styled the Duchess of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at least to me, nor can I pronounce, as though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George espoused the Duchess of Kendal (Mdlle. von Schulemberg) with his left hand. But though German casuistry might allow a husband to take another wife with his left hand, because his legal wife had suffered her right hand to be kissed by a gallant, even Westphalian or Aulic counsellors could not have pronounced that such a momentary adieu constituted adultery; and, therefore, of a formal divorce I must doubt,—and there I must leave that case of conscience undecided until future search into the Hanoverian Chancery shall clear up a point of little real importance." Coxe, in his *Memoirs of Walpole*, says, on the other hand, very decidedly:—"George I., who never loved his wife, gave implicit credit to the account of her infidelity, as related by his father; consented to her imprisonment, and obtained from the ecclesiastical consistory a divorce, which was passed on the 20th of December, 1694."

The researches into the Chancery of Hanover, which Walpole left to posterity, appear to have been made, and the decree of the consistorial court which condemned Sophia Dorothea has been copied, and published. It is quoted in the *Life of the Princess*, published anonymously in 1845, and it is inserted below for the benefit of those who like to read history by the light of documents.

It has been said that such a decree could only have been purchased by rank bribery, which is likely enough; for the courts of Germany were so utterly corrupt that nothing could equal them in infamy,—except the corruption which prevailed in England. In the very year in which this decree is said to have been bought, bribery and corruption were corroding all ranks here, among ourselves. English officers and soldiers were left unpaid by the government, and allowed to exact subsistence money from the owners of the houses on whom they were quartered. The army

agents, even when provided with funds, detained the soldiers' pay, and forced the men to give extravagant premiums for the money doled out to them. In this very year, Colonel Hastings was cashiered for compelling his officers to purchase all their regimentals of him at an extravagant rate. Craggs, the contractor for clothing the army, was deprived of his office, and sent to the Tower, for refusing to exhibit his books; and Killegrew, Villars and Gee, commissioners for licensing hackney coaches, were ejected from their office, because they sold licenses which they were commissioned to grant without fee or reward. These punishments were inflicted by an indignant and pure House of Commons, which compelled Mr. Bird, an attorney, to go upon his knees, and ask pardon of the assembly for bribery, or for having been detected in awkwardly attempting to bribe certain members of the House. The senators who condemned were themselves corrupt; and in the dirty path of such corruption, Sir John Trevor, the Speaker, led the way. He was expelled for receiving a bribe of 1,000 guineas from the City of London "for passing the Orphan bill;" though men quite as corrupt were left unpunished for receiving vast sums of money from the East India Company, in return for facilitating some bills in which that body was interested. The method adopted by the House to cure the evil is a proof of the strabismic morality which prevailed. The commons resolved, "That whoever should discover any money, or other gratuity, given to any member of the House, for matters transacted in the House relating to the Orphans bill, or the East India Company, should (himself) have the indemnity of the House for such guilt." When immorality was so universal in England that Parliament could only attempt to cure it in its own body by encouraging knaves to purchase exemption from penalty by turning informers, we must not be too pharisaically severe upon the owners of the names affixed to the subjoined decree, even if it *were* purchased by what Mr. Paul Clifford's Bagshot friend was wont to call "the oil of palms." It deserves to be remembered that Horace Walpole, who knew something of the history of corruption, said of the Germans of his and his father's time, not only that they were a

civil and agreeable people, but, as he believed, "one of the least corrupted nations in Europe."

"In the matrimonial suit of the illustrious Prince George Louis, Crown Prince of Hanover, against his consort, the illustrious Princess Sophia Dorothea, we, constituted president and judges of the Matrimonial Court of the Electorate and Duchy of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, declare and pronounce judgment after attempts have been tried and have failed, to settle the matter amicably, and in accordance with the documents and verbal declarations of the Princess, and other detailed circumstances, we agree that her continual denial of matrimonial duty and cohabitation is well founded and consequently that it is to be considered as an intentional desertion. In consequence whereof, we consider, sentence, and declare the ties of matrimony to be entirely dissolved and annulled. Since, in similar cases of desertion, it has been permitted to the innocent party to re-marry, which the other is forbidden, the same judicial power will be exercised in the present instance, in favor of his Serene Highness the Crown Prince.

"Published in the Consistorial Court at Hanover, December 28th, 1694."

(Signed) "PHILLIP VON BURSCHÉ.
FRANCIS EICHFELD (Pastor).
ANTHONY GEORGE HILDBERG.
GUSTAVUS MOLAN.
GERHARDT ART.
BERNHARD SPILKEN.
ERYTHROPAL.
DAVID RUPERTUS.
H. L. HATTORF."

The work from which the above document is extracted, furnishes also the following, as the copy of the letter written by the Princess, at the request of the legal conductor of her case, as "security from proceedings in relation to his connexion with her affairs:"—

"As we have now, after being made acquainted with the sentence, given it proper consideration, and resolved not to offer any opposition to it, our solicitor must act accordingly, and is not to

act or proceed any further in this matter. For the rest, we hereby declare that we are gratefully content with the conduct of our aforesaid solicitor of the Court, Thies, and that by this we free him from all responsibility regarding these transactions.

(Signed) "SOPHIA DOROTHEA.

"Lauenau, December 31, 1694."

By this last document, it would seem that the Hof-Rath Theis would have denied the competency of the court, had he been permitted to do so; and that he was so convinced of its illegality, as to require a written prohibition from asserting the same, and acknowledgment of exemption from all responsibility, before he would feel satisfied that he had accomplished his duty towards his illustrious client.

Four months previous to the publication of the sentence of the Consistorial Court, the two brothers, the Elector of Hanover and the Duke of Zell, had agreed, by an enactment, that the unhappy marriage between the cousins should be dissolved. The enactment provided for the means whereby this end was to be achieved, and for the disposal of the princess during the progress of the case. The anonymous author of the biography of 1845, then proceeds to state that,—“It was therein specified that her domestics should take a particular oath, and that the princess should enjoy an annual income of eight thousand thalers (exclusive of the wages of her household), to be increased one half on the death of her father, with a further increase of six thousand thalers on her attaining the age of forty years. It was provided that the castle of Ahlden should be her permanent residence, where she was to remain well guarded. The domain of Wilhelmsburg, near Hamburg, was, at the death of the Duke of Zell, to descend to the prince, son of the Princess Sophia Dorothea—the Crown Prince, however, during his own life, retaining the revenues; but should the grandson die before his father, the property would then, on payment of a stipulated sum, be inherited by the successor in the government of the son of the elector. By a further arrangement, the mother of the princess was to possess Wienhausen, with an annual income of twelve thousand thalers, secured on the estates Schernebeck, Garze,

and Bluettingen; the castle at Lunenburg to be allowed as her residence, from the commencement of her widowhood."

Never was so much care taken to secure property on one side, and the person on the other. The contracting parties appear to have been afraid lest the prisoner should ever have an opportunity of appealing against the wrong of which she was made the victim; and her strait imprisonment was but the effect of that fear. That nothing might be neglected to make assurance doubly sure, and to deprive her of any help she might hope hereafter to receive at the hands of a father, whose heart might possibly be made to feel his own injustice and his daughter's sorrows, the Duke of Zell was induced to promise that he would neither see nor hold communication with the daughter he had repudiated.

The oath to be taken by the household, or rather by the personal attendants, counts and countesses in waiting, and persons of similar rank, was stringent and illustrative of the importance attached to the safe-keeping of the prisoner. It was to the effect, "that nothing should be wanting to prevent anticipated intrigues; and for the perfect security of the place fixed as a residence for the Princess Sophia Dorothea, in order to maintain tranquillity, and to prevent any opportunity occurring to an enemy, for undertaking or imagining anything which might cause a division in the illustrious family."

Whatever correspondence may have been held by letter between Sophia Dorothea and Königsmark, none was ever forthcoming to accuse or absolve. It is indeed said that the letters of the princess to the count were saved by the valet of the latter, and placed in the hands of the Löwenhaupt family in Sweden, to a member of which a younger sister of Königsmark was married; and that among the archives of the Swedish family they are still preserved. This is a very apocryphal story, and not less apocryphal is the assertion that some score of letters, allegedly from the count to the princess, were discovered by George Louis, and copies of them sent to the Duke of Zell. No mention was made of such letters at the period of the trial, as it may be called, of Sophia Dorothea, and though documents, purporting to be portions of this epistolary correspondence between Königsmark and the princess have been made

public, they are entirely unauthenticated, bear neither date, name, nor address, and are no doubt very poor forgeries, which may have been committed by the author, to try his skill, but which could have brought as little profit to himself as pleasure to his readers.

Shortly after the sudden disappearance of the count, his mother and sisters, residing at Hamburg, made application to be put in possession of some property of their deceased relative, which had been deposited by him in the hands of a banker of that city. The latter person, however, naturally enough declined to surrender his trust, until sufficient proof had been adduced of the death of the alleged late owner of the property. The affair lingered for a long time, and its prosecution was productive of some important consequences. In the course of that prosecution, the youngest sister of the count, the Countess Maria Aurora, repaired to Dresden to solicit the aid of the Elector of Saxony, Frederick Augustus, that unworthy prince who was subsequently the unworthy King of Poland. The elector was struck with the beauty of his fair petitioner, and appears to have driven a hard bargain with the handsome but not too honest suppliant. She became, after a decent show of resistance, first on the roll of the elector's "favorites," and in 1696, she gave birth to that famous Maurice de Saxe, who fought so well, spelled so ill, and loved so lightly: who possessed no excellence save bravery, was entirely destitute of all virtuous principle, and is the ancestor, most boasted of, by his clever descendant, Madame "George Sand."

From the period of the birth of Maurice, the Countess Aurora fell, or rose, from the condition of "favorite," to that of counsellor and friend. Even Augustus's poor consort is said to have looked with something of patience and even regard upon the only one of the mistresses of her wretched husband who treated her with respect. But what a condition must mark that household, wherein a neglected wife is reduced to the degradation of feeling grateful for little attentions from the hands of her husband's mistress! To such degradation Sophia Dorothea would never submit.

The Countess Aurora had been so triumphant, and yet so triumphed over, when a suppliant to Augustus, that the elector, in 1702, when reduced to the most miserable extremity by the victo-

rious Charles XII., dispatched her upon the diplomatic mission of softening that monarch's not very susceptible heart. The ambassadress was one of those women who fancy that they can overcome any one who, while listening to their power of tongue, ventures to look into their eyes. By magic of the latter, and of speech made up of very persuasive arguments, Aurora fondly hoped to touch the sensibilities that were supposed to be buttoned-up beneath the unbrushed coat of the stoical Charles. The latter, distrusting his own possible weakness, and dreading the lady's united powers, showed himself a true hero by avoiding the temptation thrown in his way, and when the countess solicited an audience he stoutly refused to see her. "Well!" remarked the blushing Aurora, striving at the same time to wreath the blush of vexation with the sunniest of her smiles, "I am the only person on whom the King of Sweden ever turned his back!"

This want of diplomatic success laid her more open than she had ever been before to the intrigues of her more brazen but less intellectual rivals; and Maria Aurora was dismissed from the court of her so-called "protector." It is good that vice should be exposed to such downfall, and that women who, like the lovely Aurora, can plead guilty to but a single fault, should be subject to a treatment which is severe discipline to themselves, and profitable example—if their sisters would but only condescend to benefit by it.

Aurora in her retirement more nearly resembled Madame de la Vallière than Heloise. She proved a noble mother to her superb and graceless son, and she did not pass her time in the composition of ardent epistolary reminiscences of guilty pleasures, wherein the expressed contempt for by-gone dear delights cannot conceal the writer's regret that they were no longer to be enjoyed. Aurora finally retired to the Protestant Abbey of Quedlinburg, in what then was Lower Saxony, and beguiled her long leisure hours by meditations, that would do honor to Krumacher, and by hymns, far more spiritual and sensible than those heavenly songs of the quietist Madame Guyon, and which read so very much like sprightly strains "writ" by Dan Prior, and "set" by mellifluous Travers.

The ladies of the abbey still exhibit, with authorized pride, the

manuscript collection of psalms and hymns, the composition of which shows that their authoress had warmer love for Heaven than she ever had for man.

Her position here was one in which a weaker nature and a less sincere person would have been liable to be surrendered to the exercise of much worldly pride. Quedlinburg on the Bode, now in Prussia, was an imperial free city, in which emperors had kept their state, the Church held councils, and the city imprisoned its counts in oaken cages. The nunnery of the abbey was founded by Matilda, the wife of the Emperor Henry the Fowler. The abbesses resided in the castle, which dominates above the town, and originally they were *ex-officio* princesses of the empire, independent of all spiritual sovereignty save that of the Pope, possessors of a vote in the Diet, and a seat on the bench of Rhenish bishops. The entire town, including all the convents, nunneries, and adjacent extensive domains, belonged to the abbess, who counted among her vassals as many nobles of high rank as, among her nuns, ladies of royal and noble birth. When Aurora of Königsmark became prioress of the community, the old splendor had been somewhat diminished, and what was left was a trifle tarnished too. The feudal sovereignty departed from it at the Reformation, when the abbess adopted the Lutheran faith, and lost the greater part of the abbey estates. Still, in Aurora's time, there was much of splendor left; its last spark went out in 1802, when the King of Prussia sequestered the convent, and converted it, in part, into a school.

Had Aurora been a weak woman, her pride would have lived here with her beauty; the former died early, the latter lived with her to the end. She was superb, even throughout her declining life, and when she died, in 1725, there passed away to her account a woman, not without sin, but also not without a sincere repentance.

Reader, and especially young reader,—if thou shouldst ever visit Quedlinburg, you may see there a better sermon than thou art likely to hear. Descend with the good-natured and willing sexton into the vault below the *Stifter Kirche*. On the right side of the vault there is a coffin, the lid of which he will remove with

a singular alacrity. Look into it, and learn from what thou lookest on. That poor, brown, dusty mummy is all that remains of the most beautiful woman of her time. That wretched but suggestive ruin once tabernacled the "immortal spark" which yet lives,—but where? There is a sermon in the sight, and deep instruction in the thought.

We must leave both, however, to turn to another lady, who, as it is believed, sinned less but suffered longer.

CHAPTER IX.

PRISON AND PALACE.

THE Castle of Ahlden is situated on the small and sluggish stream, the Aller; and seems to guard, as it once oppressed, the little village sloping at its feet. This edifice was appointed as the prison-place of Sophia Dorothea; and from the territory she acquired a title, that of Duchess of Ahlden. She was mockingly called sovereign lady of a locality where all were free but herself!

On looking over the list of the household which was formed for the service, if the phrase be one that may be admitted, of her captivity, the first thing that strikes us as singular, is the presence of "three cooks,"—a triad of "ministers of the mouth" for one poor imprisoned lady!

The singularity vanishes when we find that around this encaged Duchess there circled a really extensive household, and there lived a world of ceremony, of which no one was so much the slave as she was. Her captivity, in its commencement, was decked with a certain sort of splendor,—about which *she*, who was its object, cared by far the least. There was a military governor of the castle, gentlemen and ladies in waiting; spies all. Among the honest servants of the house, were a brace of pages and as many valets, a dozen female domestics, and fourteen footmen, who had to undergo the intense labor of doing very little in a very lengthened space of time. To supply the material wants of these, the three cooks, one confectioner, a baker, and a butler, were provided. There

was, besides, a military force, consisting of infantry and artillery. It must have cost the governor as little trouble and as much pride to manœuvre, as the army of Thraso cost that valiant captain, when he laid such glorious siege to the strong fortress of that exemplary lady, Thais, in order to recover Pamphila. Altogether, there must have been work enough for the three cooks.

The forms of a court were long maintained, although only on a small scale. The duchess held her little levées, and the local authorities, clergy, and neighboring nobility and gentry, offered her such respect as could be manifested by paying her visits on certain appointed days. These visits, however, were always narrowly watched by the officials, whose office lay in such service, and was hid beneath a show of duty.

The successive governors of the castle were men of note, and their presence betokened the importance attached to the person and safe-keeping of the captive. During the first three years of her imprisonment, the post of governor was held by the Hof Grand-Marshal von Bothmar. He was succeeded by the Count Bergest, who enjoyed his equivocal dignity of gaoler-governor about a quarter of a century. During the concluding years of the imprisonment of Sophia, her seneschal was a relative of one of her judges, Georg von Busche.

These men behaved to their prisoner with as much courtesy as they dared to show; nor was her captivity a severe one, in anything but the actual deprivation of liberty, and of all intercourse with those she best loved, until after the first few years. The escape of Mdle. Knessebeck from her place of confinement appears to have given the husband of Sophia Dorothea an affectionate uneasiness, which he evidenced by giving orders that his wife's safe-keeping should be maintained with greater stringency.

From the day of the issuing of that order, she was never allowed to walk, even in the garden of the castle, without a guard. She never rode out, or drove through the neighboring woods, without a strong escort. Even parts of the castle were prohibited from being intruded upon by her; and so much severity was shown in this respect, that when, on one occasion, a fire broke out in the edifice, to escape from which she must have traversed a gallery which she

was forbidden to pass, she stood short of the proscribed limit, her jewel-box in her arms, and herself in almost speechless terror, but refusing to advance beyond the prohibited line, until permission reached her from the proper authority.

On such a prisoner, time must have hung especially heavy. She had, however, many resources, and made every hour have its occupation. She was the land-steward of her little ducal estate, and performed all the duties of that office. She kept a diary of her thoughts as well as actions; and if this be extant it would be well worthy of being published. Her correspondence, during the period she was permitted to write, was extensive. Every day she had interviews with, and gave instructions to, each of her servants, from the chief of the three cooks, downwards. With this, she was as personally active in charity as the good Duke de Penthièvre and his secretary Florian, whose very sport it was to vie with each other in discovering the greater number of objects worthy of being relieved. Finally, she was the Lady Bountiful of the district, laying out half her income in charitable uses for the good of her neighbors, and, as Boniface said of the good lady of Lichfield, "curing more people in and about the place within ten years, than the doctors had killed in twenty; and that's a bold word." Of George Louis it may be said, what Cherry's thirsty father said of Lady Bountiful's son, Squire Sullen, "that he was a man of a great estate, who valued nobody."

There was a church in the village, which was in rather ruinous condition when her captivity commenced, but this she put in thorough repair, decorated it handsomely, presented it with an organ,—and was refused permission to attend there, after it had been re-opened for public service. For her religious consolation, a chaplain had been provided, and she was never trusted, even under guard, to join with the villagers in common worship in the church of the village below. In this respect, a somewhat royal etiquette was observed. The chaplain read prayers to the garrison and household in one room, to which the princess and her ladies listened rather than therewith joined, placed as they were in an adjacent room, where they could hear without being seen.

With no relative was she allowed to hold never so brief an

interview; and not even her mother was permitted to soften by her presence for an hour, the rigid and ceremonious captivity of her luckless daughter. Mother and child were allowed to correspond at stated periods, their letters passing open; but the princess herself was as much cut off from her own children, as if these had been dead and entombed. The little prince and princess were expressly ordered to utterly forget that they had a mother,—her very name on their lips would have been condemned as a grievous fault. The boy, George Augustus, was in many points of character similar to his father, and, accordingly, being commanded to forget his mother, he obstinately bore her in memory; and when he was told that he would never have an opportunity afforded him to see her, mentally resolved to make one for himself.

It is but justice to the old elector to say that in his advanced years, when pleasant sins were no longer profitable to him, he gave them up; and when the youngest of his mistresses had ceased to be attractive, he began to think such appendages little worth the hanging on to his electoral dignity. For, ceasing to love and live with his "favorites," he did not the more respect, or hold closer intercourse with, his wife,—a course about which the Electress Sophia troubled herself very little. The elector, in short, was very much like the gentleman in the epigram, who said:—

I've lost my mistress, horse, and wife,
And when I think on human life,
'Tis well that it's no worse!
My mistress had grown lean and old,
My wife was ugly and a scold;—
I'm sorry for my horse!

In his later days, Ernest Augustus, having little regard for his wife or favorites, began to have much for the good things of the earth,—a superabundance of which, as Johnson reminded Garriek, makes death so terrible. When he ceased to be under the influence of the disgraced Countess von Platen, he began to be sensible of some sympathy for his daughter-in-law, Sophia. He softened in some degree the rigor of her imprisonment, and corresponded with her by letter; a correspondence which inspired her with hope that her freedom might result from it. This hope was,

however, frustrated by the death of Ernest Augustus, on the 20th of January, 1698. From that time, the rigor of her imprisonment was increased fourfold.

If the heart of her old uncle began to incline towards her as he increased in years, it is not to be wondered at that the heart of her aged father melted towards her as time began to press heavily upon him. But it was the weakest of hearts allied to the weakest of minds. In the comfortlessness of his great age, he sought to be comforted by loving her whom he had insanely and unnaturally oppressed—the sole child of his heart and house. In his weakness he addressed himself to that tool of Hanover at Zell, the minister Bernstorff; and that individual so terrified the poor old man by details of the ill consequences that might ensue if the wrath of the new elector, George Louis, were aroused by the interference of the Duke of Zell, in matters which concerned the elector and his wife, that the old man, feeble in mind and body, yielded, and, for a time at least, left his daughter to her fate. He thought to compensate for the wrong which he inflicted on her under the impulse of his evil genius, Bernstorff, by adding a codicil to his will, wherein the name of his daughter is mentioned with an implied love which reminds one of the “*and Peter*,” after the denial, and which told the other Apostles that love divine had not perished because of one poor mortal offence.

By this codicil he bequeathed to the daughter whom he had wronged, all that it was in his power to leave, in jewels, moneys, and lands; but liberty he could *not* give her, and so his love could do little more than try to lighten the fetters which he had aided to put on. But there was a short-lived joy in store, both for child and parents. The fetters were to be cast aside for a brief season, and the poor captive was to enjoy an hour of home, of love, and of liberty.

The last year of the seventeenth century (1700) brought with it an accession of greatness to the electoral family of Hanover, inasmuch as in that year a bill was introduced into parliament, and accepted by that body, which fixed the succession to the crown of England after the Princess Anne, and in default of such princess dying without heirs of her own body, in the person of

Sophia of Hanover. William III. had been very desirous for the introduction of this bill, but under various pretexts it had been deferred, the commonest business being allowed to take precedence of it, until the century had nearly expired. The limitations to the royal action, which formed a part of the bill as recommended in the report of the committee, were little to the king's taste; for they not only affected his employment of foreign troops in England, but shackled his own free and frequent departures from the kingdom. It was imagined by many that these limitations were designed by the leaders in the cabinet, in order to raise disputes between the two houses, by which the bill might be lost. Such is Burnet's report, and he sarcastically adds thereto, that when much time had been spent in preliminaries, and it was necessary to come to the nomination of the person who should be named presumptive heir next to Queen Anne, the office of doing so was confided to “Sir John Bowles, who was then disordered in his senses, and soon after quite lost them.” “He was,” says Burnet, “set on by the same party to be the first that should name the Electress-dowager of Brunswick, which seemed done to make it less serious when moved by such a person.” So that the solemn question of naming the heir to a throne was intrusted to an idiot, who, by the forms of the house, was appointed chairman of the committee for the conduct of the bill. Burnet adds, that the “thing,” as he calls it, was “still put off for many weeks at every time that it was called for; the motion was entertained with coldness, which served to heighten the jealousy; the committee once or twice sat upon it, but all the members ran out of the house with so much indecency, that the contrivers seemed ashamed of this management; there were seldom fifty or sixty at the committee, yet in conclusion it passed, and was sent up to the Lords.” Great opposition was expected from the peers, and many of their lordships designedly absented themselves from the discussion. The opposition was slight, and confined to the Marquis of Normanby, who spoke, and the Lords Huntingdon, Plymouth, Guildford, and Jefferies, who protested, against the bill. Burnet affirms, that “those who wished well to the Act were glad to have it passed any way, and so would not examine the limitations that were in it,

and which they thought might be considered afterwards. "We reckoned it," says Burnet, "a great point carried that we had now a law on our side for a Protestant successor." The law was stoutly protested against by the Duchess of Savoy, grand-daughter of Charles I. The protest did not trouble the king, who despatched the act to the electress-dowager and the Garter to her son, by the hands of the Earl of Macclesfield.

The earl was a fitting bearer of so costly and significant a present. He had been attached to the service of the mother of Sophia, and was highly esteemed by the electress-dowager herself. The earl had no especial commission beyond that which enjoined him to deliver the act, nor was he dignified by any official appellation. He was neither ambassador, legate, plenipotentiary, nor envoy. He had with him, however, a most splendid suite; which was in some respects strangely constituted, for among its members was the famous, or infamous, Janius Junius Toland, whose book in support of rationality as applied to religion, and in denial that there was any mystery whatever in the Christian dispensation, had been publicly burnt by the hangman, in Ireland.

The welcome of this body of gentlemen was a right royal one. It may be said that the electoral family had neither cared for the dignity now rendered probable for them, nor in any way toiled or intrigued to bring it within their grasp; but it is certain that their joy was great when the Earl of Macclesfield appeared on the frontier of the electorate with the act in one hand and the garter in the other. He and his suite were met there with a welcome of extraordinary magnificence, betokening ample appreciation of the double gift he brought with him. He himself seemed elevated by his mission, for he was in his general deportment little distinguished by courtly manners or by ceremonious bearing; but it was observed that, on this occasion, nothing could have been more becoming than the way in which he acquitted himself of an office which brought a whole family within view of succession to a royal and powerful throne.

On reaching the confines of the electorate, the members of the deputation from England were received by personages of the highest official rank, who not only escorted them to the capital, but

treated them on the way with a liberality so profuse as to be the wonder of all beholders. They were not allowed to disburse a farthing from their own purses; all they thought fit to order was paid for by the electoral government, by whose orders they were lodged in the most commodious palace in Hanover, where as much homage was paid them as if each man had been a Kaiser in his own person. The Hanoverian gratitude went so far, that not only were the ambassador and suite treated as favored guests, and that not alone of the princess but of the people,—the latter being commanded to refrain from taking payment from any of them, for any article of refreshment they required,—but for many days all English travellers visiting the city were made equally free of its caravansaries, and were permitted to enjoy all that the inns could afford, without being required to pay for the enjoyment.

The delicate treatment of the electoral government extended even to the servants of the earl and his suite. It was thought that to require them to dine upon the fragments of their master's banquets would be derogatory to the splendor of the hospitality of the House of Hanover, and an insult to the domestics who followed in the train of the earl. The government accordingly disbursed half-a-crown a day to the liveried followers, and considered such a "composition" as glorious to the reputation of the electoral house. The menials were even emancipated from service during the sojourn of the deputation in Hanover, and the elector's numerous servants waited upon the English visitors, zealously throughout the day, but with most splendor in the morning, when they were to be seen hurrying to the bed-rooms of the different members of the suite, bearing with them silver coffee and tea pots, and other requisites for breakfast, which meal appears to have been lazily indulged in, as if the legation had been habitually wont to "make a night of it,"—in bed. And there *was* a good deal of hard drinking on these occasions, but all at the expense of the husband of Sophia Dorothea, who, in her castle of Ahlden, was not even aware of that increase of honor which had fallen upon her consort, and in which she had a right to share.

For those who were, the next day, ill or indolent, there were the ponderous state coaches to carry them whithersoever they

would go. The most gorgeous of the fêtes given on this occasion, was on the evening of the day on which the Act was solemnly presented to the electress-dowager. Hanover, famous as it was for its balls, had never seen so glorious a Terpsichorean festival as marked this particular night. At the balls in the old elector's time, Sophia Dorothea used to shine, first in beauty and in grace, but now her place was ill supplied by the not fair and quite graceless Mademoiselle von Schulemberg. The supper that followed was Olympian in its profusion, wit, and magnificence. This was at a time when to be sober was to be respectable, but when to be drunk was not to be ungentlemanly. Consequently we find Toland, who wrote an account of the achievements of the day, congratulating himself and readers by stating that, although it was to be expected that in so large and so jovial a party there would be some who would be even more ecstatic than the occasion and the company warranted, yet that, in truth, the number of those who were guilty of excess was but small. Even Lord Mohun kept himself sober, and to the end was able to converse as clearly and intelligibly as Lord Saye and Sele, and his friend "my Lord Tunbridge." With what degree of lucidity these noble gentlemen talked, we are not told, so that we can hardly judge of the measure of Lord Mohun's sobriety. That he was not very drunk, seems to Toland a thing to be thankful for, seeing that it had long been his custom to be so, until of late, when he had delighted the prudent by forswearing sack and living cleanly.

This day of presentation of the Act, and of the festival in honor thereof, was one of the greatest days which Hanover had ever seen. Every one wore a face of joy, at least so we collect from Toland's description of what he saw, and from which description we cull a few paragraphs by way of picture of scene and players. Speaking of the mother-in-law of Sophia Dorothea, he says:—"The electress is three-and-seventy years old, which she bears so wonderfully well, that had I not many vouchers, I should scarce dare venture to relate it. She has ever enjoyed extraordinary health, which keeps her still very vigorous, of a cheerful countenance, and a merry disposition. She steps as firm and erect as any young lady, has not one wrinkle in her face, which is still very

agreeable, nor one tooth out of her head, and reads without spectacles, as I have often seen her do, letters of a small character, in the dusk of the evening. She is as great a writer as our late queen (Mary,) and you cannot turn yourself in the palace, without meeting some monument of her industry, all the chairs of the presence-chamber being wrought with her own hands. The ornaments of the altar in the electoral chapel are all of her work. She bestowed the same favor on the Protestant abbey, or college, of Lockurn, with a thousand other instances, fitter for your lady to know than for yourself. She is the most constant and greatest walker I ever knew, never missing a day, if it proves fair, for one or two hours, and often more, in the fine garden at Herrenhausen. She perfectly tires all those of her court that attend her in that exercise, but such as have the honor to be entertained by her in discourse. She has been long admired by all the learned world as a woman of incomparable knowledge in divinity, philosophy, history, and the subjects of all sorts of books, of which she has read a prodigious quantity. She speaks five languages so well, that, by her accent, it might be a dispute which of them was her first. They are Low Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English, which last she speaks as truly and easily as any native; which to me is a matter of amazement, whatever advantages she might have in her youth by the conversation of her mother; for though the late king's (William's) mother was likewise an Englishwoman, of the same royal family, though he had been more than once in England before the Revolution; though he was married there, and his court continually full of many of that nation, yet he could never conquer his foreign accent. But, indeed, the electress is so entirely English in her person, in her behavior, in her humor, and in all her inclinations, that naturally she could not miss of anything that peculiarly belongs to our land. She was ever glad to see Englishmen, long before the Act of Succession. She professes to admire our form of government, and understands it mighty well, yet she asks so many questions about families, customs, laws, and the like, as sufficiently demonstrate her profound wisdom and experience. She has a deep veneration for the Church of England, without losing affection or charity for any other sort of Protestants, and

appears charmed with the moderate temper of our present bishops and other of our learned clergy, especially for their approbation of the liberty allowed by law to Protestant Dissenters. She is adored for her goodness among the inhabitants of the country, and gains the hearts of all strangers by her unparalleled affability. No distinction is ever made in her court concerning the parties into which Englishmen are divided, and whereof they carry the effects and impressions with them whithersoever they go, which makes others sometimes uneasy, as well as themselves. There it is enough that you are an Englishman, nor can you ever discover by your treatment which are better liked, the Whigs or the Tories. These are the instructions given to all the servants, and they take care to execute them with the utmost exactness. I was the first who had the honor of kneeling and kissing her hand on account of the Act of Succession; and she said, among other discourse, that she was afraid the nation had already repented their choice of an old woman, but that she hoped none of her posterity would give her any reasons to grow weary of their dominion. I answered, that the English had too well considered what they did, to change their minds so soon, and they still remembered they were never so happy as when they were last under a woman's government. Since that time, sir," adds the courtly but unorthodox Toland to the "Minister of State in Holland," to whom his letter is addressed, "we have a further confirmation of this truth by the glorious administration of Queen Anne."

Such is a picture, rather "loaded," as an artist might say, of the mother-in-law of the prisoner of Ahlden. The record would be imperfect if it were not accompanied by another "counterfeit presentment—" that of her son.

At the period when Toland accompanied the Earl of Macclesfield to Hanover, with the Act of Succession, the most important personage at that court, next to the electress, the *Regina designata Britanniarum*, was her son, Prince George Louis, the husband of Sophia Dorothea. Toland describes him as "a proper, middle-sized, well-proportioned man, of a genteel address, and good appearance;" but he adds, that his highness "is reserved, and therefore speaks little, but judiciously." George Louis, like

"Monseigneur" at Versailles, cared for nothing but hunting. "He is not to be exceeded," says Toland, "in his zeal against the intended universal monarchy of France, and so is most hearty for the common cause of Europe," for the very good reason, that therein "his own is so necessarily involved." Toland, in the humor to praise everything, adds, that George Louis understood the constitution of England better than any "foreigner" he had ever met with; a very safe remark, for our constitution was ill understood abroad; and even had the theoretical knowledge of George Louis been ever so correct, his practice with our constitution betrayed such ignorance that Toland's assertion may be taken only *quantum valuit*, for what it is worth. "Though," says the writer just named, "though he be well versed in the art of war, and of invincible courage, having often exposed his person to great dangers in Hungary, in the Morea, on the Rhine, and in Flanders, yet he is naturally of peaceable inclination; which mixture of qualities is agreed, by the experience of all ages, to make the best and most glorious princes. He is a perfect man of business, exactly regular in the economy of his revenues;" (which he never was of those of England, seeing that he outran his liberal allowance, and coolly asked the parliament to pay his debts,) "reads all dispatches himself at first hand, writes most of his own letters, and spends a considerable part of his time about such occupations, in his closet, and with his ministers."

Toland, however, was afraid he had not sufficiently gilded over that sullen reserve in the character of the husband of Sophia Dorothea, which alone was sufficient to render him unpopular. "I hope," he says, "that none of our countrymen will be so injudicious as to think his reservedness the effect of sullenness or pride; nor mistake that for state, which really proceeds from modesty, caution and deliberation; for he is very affable to such as accost him, and expects that others should speak to him first, which is the best information I could have from all about him, and I partly know to be true by experience."

Then, we have a trait in the electoral character which was not to be found subsequently in the king; "for," says the hanger-on to Lord Macclesfield's ambassadorial cloak, "as to what I said of

his frugality in laying out the public money, I need not give a more particular proof than that all the expenses of his court, as to eating, drinking, fire, candles, and the like, are duly paid every Saturday night; the officers of his army receive their pay every month, so likewise his envoys in every part of Europe; and all the officers of his household, with the rest that are on the civil list, are cleared off every half year." We are then assured that his administration was equable, mild, and prudent,—a triple assertion, which his own life, and that of his hardly-used wife, flatly denied. Toland, however, will have it, in his "lively sense of favors to come," that there never existed a prince who was so ardently beloved by his subjects. On this point the "*Petit Roi d'Yvetot*" of Beranger sinks into comparative unpopularity. Hanover itself is said to be without division or faction, and all Hanoverians as being in a condition of ecstacy at the Solomon-like rectitude and jurisdiction of his very serene highness. But it must be remembered, that all this is said by a man who never condescended to remember that George Louis had a wife. He is entirely oblivious of the captive consort of the elector, but he can afford to express admiration for the elector's mistresses. He describes Madame Kielmansegge, the daughter of the Countess von Platen, and who occupied near the prince a station similar to that which her mother held near the prince's father, as a woman of sense and wit; and of Mademoiselle Schulemburg, he says that she is especially worthy of the rank she enjoys, and that "in the opinion of others, as well as mine, she is a lady of extraordinary merit!"—such merit as distinguished the niece of the governor of the Philippine Islands, who, under the mask of attachment, robbed *Gil Blas* of his diamond ring.

There is something suggestive in much of what is here set down. A lunatic proposed that Sophia of Hanover should succeed to the throne of England; and the hand of that lady, who denied the apostolic succession of bishops, and sneered at the episcopacy, was first kissed, when the Act of Succession was presented to her, by an infidel, the son of a Romish priest, whose book against the mysteries of Christianity had been burned in the streets of Dublin by the hands of the hangman. This is historically, and not satirically, set down. Some at the time, thought it ominous of evil conse-

quences, but we who live to see the consequences, may learn therefrom to disregard omens. But whatever may be said upon this point, there only remains to be added, that the legation left Hanover, loaded with presents. The earl received a portrait of the electress, with an electoral crown in diamonds, by way of mounting to the frame. George Louis bestowed upon him a gold basin and ewer,—no ill present to the native of a country whose people were distinguished, to a later period than this, as being the only civilized people who sat down to meat without previous ablution, even of the hands. Gold medals and snuff-boxes were showered among the other members. The chaplain, Dr. Sandys, was especially honored by rich gifts in medals and books. He was the first who ever read the service of our Church in the presence of the electress. She joined in it with apparent fervor, and admired it generally; but when a hint was conveyed to her that it might be well were she to introduce it in place of the Calvinistic form used in her chapel, as of the Lutheran in that of the elector, she shook her head, with a smile; said that there was no difference between the three forms, in essentials, and that episcopacy was merely the established form in England. She thought for the present she would "let well alone." And it was done accordingly!

In the year 1705, the English Parliament passed an Act for naturalizing the Princess Sophia, Electress and Duchess-Dowager of Hanover, and the issue of her body. This was an Act, therefore, which made an Englishman of George Louis. It was not, however, in honor of such an event that a short season of freedom was granted to the prisoner of Ahlden.

In the year last mentioned, the war was raging which France was carrying on for the purpose of extending her limits and influence, and which England and her allies had entered into in order to resist such aggression, and restore that terribly oscillating matter—the balance of European power. The Duke of Marlborough had, at the prayer of the Dutch States, left the banks of the Moselle, in order to help Holland, menaced on the side of Liege by a strong French force. Our great duke left General D'Aubach at Treves to secure the magazines which the English and Dutch had laid up there; but upon the approach of Marshal Villars, D'Aubach

destroyed the magazines and abandoned Treves, of which the French immediately took possession. This put an end to all the schemes which had been laid for attacking France on the side of the Moselle, where her frontiers were but weak, and carried her confederates back to Flanders, where, as the old-fashioned chronicler, Salmon, remarks, "they yearly threw away thousands of brave fellows against stone walls." Thereupon, Hanover became menaced. On this, Horace Walpole has something in point:

"As the genuine wife was always detained in her husband's power, he seems not to have wholly dissolved their union; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during Queen Anne's reign, the Duchess of Halle (Ahlden) was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did retain her for a whole year, and did implore, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them."

Of the incidents of this second separation nothing is known, but conjecture may well supply all its grief and pain. It would seem, however, as if some of the restrictions were taken off from the rules by which the captive was held. There was no prohibition of intercourse with the parents; for the Duke of Zell had resolved on proceeding to visit his daughter, but only deferred his visit until the conclusion of a grand hunt, in which he was anxious to take part. He went; and between fatigue, exposure to inclement weather, and neglect on his return, he became seriously ill, rapidly grew worse, died on the 28th of August, 1705, and by his death gave the domains of a dukedom to Hanover, and deprived his daughter of a newly-acquired friend.

The death of the Duke of Zell, if it caused profit to Hanover, was also followed by honor to Bernstorff. The services of that official were so agreeable to George Louis that he appointed him to the post of prime minister of Hanover, and at the same time made him a count. The death of the father of Sophia Dorothea was, however, followed by consequences more fatal than those just named. The severity of the imprisonment of the princess was much aggravated; and though she was permitted to have an occasional interview with her mother, all application to be allowed to see her two children was sternly refused,—and this refusal, as

the poor prisoner used to remark, was the bitterest portion of her misery.

It was of her son that George Louis used to say, in later years, "Il est fougeux, mais il a du cœur,"—hot-headed but not heartless. George Augustus manifested this disposition very early in life. He was on one occasion hunting in the neighborhood of Luisberg, not many miles from the scene of his mother's imprisonment, when he made a sudden resolution to visit her, regardless of the strict prohibition against such a course, laid on him by his father and the Hanoverian government. Laying spurs to his horse, he galloped at full speed from the field, and in the direction of Ahlden. His astonished suite, seeing the direction which he was following at so furious a rate, immediately suspected his design, and became legally determined to frustrate it. They left pursuing the stag, and took to chasing the prince. The heir-apparent led them far away over field and furrow, to the great detriment of the wind and persons of his pursuers; and he would have distanced the whole body of flying huntsmen, but that his steed was less fleet than those of two officers of the electoral household who kept close to the fugitive, and at last came up with him on the skirts of a wood adjacent to Ahlden. With mingled courtesy and firmness they represented to him that he could not be permitted to go farther in a direction which was forbidden, as by so doing he would not only be treating the paternal orders with contempt, but would be making them accomplices in his crime of disobedience. George Augustus, vexed and chafed, argued the matter with them, appealed to their affections and feelings, and endeavored to convince them both as men and ministers, as human beings and as mere official red-tapists, that he was authorized to continue his route to Ahlden, by every law, earthly or divine.

The red-tapists, however, acknowledged no law under such circumstances, but that of their electoral lord and master, and that law they would not permit to be broken. The prince would have made a note of their protest, to shield them subsequently from their master's displeasure, but they were too resolute to be content with merely making a protest against a course which it was in their power to prevent, and, accordingly, laying hold of the bridle

of the prince's steed, they turned its head homewards, and rode away with George Augustus in a state of full discontent and strict arrest.

CHAPTER X.

THE SUCCESSION—DEATH OF THE ELECTRESS.

THERE are some of the comedies of Terence, in which the heroines—the most important personages in the play—are heard of but never seen; much spoken about, but never speaking. What a coil there is in the *Phormio*, for instance, touching Phanium the wife of Antipho, and Pamphila, the “*serva a Phædriâ amata!*”—and yet how little is really known about either. Poor Sophia Dorothea in the drama of her life at Ahlden, is something like the two characters in the Athenian drama of the swarthy African; with this difference, however, that she is not as they are, the object of a human love. She is off the stage, and little indeed is known of her, save that she is immured in a dull castle, or taking exercise within the dull limits of a dull country. Beyond this, there is nothing narrated of her during the first ten years of her captivity. Something startling and dramatic had like to have happened when George Augustus suddenly resolved to visit his mother, but was obstructed in his resolution. His sire, meditating on the fact, determined to provide him with a wife.

The elector, then meditating, as I have said, on this sudden development of the domestic affections of his son, resolved to aid such development, not by giving him access to his mother, but by bestowing on him the hand of a consort. Of this lady I shall have to speak more at length hereafter, for she became Queen Consort of England, at the accession of her husband, George II. In the mean time it will be sufficient to record here what is said of her by Burnet:—

“While the house of Austria was struggling with great difficulties, two pieces of pomp and magnificence consumed a great part of their treasure; an embassy was sent from Lisbon to

demand the emperor's sister for that king; which was done with an unusual and extravagant expense; a wife was to be sought for King Charles (of Spain) among the Protestant courts, for there was not a suitable match in the Popish courts. He had seen the Princess of Anspach, and was much taken with her; so that great applications were made to persuade her to change her religion, but she could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate; and soon after she was married to the prince electoral of Brunswick, which gave a glorious character of her to this nation; and her pious firmness is likely to be rewarded even in this life, with a much better crown than that which she rejected. The princess of Wölffenbittel was not so firm, so that she was brought to Vienna, and some time after was married, by proxy, to King Charles, and was sent to Italy, on her way to Spain. The solemnity with which these affairs were managed in all this distress of their affairs, consumed a vast deal of treasure; for such was the pride of those courts on such occasions, that rather than fail in a point of splendor, they would let their most important affairs go to wrack. That princess was landed at Barcelona, and the Queen of Portugal the same year came to Holland, to be carried to Lisbon by a squadron of the English fleet.”

Caroline of Anspach was a very accomplished young lady, and much of such accomplishments was owing to the careful education which she received at the hands of the best-loved child of the electress, Sophia Charlotte, electress of Brandenburg, and the first, but short-lived, Queen of Prussia. If the instructress was able, the pupil was apt. She was quick, inquiring, intelligent, and studious. Her application was great, her perseverance unvaried, and her memory excellent. She learned quickly, and retained largely, seldom forgetting anything worth remembrance; and was an equally good judge of books and individuals. Her perception of character has, perhaps, never been surpassed. She had no inclination for trivial subjects, nor affection for trivial people. She had a heart and mind only for philosophers and philosophy; but she was not the less a lively girl, or the more a pedant, on that account. She delighted in lively conversation, and could admirably lead or direct it. Her knowledge of languages was equal to that

of Sophia of Hanover, of whom she was also the equal in wit and in repartée. But therewith she was more tender, more gentle, more generous. When she became the wife of George Augustus, it was again like uniting Iphigenia to Cymon. But the Cymon of the Iphigenia of Anspach could not appreciate the treasure confided to him, and though he could never despise his wife, it can be hardly said that he ever truly loved her.

The marriage of George Augustus, Electoral Prince of Brunswick-Hanover, with Caroline, daughter of John Frederick Margrave, of Anspach, was solemnized in the year 1705. It was rather an eventful year for England. It was that in which Marlborough forced the French lines at Tirlmont, a feat for which the nation rendered public thanksgiving to God. It was the year in which England poured out some of her best blood, in order to secure the throne of Spain to a prince of the house of Austria,—a service for which Austria repaid her only with ingratitude. It was the year in which the two Houses of Convocation were vulgarly brawling at each other concerning the right of adjournment; a dispute, which her Majesty Queen Anne settled by proroguing the contentious assembly, and by addressing a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, declaratory of her resolution to maintain her supremacy, and the subordination of presbyters to bishops. It was the year in which died Queen Catherine, the patient wife and very resigned widow of the graceless Charles II.; and finally, it was the year in which passed the act for “naturalizing the Princess Sophia, electress and duchess-dowager of Hanover, and the issue of her body.”

The wife of George Augustus was of the same age as her husband. She had had the misfortune to lose her father when she was yet extremely young, and had been, as I have before remarked, brought up at the Court of Berlin under the guardianship, and no insufficient one, of Sophia Charlotte, the consort of Frederick of Prussia. She gave promise in her childhood of being a clever woman, and *that* promise, at least, was not “made to the ear to be broken to the hope.” How this promise was fulfilled, we shall be able to see in a future page.

The sister of George Augustus, the only daughter of Sophia

Dorothea, and bearing the same baptismal names as her mother, was also married during the captivity of the latter. One can hardly conceive of wedding-bells ringing merrily when the mother of the bride is a stigmatized woman, pining in a prison. There were three remarkable Englishmen present at the marriage of the daughter of Sophia Dorothea with the Prince Royal of Prussia. These were Lord Halifax, Sir John Vanbrugh, and Joseph Addison. The last-mentioned had yet fresh on his brow the laurels which he had gained by writing what Warton ill-naturedly called, his rhyming gazette, “The Campaign,” in a garret in the Haymarket, and in celebration of the victory at Blenheim. Queen Anne, who had restored Halifax to a favor from which he had fallen, entrusted him to carry the bill for the naturalization of the electoral family, and for the better security of the Protestant line of succession,—and also the order of the garter for the electoral prince. On this mission, Addison was the united companion of the patron whom he so choicely flattered. Vanbrugh was present in his official character of Clarencieux King at Arms, and performed the ceremony of investiture. The little court of Hanover was joyfully splendid on this doubly festive occasion. The nuptials were celebrated with more accompanying gladness than ever followed them. When Addison, some years subsequently, memorialized George I., the petition stated “that my Lord Halifax, upon going to Hanover, desired him to accompany him thither, at which time, though he had not the title of his secretary, he officiated as such, without any other reward than the satisfaction of showing his zeal for that illustrious family.”

The nuptials of the young princess with Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, lacked neither mirth nor ceremony for the circumstance just alluded to. The pomp was something uncommon in its way, and the bride must have been wearied of being married long before the stupendous solemnity had at length reached its slowly-arrived-at conclusion. She became Queen of Prussia in 1712, and of her too I shall have to speak a little more in detail in another chapter. Here it will suffice to say that she was by no means indifferent to the hard fate under which her mother groaned. She was the better enabled to sympathize with one who suffered

through the cruel oppression and injustice of a husband, from the fact that her own illustrious spouse was, in every sense of the word, her "lord and master," and treated her with as little consideration as though she had been head-servant of his exceedingly untidy establishment, rather than consort and queen, to whom, in common with his children, he administered now a heavy blow and even a harsh word, and whom he never soothed with a kind expression but when he had some evil intention in giving it utterance.

Honors now fell thick upon the electoral family, but Sophia Dorothea was not permitted to have any share therein. In 1706, Queen Anne created the son of George Louis, the old suitor for her hand,—Baron of Tewkesbury, Viscount Northallerton, Earl of Milford Haven, Marquis and Duke of Cambridge. With these honors it was also decreed that he should enjoy full precedence over the entire peerage.

There was a strong party in England whose most earnest desire it was that the Electress Sophia, in whose person the succession to the crown of Great Britain was settled, should repair to London,—not to permanently reside there, but in order that during a brief visit she might receive the homage of the Protestant party. She was, however, reluctant to move from her books, philosophy, and cards, until she could be summoned as Queen. Failing here, an attempt was made to bring over George Louis, who was nothing loth to come; but the idea of a visit from him, was to poor Queen Anne the uttermost abomination. Her Majesty had some grounds for her dislike to a visit from her old wooer. It was not merely the feeling which every one with a fortune to leave, is said to entertain towards an heir-presumptive, but that she was nervously in terror of a monster popular demonstration. Such a demonstration was publicly talked of, and the enemies of the house of Stuart, by way of instruction and warning to the queen, whose Jacobite bearings towards her brother were matter of notoriety, had determined, in the event of George Louis visiting England, to give him an escort into London that should amount to the very significant number of some forty or fifty thousand men.

It was the Duke of Devonshire who originally moved the House of Lords for leave to bring in a bill to give the Electoral Prince

of Hanover, as Duke of Cambridge, the precedence of peers. Leave was given, but some of the adherents of the House of Hanover did not think that the bill went far enough, and accordingly the lord-treasurer, previous to the introduction of the Duke of Devonshire's measure, "offered a bill, giving precedence to the whole electoral family, as the children and nephews of the crown;" and it was intimated that bills relating to honors and precedence ought to come from the crown. "The Duke of Devonshire," adds Burnet, "would make no dispute on this head; if the thing passed, he acquiesced in the manner of passing it, only he thought it lay within the authority of the House." On this occasion the Court seemed, even to an affectation, to show a particular zeal in promoting this bill; for it passed through both Houses in two days, it being read thrice in a day in them both. "For all this haste," continues the minute recorder, "the Court did not seem to design any such bill till it was proposed by others, out of whose hands they thought fit to take it." In other words, the Court would not have been Hanoverian in this matter, but for outward popular pressure.

Sometime previous to this, the Earl of Rochester had designed to bring in a bill, which he described as concerning the security of the nation, and the means whereby such security was to be accomplished, consisted in bringing over the Electress Sophia to permanently reside in England.

The party advocating this measure comprised men who were anything but zealous for the interests of the family for whose profit it was designed; but they favored it, for the sufficient political reason that it was a measure displeasing to Queen Anne. It was hoped by them, that out of the discussion a confusion might arise, from which something favorable might be drawn for the pretensions of the "Prince of Wales." "They reckoned such a motion would be popular, and if either the Court or the Whigs, on whom the Court was now beginning to look more favorably, should oppose it, this would cast a load on them as men, who after all the zeal they had expressed for that succession, did now, upon the hopes of favor at Court, throw it up; and those who had been hitherto considered as the enemies of that house, might hope, by this motion, to overcome all the prejudices that the nation had

taken up against them; and they might create a merit to themselves in the minds of that family, by this early zeal, which they resolved now to express for it."

In a subsequent session of Parliament, the question of the residence in this country of the declared successor to the crown was introduced into more than one debate. At all these debates (in the House of Lords) Queen Anne herself was present. Lord Haversham, in his speech, arraigning the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough in his various campaigns, touched also on this matter. "He said we had declared a successor to the crown, who was at a great distance from us,—while the pretender was much nearer, and Scotland was aroused and ready to receive him; and seemed resolved not to have the same successor for whom England had declared; there were threatening dangers that hung over us, and might be near us. He concluded that he did not see how they could be prevented, and the nation made safe, by any other way but by inviting the next successor to come and live among us." The Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Rochester, Nottingham, and Anglesea, carried on the debate with great earnestness. "It was urged that they had sworn to maintain the succession, and by that they were bound to insist on the motion, since there were no means so sure to maintain it as to have the successor upon the spot, ready to maintain his right. It appeared through our whole history, that whoever came first into England had always carried it; the pretending successor might be in England within three days; whereas it might be three weeks before the declared successor could come; from thence it was inferred that the danger was apparent and dreadful if the successor should not be brought over. With these lords, by a strange reverse, all the Tories joined; and by another, and as strange a reverse, all the Whigs joined in opposing it. They thought this motion was to be left wholly to the queen; that it was neither proper nor safe, either for the crown or the nation, that the heir should not be in an entire dependence on the Queen; a rivalry between two courts might bring us into great destruction, and be attended with very ill consequences; the next successor had expressed a full satisfaction, and rested on the assurances the queen had given her, of her firm

adherence to the title, and to the maintaining of it. The nation was prepared for it by orders the queen had given to name her in the daily prayers of the church; great endeavors had been used to bring the Scotch nation to declare the same successor. It was true we still wanted one great security, we had not yet made any provisions for carrying on the government, for maintaining the public quiet, for proclaiming, and for sending for the successor, and for keeping things in order till the successor should come. It seemed, therefore, necessary to make an effectual provision against the disorders that might happen in such an interval. This was proposed first by myself, (Burnet) and seconded by the Lord Godolphin, and all the Whigs went into it; and so the question was put before the other motion, as first put, by a previous division, whether that should be put or not, and was carried in the negative by about three to one."

If this be not elegantly, it is at least clearly expressed by Burnet, who, in adding that the queen was present throughout this monstrous debate, informs us that her majesty was "annoyed at the behaviour of some who, when they had credit with her, and apprehended that such a motion might be made by the Whigs, had possessed her with deep prejudices against it, for they made her apprehend that when the next successor should be brought over, she herself would be so eclipsed by it, that she would be much in the successor's power, and reign only at her, or his courtesy; yet these very persons, having now lost their interest in her, and their posts, were driving on that very motion which they made her apprehend was the most fatal thing that could befall. This, the Duchess of Marlborough told me, but she named no person; and upon it a very black suspicion was taken up by some, that the proposers of this matter knew, or at least believed, that the queen would not agree to this motion which way soever it might be brought to her, whether in an address or in a bill; and then they might reckon that this would give such a jealousy, and create such a misunderstanding between her and the Parliament, or rather the whole nation, as would unsettle her whole government, and put all things in disorder. But this was only a suspicion, and more cannot be made of it."

Plain as all this is in some things, and suggestive in others, it does not explain much that is incomprehensible and unsatisfactory in the history of the succession settlement, and the intrigues by which it was accomplished. The question first became a serious one, when the son of Anne, her only child, the hope of Protestant England, died in the year 1700. King William bore the misfortune which had befallen his sister-in-law with that cheerful resignation which the selfish feel for the calamities of other people. He looked very sharply to the pecuniary profits to be made by the suppression of the young duke's household, and he concerned himself very little touching the outward marks of mourning which custom and decency enjoined as observance of respect. He was then himself a widowed king, in seclusion at Loo, and such of the Protestant party who believed that the marriage of Anne with George of Denmark would be productive of no further issue, busied themselves in finding eligible wives for King William, and congratulated themselves on the prospects of a succession thence to arise. William, however, did not care to second their views; and he was in this condition of disregard for the succession to the crown, when he was visited by the Electress Sophia of Hanover and her daughter the Electress of Brandenburg. The latter was that Sophia Charlotte, under whose superintendence Caroline of Anspach, the queen-consort of George II., was educated.

It was said that this visit had no other object than to secure William's influence with the Empress for the elevation of the electorate of Brandenburg to the rank of a kingdom under the name of Prussia. William, however, possessed no such influence, and the visit alluded to had no such object. The story of the rise of Prussia may be told in a very few words, and it is not disconnected from the history of Sophia Dorothea, for the crown of that kingdom subsequently rested on the brow of her only daughter.

The Polish Dukedom of Prussia had fallen, by inheritance, to the Elector of Brandenburg, in 1618. About forty years later, it was made free of all Polish jurisdiction, and annexed to Brandenburg, by treaty. During the following thirty years, the possessions of the Great Elector, as he was called, were greatly enlarged, chiefly by marriage treaties or by legal inheritance; and when

Frederick, the son of the Great Elector, succeeded to his father's dominions, in 1688, he had nothing so much at heart as the elevation of the electorate into a kingdom. He succeeded in obtaining the title of king from the Emperor of Germany, not without difficulty. His claim was grounded on the fact that he exercised sovereign right in Prussia, and it only succeeded by being supported by promises of adherence to the house of Austria in all difficulties, and by a bribe, or purchase-money, of nine millions of thalers, two hundred thousand of which went into the pockets of the Jesuits, whose agency brought the negotiation to a successful close.

In 1701, only a few months after the visit of the Electress Sophia to William at the Hague, the Elector of Brandenburg crowned himself, at Königsburg, by the style and title of "Frederick I., King in Prussia;" and then crowned the electress, his wife, as she knelt before him. Such is the brief history of the foundation of the kingdom of Prussia. Such a consummation had been eagerly obstructed by the knightly orders in Germany, and hotly opposed by Rome. The pope, who had seen the old protector of Protestantism, the Elector of Saxony, abandon his trust, could not, without much vexation, witness the establishing in Germany of a new stronghold for the reformed religion, and under the more secure and influential form of a kingdom. He represented that such a Protestant kingdom would be the eternal adversary of the Catholic house of Austria, and in such representation he was not to be gainsaid. The most amusing fact connected therewith is, that the Jesuits in Austria, for the sake of a pecuniary "consideration," furthered the establishment of the Protestant monarchy that was to prove a thorn in the side of the Catholic imperial power.

Whatever cause attracted the Electress of Hanover to Loo, she was but scurvily welcomed by William, who paid her one formal visit, and then suddenly departed for England. He probably had a dread of the old and energetic lady, who was not only anxious for the settling of the succession in her own family, but—like the provident gentleman who bowed to the statue of Jupiter in a museum, and begged the god to bear the respect in mind, if he should ever be restored to greatness again,—was also given to express

such concern for the interests of the exiled family as might insure liberal treatment from them, should they, in popular phrase, ever come to their own again.

The times, and the men of those times, were full of inconsistencies. Thus, William, who had undoubtedly first opened, as I have previously stated, negotiations with the Hanoverian family to secure their succession to a throne from which he had ejected James II., went into deep mourning, as did half England, when that exiled monarch died. The Princess Anne did the same, and yet, as queen, she projected and sanctioned the bill of attainder against the son and heir of her father;—a son whom William III. had proffered to adopt, at the peace of Ryswick!

When the old Electress of Hanover visited William at Loo, her visit may probably have had reference to a favorite project of that sovereign,—namely, the immediate succession of the electress to the throne, on his demise, to the exclusion of the Princess Anne. His papers, discovered at Kensington after his decease, contained many references to this subject; and it may have been that it was because he had so alluded to the matter, that he was reluctant to treat of it verbally. The report was certainly current at the time, that among the defunct king's papers was a written recommendation, or what might be interpreted as such, to invite the Electress of Hanover and her son to take possession of the throne of England immediately after his death. Pamphlets were published in defence of the queen's rights, against such a recommendation of exclusion. The government, indeed, declared that the report of the intended exclusion was false and groundless; which may have been the case, without affecting the request that a *hint* for such a course had really been found in the papers of the deceased king.

When the accession of Anne brought the husband of Sophia Dorothea one step nearer to the throne of England, there expired a law which was one of the most singular in connection with the law of taxation; and the singularity alone of which authorizes me to make mention of it here. In April, 1695, this law had been passed, under the title of an Act for granting to his majesty certain rates and duties upon marriages, births, and burials, and upon bachelors and widowers, "for the carrying on the war against

France with vigor." By the graduated scale of this law, which commenced with the deaths, a duke or duchess could not die without paying 50*l.* sterling for the enjoyment of the luxury. It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that the heir could not administer till such impost had been paid. A marquis could depart at a diminished cost of 40*l.*; while an earl was decreed as worth only 5*l.* less than a marquis, and his decease brought into the treasury the sum of 35*l.* The scale descended till it included "every gentleman, or so reputed, or his wife, 20*s.*," and also, "every person having a real estate of 50*l.* per annum, or in personal estate 600*l.*, to pay 20*s.*, and for his wife 10*s.*" Nobody was forgotten in this scale. No class was passed over, as the town of Berwick was when the old property tax was laid on,—an omission which the indignant town on the Tweed resented as an insult gross and undeserved.

A similar scale affected the births: a duke (or an archbishop, who throughout the scale ranked as a duke) having a first son born to him, was mulcted of 50*l.* for the honor; while the commonest citizen could not legally be a father, at less cost in taxation than "10*s.* for every son and daughter." And so again with marriages: a ducal knot carried with it the usual dignified 50*l.* to the treasury; and the scale ran gradually down till the marriage tax embraced "every person else that did not receive alms," on whom a levy was made of half-a-crown to the king, in addition to what was expected by the minister.

It is an ordinary policy to tax luxuries only; but under this law every condition of life was set down as a luxury. It was right, perhaps, to set down marriage as a luxury, for it is intended to be so; and where such is not the case, the fault lies in the parties who are too self-willed to allow it to be an enjoyment. Bachelors and widowers probably paid the impost with decent cheerfulness. Death, as an undoubted luxury, both to the patient and to the heir who profited by it, might also be fairly placed under the operation of this law. The cruelty in the enactment consisted in the rate put upon births. It was not misery enough that a man should be born, but that his welcome should be put in jeopardy by his coming in company with the tax-gatherer. I can fancy Mr.

Shandy having much to say upon this particular point; and the law is certainly obnoxious to much Shandean observation. The most seriously cruel portion of this law was that, however, which affected a class of persons who could ill afford to be so smitten as this enactment thus smote them. Not only was every person who did not receive alms compelled to pay one penny per week, but one farthing per week, *in the pound*, was levied on all servants receiving wages amounting to 4*l.* per annum. "Those," says Smollett, "who received from 8*l.* to 16*l.*, paid one halfpenny in the pound per week." The hard-working recipients of these modest earnings, therefore, paid a very serious contribution in order that the war with France might be carried on with vigor.

To return from this digression to the electoral family and the question of the succession to the crown of England, it may be observed, that on the question as to whether the Electress Sophia, and the husband of the imprisoned Sophia Dorothea, sanctioned an agitation of their interests in England, so as to give a continued uneasiness to the queen, there is much to be said on both sides. Miss Strickland, in her picturesque and able *Life of Queen Anne*, very zealously essays to prove that the Electress Sophia was unexceptionable and disinterested, as to her conduct. The historian just named cites from the journal of the lord-keeper, Cowper, what that lady states to be the official answer of the princess to all the invitations which had been agitated by the Hanoverian Tories during the year 1704 and the succeeding summer. "At the queen's Cabinet Council, Sunday, November 11th, 1705, foreign letters read in her majesty's presence, the substance remarkable, that at Hanover was a person, agent to the discontented party here, to invite over the Princess Sophia, and the electoral prince (afterwards George II.) into England, assuring them that a party here was ready to propose it. That the Princess Sophia had caused the same person to be acquainted, 'that she judged the message came from such as were enemies to her family; that she would never hearken to such a proposal, but when it came from the queen of England herself; and withal she had discouraged the attempt so much that it was believed nothing more could be said in it.'" "The moderate and humane conduct of the Princess

Sophia," adds Miss Strickland,—“conduct which the irrefragible evidence of events proved was sincere and true, did not mollify the burning jealousy of Queen Anne. If we may believe the correspondence of the Jacobite writer, Dr. Davenant, angry letters were written by Queen Anne to the Princess Sophia, who, knowing how little she had deserved them, and being of a high spirit, retorted with displeasure, yet did not alter the intrinsic integrity of her conduct. The Duchess of Marlborough was reckless in her abuse of the Protestant heiress; and it is certain, by her letters, that she worked on the mind of the queen with all her might, to keep up her jealousy and alarm, regarding the advancement of her high-minded cousin, Sophia. A running fit of angry correspondence was actually kept up between the queen and the Princess Sophia, from March 5, 1705. It was increased at every violent political agitation, until we shall see the scene of this world's glory close almost simultaneously on both the royal kinswomen.”

The truth is that Sophia, who was naturally reluctant to come to England upon a mere popular or partisan invitation, would gladly have come on the bidding of the queen. This was never given, and hence the angry correspondence. It is said that not only Anne, but that Sophia herself, would have sacrificed the interests of the House of Hanover, and would have secured the succession to the son of James II., if the latter would have consented to profess the Protestant religion. The queen and electress were perfectly safe in consenting to such a sacrifice on such a stipulation, for they might have been perfectly sure that it would never be listened to. Then again, much has been said about the disinterestedness of the electress, and of George Louis, when the rejected Whig ministry, towards the end of Anne's reign, wrote a letter to Marlborough, yet in command of the army abroad, offering to seize the queen and proclaim the Electress of Hanover, as regent, if Marlborough could bring over a force upon which he could depend, to support them. Marlborough is declared to have described such a project as one of rank insanity; and it is stated that Sophia contented herself with recommending her son to the consideration of the actual ministry. This proves nothing more, either for mother or son, than that at a period when the health of Anne

was failing, they were very prudently contented to wait for an inheritance which every day brought nearer to their grasp, from which any day it might be snatched by popular commotion.

In one year, the queen sent a request to the electress to aid her in promoting the peace of Europe, and a present to her god-daughter Anne, the first child of George Augustus and Caroline of Anspach. Earl Rivers carried both letter and present. The latter was acknowledged with cold courtesy by the electress, in a communication to the Earl of Strafford, secretary of state. The communication bears date Nov. 11, 1711; and, after saying that the gift is infinitely esteemed, the electress adds—"I would not, however, give my *parchment* for it, since that will be an everlasting monument in the archives of Hanover, and the present for the little princess will go, when she is grown up, into another family." It is suggested that by "my parchment," is meant the queen's letter to the electress, but the letter was a letter and nothing more. It was no commission, and is not likely to have been engrossed. The word "parchment," it is much more probable, had reference to the act of succession, which certainly was, and remains "an everlasting monument in the archives of Hanover."

When the daughter of Sophia Dorothea married the Prince of Prussia, the young married couple repaired to Brussels, in the hope of receiving an invitation to England from Queen Anne. They waited in vain, and returned without being noticed at all. There was something more than mere jealousy in this conduct of the British queen, and the angry allusions in the correspondence of Anne and Sophia tend to prove this; for though the latter may not have been, and probably was not, intriguing against the peace of the queen, she was desirous that the electoral prince should visit the country, while Anne was as determined that he should not come, if she and her ministry could prevent it.

In November, 1714, Anne addressed a powerful remonstrance to the aged electress, complaining that ever since the Act of Succession had been settled, there had been a constant agitation, the object of which was to bring over a prince of the Hanoverian house to reside in England, even during the writer's life. She

accuses the electress of having come, though perhaps tardily, into this sentiment, which had its origin in political pretensions, and she adds that if persevered in, it may end in consequences dangerous to the succession itself, "which is not secure any other ways than as the princess, who actually wears the crown, maintains her authority and prerogative." The royal writer makes a strong appeal to the feelings and loyalty of the dowager-electress, adding such expressions of confidence in her good intentions, as courteous people are apt to express to persons in whom they do not fully trust, and whom they would not altogether offend.

Nor was she satisfied with this alone. Her Majesty addressed a second letter to George Augustus, as Duke of Cambridge, impartially expressing her thoughts with respect to the design he had of coming into her kingdom. After a rotundity of paraphrase, which is anything but Ciceronian, she says, "I should tell you, nothing can be more dangerous to the tranquillity of my dominions, and the right of succession in your line, and consequently most disagreeable to me."

These letters undoubtedly helped to kill the proud dowager-electress, although it is said of her that "that illustrious lady had experienced too many changes of capricious fortune in her youth, to be slain with a few capricious words." The conclusion is illogical, and the terms incorrect. The words were not capricious, they were solemn, sober truth; and they thwarted her in one of her great desires. She would have been glad to see the son of the electress take his place in the House of Peers as Duke of Cambridge; and her not unnatural ambition is manifest in the words, that "she cared not when she died, if on her tomb could be recorded that she was Queen of Great Britain and Ireland." These words are said to have given great offence to Queen Anne; and some profit to Tom D'Urfey, who, standing at her majesty's side-board, during the queen's dessert, after her three o'clock dinner, received, it is said, "a fee of fifty pounds for a stanza which he composed soon after Queen Anne's refusal to invite the Elector of Hanover's son, for the purpose of taking his place as Duke of Cambridge in the house of peers." Here is a verse of the dog-

gerel which delighted the monarch, and brought guerdon to the minstrel.

The crown's far too weighty
For shoulders of eighty;
She could not sustain such a trophy.
Her hand, too, already
Has grown so unsteady,
She can't hold a sceptre;—
So Providence kept her
Away, poor old dowager Sophy!

There is evidence that the last letters of Anne really had something to do with the death of the electress. They had hardly been received and read, when her health, which certainly had been for some time failing, grew worse. She rallied, however, for a time, and was able to take exercise, but the blow had been given from which she never recovered.

Molyneux, an agent of the Duke of Marlborough, at Hanover, says:—He was on his way to the country palace of the electress, when he was suddenly informed that she had been seized with mortal illness in one of the garden walks.

"I ran up there, and found her fast expiring in the arms of the poor electoral princess (Caroline, afterwards queen of George II.) and amidst the tears of a great many of her servants, who endeavored in vain to help her. I can give you no account of her illness, but that I believe the chagrin of those villanous letters I sent you last post, has been in a great measure the cause of it. The Rheingravine who has been with her these fifteen years, has told me she never knew anything make so deep an impression on her, as the affair of the prince's journey, which I am sure she had to the last degree at heart, and she has done me the honor to tell me so twenty times. In the midst of this, however, these letters arrived, and these, I verily believe, have broken her heart, and brought her with sorrow to the grave. The letters were delivered on Wednesday at seven.

"When I came to court she was at cards, but was so full of these letters that she got up and ordered me to follow her into the garden, where she gave them to me to read, and walked, and spoke a great deal in relation to them. I believe she walked three hours

that night. The next morning, which was Thursday, I heard that she was out of order, and on going immediately to court, she ordered me to be called into her bed-chamber. She gave me the letters I sent you to copy; she bade me send them next post, and bring them afterwards to her to court. This was on Friday. In the morning, on Friday, they told me she was very well, but seemed much chagrined. She was dressed, and dined with the elector as usual. At four, she did me the honor to send to town for some other copies of the same letters; and then she was still perfectly well. She walked and talked very heartily in the orangery. After that, about six, she went out to walk in the garden, and was still very well. A shower of rain came, and as she was walking pretty fast to get to shelter, they told her she was walking a little too fast. She answered, 'I believe I do,' and dropped down on saying these words, which were her last. They raised her up, chafed her with spirits, tried to bleed her; but it was all in vain, and when I came up, she was as dead as if she had been four days so."*

Such was the end, on June 10, 1714, of a very remarkable woman; a woman who bore with more complacency than any other trial, that indeed which was scarcely a trial to her at all,—the infidelities of her husband. For the honor of that husband she herself was exceedingly jealous. This was exhibited on more than one occasion.

William III. once showed his gratitude to the Duke of Zell for political services rendered in cabinet or field, by conferring on him the Order of the Garter. This favor, however, rendered the Electress Sophia furious. She could bear complacently the infidelities and the neglect of her husband, but her mind, full of reference for etiquette, propriety, and the fitness of things, as set down by the masters of ceremonies, could not tolerate that a younger brother should wear a distinction which, so far as it went, elevated him above the elder branch of his house.

The astute lady affected to be unable to comprehend the reason for thus passing over her husband. The reason, perhaps, was that in principle she herself was a thorough Jacobite, and that Jacobite

* Letter to the Duke of Marlborough.

principles influenced the elder branch of a family which, nevertheless, was not without some hopes of rising to a throne through a popular and national triumph over these very principles.

The electress, it may be added, oscillated very actively between two extremes, and endeavored to maintain friendship with both parties. She corresponded with the dethroned James at St. Germain, and she wrote very affectionate letters to his daughter Mary, who, in succeeding him in the palace from which he had fled, rolled herself over the cushions, on which he had so lately sat, in frolicsome but unfilial delight. Her letters to Anne were marked by more ceremony than those addressed to Mary, and for this reason: she respected the latter as a clever woman, but for Anne she had a contempt, ill concealed, and a very thin cloak of civility,—deeming her to be destitute of ability, and unendowed with personal qualities to compensate for the defect. She had little more respect for Anne's father than she had for Anne herself, but in the former case she hid her want of attachment beneath a greater weight of ceremony.

But if she loved neither king nor queen in England, she had a strong feeling, or at least declared she had, in favor of the country itself. She used to speak of Great Britain as being her own native land, and expressed a wish that she might be buried beside her mother in Westminster Abbey. It is doubtful whether this expression was founded on affection or ambition, for, as we have before stated, she declared she could die happy, were she so to die as to warrant her tomb being distinguished by the inscription, "Here lies Sophia Queen of England."

"It is my own country," she used to say; and she told Lord Dartmouth, when the latter was sojourning at Hanover, that she had once in her younger days, been on the point of becoming Queen of England, by a marriage which was said to have been projected between her and Charles II. She added, in her coarse way, that England would have profited by such a marriage, for her numerous children would have rendered, as she suggested, a disputed succession less complicated;—a conclusion which was by no means logically arrived at; for in England she might not have been the prolific mother she was in Germany; and, moreover, of

that German family, the half went over to that faith, the following of which rendered them ineligible to the crown of Great Britain.

None knew better than the electress dowager on what basis her claims rested. If she neither openly nor privately agitated the question, she was not indifferent as to its consequences; and though anxious, she was quiet; and was quiet, because she was in reality sincere. In a letter, written by the electress on this very subject, and quoted by Miss Benger in her life of the mother of the electress, there is the following passage:—"I find all the fine speeches too strong; they are only fit to amuse the lower orders, for the comparing the Prince of Wales with Perkin is too strong. And it is not he who could by right deprive me of the crown. If a Catholic king could not succeed, the crown is mine by right. Without that, there are many nearer to the succession than I am. So, I do not like that the Prince of Wales should be called bastard: for I love the truth."

CHAPTER XI.

AHLDEN AND ENGLAND.

DURING marriage festivals and Court fêtes held to celebrate some step in greatness, Sophia Dorothea continued to vegetate in Ahlden. She was politically dead; and even in the domestic occurrences of her family, events in which a mother might be gracefully allowed to have a part, she enjoyed no share. The marriages of her children, and the births of *their* children, were not officially communicated to her. She was left to learn them through chance or the courtesy of individuals.

Her daughter was now the second Queen of Prussia, but the king cared not to exercise his influence in behalf of his unfortunate mother-in-law. Not that he was unconcerned with respect to her. His consort was heiress to property over which her mother had control, and Frederick was not tranquil of mind until this property had been secured as the indisputable inheritance of his wife. He was earnest enough in his correspondence with Sophia Dorothea,

until this consummation was arrived at; and when he held the writings which secured the succession of certain portions of the property of the duchess on his consort, he ceased to trouble himself further with any question connected with the unfortunate prisoner; except, indeed, that he forbade his wife to hold any further intercourse with her mother, by letter, or otherwise. This prohibition was by far too obediently observed, and Sophia Dorothea was in this much like old King Lear, that by endowing a daughter she lost a child.

Few and trivial are the incidents told of her long captivity. The latter had been embittered in 1703, by the knowledge that Mademoiselle von Schulemberg was the mother of another daughter, Margaret Gertrude, of whom the elector was the father. This child, of whom little is known, but of whom we shall have to speak in a future reign, was ten years younger than her sister, Petronilla Melusina, who subsequently figured at the Court of George II. as Countess of Walsingham, and who, as the careless and uncared-for wife of Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, gave, nevertheless, very considerable trouble to that celebrated personage, who had the spirit to be a patriot, and the tact to be a gentleman, but who had neither the tact nor the principle to be a Christian. In the latter respect, the parties were, for a time at least, not ill-matched.

Previous to the prohibition laid on his wife by the King of Prussia, an epistolary intercourse had been privately maintained between the prisoner and her daughter. Such intercourse had never the king's sanction; and when it came to his knowledge, at the period of the settlement of part of the maternal property on the daughter, he peremptorily ordered its cessation. It had been maintained chiefly by means of a Chevalier de Bar; Ludwig, a privy-counsellor at Berlin; Frederick, a page of the queen's; and a bailiff of the castle of Ahlden. There were too many confederates in a matter so simple, and the whole of them betrayed the poor lady, for whom they professed to act. The most important agent was the chevalier; in him the duchess confided longest, and in his want of faith she was the last to believe. He had introduced himself to her by sending her presents of snuff, no unusual present to a lady in those days,—though it is pretended that these gifts

bore a peculiar signification, known only to the donor and the recipient. They probably had less meaning than the presents forwarded to her by her daughter, consisting now of her portrait, another time of a watch, or some other trinket, which served to pass a letter with it, in which were filial injunctions to the poor mother to be patient and resigned, and to put no trust in the Count de Bar.

The prisoner did not heed the counsel, but continued to confide in a man who was prodigal of promise, and traitorous of performance. Her hopes were fixed upon escaping, but they were foiled by the watchfulness of noble spies, who exultingly told her that her husband was a king. And it is asserted that she might have been a recognized queen if she would but have confessed that she had failed in obedience towards her husband. It is certain that a renewed, but it may not have been an honest, attempt at reconciliation was made just previous to the accession of George I., but the old reply fell from the prisoner's lips:—"If I am guilty, I am not worthy of him; if I am innocent, he is not worthy of me."

I have already noticed the death of the Electress Sophia, and the causes of that death,—in 1714. It was followed very shortly after by the demise of Queen Anne. This event had taken all parties somewhat by surprise. They stood face to face, as it were, over the dying queen. The Jacobites were longing for her to name her brother as her successor, whom they would have proclaimed at once at the head of the army. The Hanoverian party were feverish with fears and anticipations, but they had the regency dressed up, and ready in the back ground; and Secretary Craggs, booted and spurred, was making such haste as could then be made, on his road to Hanover, to summon King George. The Jacobite portion of the cabinet was individually bold in resolving what ought to be done, but they were, bodily, afraid of the responsibility of doing it. Each man of each faction had *his* king's name ready upon his lips, awaiting only that the lethargy of the queen should be succeeded by irretrievable death, to give it joyful utterance. Anne died on the first of August, 1714; the Jacobites drew a breath of hesitation; and in the meantime, the active Whigs instantly proclaimed King George, gave Addison

the mission of announcing the demise of one sovereign to another, who was that sovereign's successor, and left the Jacobites to their vexation, and their threatened redress.

Lord Berkley was sent with the fleet to Orange Polder, in Holland, there to bring over the new king, but Craggs had not only taken a very long time to carry his invitation to the monarch, but the husband of Sophia, when he received it, showed no hot haste to take advantage thereof. The Earl of Dorset was despatched over to press his immediate coming, on the ground of the affectionate impatience of his new subjects. The king was no more moved thereby than he was by the first announcement of Lord Clarendon, the English ambassador, at Hanover. On the night of the 5th of August, that envoy had received an express, announcing the demise of the Queen. At two o'clock in the morning he hastened with what he supposed the joyful intelligence to Herrnhausen, and caused George Louis to be aroused, that he might be the first to salute him as king. The new monarch yawned, expressed himself vexed, and went to sleep again as calmly as any serene highness. In the morning, some one delicately hinted, as if to encourage the husband of Sophia Dorothea in staying where he was, that the presbyterian party in England was a dangerous regicidal party. "Not so," said George, who seemed to be satisfied that there was no peril in the new greatness; "Not so; I have nothing to fear from the king-killers; they are all on my side." But still he tarried; one day decreeing the abolition of the excise, the next ordering, like King Arthur in Fielding's tragedy, all the insolvent debtors to be released from prison. While thus engaged, London was busy with various pleasant occupations. On the 3d of August, the late queen was opened; and on the following day her bowels were buried, with as much ceremony as they deserved, in Westminster Abbey. The day subsequent to this ceremony, the Duke of Marlborough, who had been in voluntary exile abroad, and whose office in command of the imperial armies had been held for a short time, and not discreditably, by George Louis, made a triumphant entry into London. The triumph, however, was marred by the sudden breaking down of his coach at Temple-Bar,—an accident ominous of his not again

rising to power. The Lords and Commons then sent renewed assurances of loyalty to Hanover, and renewed prayers that the lord there would doff his electoral cap, and come and try his kingly crown. To quicken this, the lower house, on the 10th, voted him the same revenues the late queen had enjoyed,—excepting those arising from the Duchy of Cornwall, which were, by law, invested in the Prince of Wales. On the 13th, Craggs arrived in town to herald the king's coming; and on the 14th, the Hanoverian party were delighted to hear that on the Pretender repairing from Louvain to Versailles, to implore of Louis to acknowledge him publicly as king, the French monarch had pleaded, in bar, his engagements with the House of Hanover; and that thereon the Pretender had returned dispirited to Louvain. On the 24th of the month, the late queen's body was privately buried in Westminster Abbey, by order of her successor, who appeared to have a dread of finding the old lady of his young love yet upon the earth. This order was followed by another, which ejected from their places many officials who had hoped to retain them,—and chief of these was Bolingbroke. London then became excited at hearing that the king had arrived at the Hague on the 5th of September. It was calculated that the nearer he got to his kingdom, the more accelerated would be his speed; but George was not to be hurried. Madame Kielmansegge, who shared what was called his regard, with Mademoiselle von Schulemburg, had been retarded in her departure from Hanover by the heaviness of her debts. The daughter of the Countess von Platen would not have been worthy of her mother, had she suffered herself to be long detained by such a trifle. She, accordingly, gave her creditors the slip, set off to Holland, and was received with a heavy sort of delight, by the king. The exemplary couple tarried alone a week at the Hague; and on the 16th December, George and his retinue set sail for England. Between that day and the day of his arrival at Greenwich, the heads of the Regency were busy in issuing decrees:—now it was for the prohibition of fireworks on the day of his majesty's entry; next against the admission of unprivileged carriages into Greenwich Park on the king's arrival; and, lastly, one promising one

hundred thousand pounds to any loyal subject who might be lucky enough to catch the Pretender in England, and who would bring him a prisoner to London.

On the 18th of September, the king landed at Greenwich; and on the two following days, while he sojourned there, he was waited on by various officials, who went smiling to the foot of the throne, and came away frowning at the scurvy treatment they received there. They who thought themselves the most secure endured the most disgraceful falls, especially the Duke of Ormond, who, as captain-general, had been three parts inclined to proclaim the Pretender. He repaired in gorgeous array to do homage to King George; but the king would only receive his staff of office, and would *not* see the ex-bearer of it; who returned home with one dignity the less, and for George one enemy the more.

The public entry into London on the 20th was splendid, and so was the court holden at St. James's on the following day. A lively incident, however, marked the proceedings of this first court. Colonel Chudleigh, in the crowd, branded Mr. Allworth, M.P. for New Windsor, as a Jacobite; whereupon they both left the palace, went in a coach to Marylebone-fields, and fought there a duel, in which Mr. Allworth was killed on the spot. It was the first libation of blood offered to the king.

Were it not that we know how much more intensely the poets love the Muses than they care for Truth, we might be puzzled in our endeavors to reconcile the rhyming records of England's welcome to George I. with the narrations given in simple prose by eye-witnesses of the incidents which they narrate.

No poet deplored—that is, no poet affected to deplore—the decease of Anne, with such profundity of jingling grief, as Young. He had not then achieved a name, and he was eagerly desirous to build up a fortune. His threnodia on the death of Queen Anne is a fine piece of measured maudlin; but the author appears to have bethought himself, ere he had expended half his stock of sorrows, that there would be more profit in welcoming a living than bewailing a defunct monarch. Accordingly, wiping up his tears, and arraying his face in the blandest of smiles, he thus falls to the dou-

ble task of recording the reception of George, and registering his merits. He first, however, apologetically states, as his warrant for turning from weeping for Anne to cheering for George, that all the sorrow in the world cannot reverse doom, that groans cannot “unlock th’ inexorable tomb;” that a fond indulgence of woe is sad folly, for, from such a course, he exclaims, with a fine eye to a poet’s profit,—

What fruit can rise or what advantage flow!

So, turning his back from the tomb of Anne to the throne of George, he grandiosely waves his hat, and thus he sings:—

Welcome great stranger to Britannia’s throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hope reach’d out and met thee on the main.
With pray’r we smooth the billows for thy feet,
With ardent wishes fill thy swelling sheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion’s shore,
We, bending, bless’d the Gods and ask’d no more!
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom interest joins, and chase our foes,
Repel the daring youth’s presumptuous aim,
And by his rival’s greatness give him fame?
Now, in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit without a blush the British crown;
Secure his honor, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

This sneer at the Pretender is as contemptible as the flattery of George is gross; and the picture of an entire nation on its knees, blessing Olympus, and bidding the gods to restrain all further gifts, is as magnificent a mixture of bombast and blasphemy as ever was made up by venal poet. But here is more of it:—

Nor think, great sir, now first at this late hour,
In Britain’s favor you exert your power,
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace;
Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine,

In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid :
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

Such is the record of a rhymers; Walpole, in plain and truthful prose, tells a very different story. He informs us that the London mob—no Jacobites, be it remembered, but, to paraphrase Nell Gwynne's celebrated phrase, "a good Protestant mob," were highly diverted at the importation by the king of his uncommon seraglio of ugly women. "They were food," he says, "for all the venom of the Jacobites," and so far from Britain thanking him for coming himself, or for bringing with him *these* numerous tokens of his princely grace, "nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court, and chanted even in their hearing about the public streets."

As for the great balance of debt which Young struck against poor Britannia for the outlay of genius on the part of George, the creditor did not fail to exact payment, with a large amount of compound interest, both out of the national purse and the national peerage. Mademoiselle von Schulemberg was created Duchess of Kendal. "The younger Mademoiselle von Schulemberg, who came over with her, and was created Countess of Walsingham, passed for her niece, but was so like the king, that it is not very credible that the Duchess, who had affected to pass for cruel, had waited for the left-handed marriage." Lady Walsingham, as before said, was afterwards married to the celebrated Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

To the Duchess of Kendal,—George, who was so shocked at the infidelity of which his wife was alleged to be guilty, was to the mistress as inconstant as to the wife he had been untrue. He set aside the former, to put in her place Madame Kielmansegge, called, like her mother, Countess von Platen. On the death of her husband, in 1721, he raised her to the rank of Countess of Leinster in Ireland, Countess of Darlington and Baroness of Brentford in England. Coxe says of her, that her power over the king was not equal to that of the Duchess of Kendal, but her character for

rapacity was not inferior. Horace Walpole has graphically portrayed Lady Darlington in the following passage :

"Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the duchess was long and emaciated. The fierce black eyes, large, and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed, and was not distinguished from, the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress."

But Parnassus itself was far from being unanimous in welcoming the first king of the House of Brunswick. The Jacobite lyrists mounted Pegasus, and made him kick rather menacingly against the Hanoverian succession. The Hanover poets, indeed were the first in the field. Thus, Anne died on the 1st of August, 1714, and six days afterwards the violent Whig "Flying Post" suppressed its columns of intelligence in order to make room for piles of political poetry. Among the rest was "A Hanover Garland," in which the following flower of poetry was wreathed :—

Keep out, keep out H(anover)'s line,
'Tis only J(ame)s has right divine,
So Romish parsons cant and whine,
And sure we must believe them.
But if their prince can't come in peace
Their stock will every day decrease,
And they will ne'er see Perkin's face,
So their false hopes deceive them.

Against these tilers the first Tory poet who appeared in the field was Ned Ward, the publican, who took advantage of the public return of the Duke of Marlborough from his voluntary exile, to ridicule the circumstance, and the parties engaged in the procession, as seditious and republican in character. Ned satirized the "Low-church elders," and added, against the Whig mercantile community :—

Next these who, like to blazing stars,
Portend domestic feuds and wars,
Came managers and bank-directors,
King-killers, monarchy electors,
And votaries for lord-protectors ;

That, had old subtle Satan spread
His net o'er all the cavalcade,
He might at one surprising pull
Have fill'd his lower dominion full—
Of atheists, rebels, Whigs, and traitors,
Reforming knaves and regulators;
And eased at once this land of more
And greater plagues than Egypt bore.

The mob had a strong Tory leaven at this time, and among the multitude circulated a mass of broadsides and ballads, of so openly a seditious character, that the power of the law was stringently applied to suppress the evil. Before the year was out, half the provincial towns in England were infected with seditious sentiments against the Whig government, which had brought in a king whose way of life was a scandal to them. This feeling of contempt for both king and government, was wide as well as deep, and it was so craftily made use of by the leaders of public opinion, that before George had been three months upon the throne, the "High-church rabble," as the Tory party was called, in various country towns, were violent in their proceedings against the government; and at Axminster, in Devonshire, shouted for the Pretender, and drank his health as King of England. The conduct of George to his wife, Sophia Dorothea, was as satirically dealt with, in the way of censure, as any of his delinquencies, and his character as a husband was not forgotten in the yearly tumults of his time, which broke out on every recurring anniversary of Queen Anne's birth-day (the 23d of April,) to the end of his reign.

If the new king was dissatisfied with his new subjects, he liked as little the manners of England. "This is a strange country," said his majesty; "the first morning after my arrival at St. James', I looked out of the window, and saw a park, with walks, a canal, and so forth, which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal, and I was told that I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant, for bringing me *my own* carp, out of *my own* canal, in *my own* park!"

The monarch's mistresses as much loved to receive money as

the king himself loved little to part from it. The Duchess of Kendal's rapacity has been mentioned; one instance of it is mentioned by Coxe, on the authority of Sir Robert Walpole, to the effect that "the restoration of Lord Bolingbroke was the work of the Duchess of Kendal. He gained the duchess by a present of eleven thousand pounds, and obtained a promise to use her influence over the king for the purpose of forwarding his complete restoration." Horace Walpole states that the duchess was no friend of Sir Robert, and wished to make Lord Bolingbroke minister in his room. The rapacious mistress was jealous of Sir Robert's credit with the monarch. Monarch and minister transacted business through the medium of indifferent Latin; the king not being able to speak English, and Sir Robert, like a country gentleman of England, knowing nothing of either German or French. "It was much talked of," says the lively writer of the reminiscences of the courts of the first two Georges, "that Sir Robert, detecting one of the Hanoverian ministers in some trick or falsehood before the king's face, had the firmness to say to the German, '*Mentiris impudentissime!*'" The good-humored monarch only laughed, as he often did when Sir Robert complained to him of his Hanoverians selling places, nor would be persuaded that it was not the practice of the English court." The singularity of this complaint is, that it was made by a minister who was notorious for complacently saying that "Every man in the House of Commons had his price."

The king laughed, simply because he loved to lead an untroubled life. The parade of royalty was abhorrent to him, solely on the same account. To the theatre he went in no state; "nor did he sit in the stage-box, nor forwards, but behind the Duchess of Kendal and Lady Walsingham, in the second box, afterwards allotted to the maids of honor." This spectacle must have been edifying to the "house," yet one not likely to induce love or loyalty for the House of Brunswick, as then represented. A king living in open violation of God's commandments, coldly calling on his people to witness the uncleanness of his sin, and at the same time shutting up his wife in close captivity, for no better reason, apparently, than that her temper was incompatible with his—which was likely enough—was surely a sight to perplex those very gods to

whom, Young said, all Britain bent in humble thankfulness for such a blessing. I can fancy Dan Mercury looking down upon such a sight, and exclaiming, as he saw the jumbling of triumphs for the unrighteous, oppression for the innocent, and praise offered by the vain to the wicked, that in this lower world, as *Stephen Blackpool* has since remarked, "it was all muddle!"

CHAPTER XII.

CROWN AND GRAVE.

WHILE Sophia Dorothea continued to linger in her prison, her husband and son, with the mistresses of the former and the wife of the latter, were enjoying the advantages and anxieties which surround a throne. The wife of the Prince of Wales, Caroline, arrived at Margate on the 13th of October. She was accompanied by her two eldest daughters, Anne and Amelia. Mother and children rested during one day in the town where they had landed, slept one night at Rochester, and arrived at St. James's on the 15th. The royal coronation took place in Westminster Abbey on the 20th of the same month. Amid the pomp of the occasion, no one appears to have thought of her who should have been queen-consort. There was much splendor and some calamity, for, as the procession was sweeping by, several people were killed by the fall of scaffolding in the Palace-Yard. The new king entered the Abbey amid the cheers and screams of an excited multitude.

Three days after, the monarch, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, dined with the Lord Mayor and corporation, in the Guildhall, London, and there George performed the first grateful service to his people, by placing a thousand guineas in the hands of the sheriffs, for the relief of the wretched debtors then immured in the neighboring horrible prisons of Newgate and the Fleet.

Within a month, the general festivities were a little marred by the proclamation of the pretender, dated from Lorraine, wherein he laid claim to the throne which George was declared to have

usurped. At this period the Duke of Lorraine was a sovereign prince, maintaining an envoy at our court; but the latter was ordered to withdraw from the country immediately after the arrival of the "Lorraine proclamation," by the French mail. Already George I. began to feel that on the throne he was destined to enjoy less quiet than his consort in her prison.

The counter-proclamations made in this country, chiefly on account of the Jacobite riots at Oxford and some other places, were made up of nonsense and malignity, and were well calculated to make a good cause wear the semblance of a bad one. They decreed, or announced, thanksgiving on the 20th of January, for the accession of the House of Hanover; and, to show what a portion of the people had to be thankful for, they ordered a rigorous execution of the laws against papists, nonjurors, and dissenters generally, who were assumed to be, as a matter of course, disaffected to the reigning house.

The government was earnest in its intentions. Vine, a comedian, was prosecuted for a libel contained in his "Reasons humbly offered to the Parliament for abrogating the observation of the 30th of January." But this was an innocent libel enough, compared with others such as that of Hornby's, in his "Advice to the Freethinkers of England," in which it was affirmed that the Whig government would overturn the constitution in Church and State, alter the law of limitations in the power of the crown, establish a standing army, crush public liberty, and "encourage the people to abuse the memory of good Queen Anne." A reward of a thousand pounds was conferred on the discoverer of the author of this libel. Some of its assertions appeared, however, to be justified in the king's first proclamation for the electing a new parliament. In this document his majesty charged the late House of Commons with being Jacobitical, and desired his subjects to elect men of an opposite tendency. His desire was tolerably well obeyed; but when the king told the new parliament that the public debt had increased in peace, and diminished during war,—and when the commons, in their address, encouraged the monarch in his warlike propensities,—the freethinkers were more obstinate than ever in their

opinion that liberty was doomed to die beneath the heels of a standing army.

Not that much pains could be said to have been taken by the government to conciliate the army. On the first anniversary of the king's birth-day, the 28th of May, the first regiment of Guards, and divisions of other regiments, broke out into open mutiny, on the ground that they were furnished with clothes and linen that were not fit to be worn on the royal birth-day. The Duke of Marlborough, who had succeeded Ormond as Captain-General, sallied from his house in the Mall, and made a speech to the soldiers in the park. But some of the men stripped off their jackets and shirts, and flung them over the wall of the duke's garden and of that behind St. James's Palace, while others, hoisting the linen garments on poles, paraded them about the streets, exclaiming, "Look at our Hanover shirts!" Reparation was promised the army agents and tradesmen were blamed, and the men were enjoined to burn clothes and shirts in front of Whitehall,—an order which they obeyed with alacrity. Amid it all, the little Princess Caroline, youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had arrived only two days before in London, took her first drive in public. Her little highness must have been startled at the contrast between the noisy metropolis and the quiet city of Hanover; the streets of the latter all tranquillity, those of the former full of prostrate Whigs, knocked down by strong-armed Tories for refusing to join in the shout of "High Church and the Duke of Ormond."

The duke gained little by his popularity, for he, in common with Bolingbroke and other lords, were impeached on the charge of high treason. The far-seeing eye of the king, however, looked beyond such offenders as these; and while peers and commoners were being committed to prison, or were flying from the country, a poor cobbler was whipped from Holloway to Highgate for no more grievous offence than reflecting upon certain measures of the government. The university of Oxford was as free of thought, act, and expression as the cobbler of Holloway. The attainder of Ormond deprived him of his university chancellorship, whereupon King George set up the Prince of Wales as a candidate for the

office. Oxford, to show its contempt for the new dynasty, rejected the prince, and chose Lord Arran, the Duke of Ormond's brother. The king was so vexed that he wished himself back again at Hanover, and perhaps it was his vexation which prompted him, at this very time, to order an increase of rigor to be inflicted upon his poor imprisoned wife at Ahlden. Nor did he spare Oxford; whither a detachment of dragoons was sent, under the command of a major, appropriately named Pepper, who suddenly seized upon such members of the university as were suspected of being more inclined to "James the Eighth of Scotland," than to "George the First of England."

Meanwhile, less noble offenders were punished with more severity, and Tyburn-tree creaked with the weight of men who had enlisted soldiers for the pretender. At this moment, the Duke of Somerset gave up his office of master of the horse, and the husband of Sophia Dorothea appointed to the vacant post, the German lady, Mademoiselle von Schulemberg, mistress of the monarch and the mews! The son of Sophia Dorothea also succeeded in obtaining office, and the rejected of the University of Oxford was elected Chancellor by the University of Dublin.

In the mean time the failure of the rebellion in Scotland had given the king joy, but had not inspired him with mercy. Executions were of daily occurrence, and when the president of the council, the Earl of Nottingham, ventured to suggest that the royal prerogative of mercy was the brightest gem in a kingly crown, he was turned out of his place, and all his kinsmen who were in office were similarly treated. The king, however, granted their lives to several of the prisoners taken on the pretender's side, but nearly the whole of them perished in prison, through the severity of the season and the want of the necessaries of life.

The first year of the accession of George was certainly not an untroubled one, and he, probably with all his grandeur, was less happy than the wife whom he held in such rigorous captivity. The very heavens themselves seemed to threaten him, and we are expressly told in the journals of the time, that the year ended with dire phenomena in the sky, columns and pillars of continually flashing light, carrying terror into the minds of all beholders, who,

lacking simple knowledge, deemed that the heavens were not less out of joint than the earth.

In the following year, the government exhibited little sense in the application of their power. The wearing of oak-boughs on the 29th of May, in memory of the restoration, was deemed an insult to the government: two soldiers were whipped (almost to death) in Hyde Park, for carrying oak-apples in their caps, and guards were posted in the streets to prevent all persons from carrying white roses, some bearers of which were, on refusal to surrender this badge, very unceremoniously shot by the rude soldiery. The king complacently told his faithful commons that all his money had been wasted on the Jacobite faction, and had been met by ingratitude and more active treason. The monarch's favors however were but inconsiderately scattered; and if the people could contemplate without regret, the nomination of his brother, Ernest Augustus, to be Duke of York and Albany, and Earl of Ulster, they were rather rough of comment when he raised Mademoiselle von Schulemburg to the dignities of Baroness of Dundalk, Countess of Dungannon, Duchess of Munster, and finally, Duchess of Kendal.

In contrast with these palace incidents, I may notice an incident of the streets. It is recorded by Salmon in the "Chronological Historian," under the date of July 23, 1716, and is to this effect:—"The sons of Whiggism, having assembled at a mug-house, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, after they were a little elevated, ventured to attack some Tories, who were got together in the Swan ale-house, over against them; whereupon the Tories returned their visit, drove them to their head-quarters, and demolished the bar, wainscot, &c. below stairs; whereupon the mug-house sent for arms and assistance, and one of the Tory men was shot dead upon the spot by the master of the mug-house, which so provoked the other side, that had not the guards come in to the assistance of the mug gentlemen, a severe revenge had probably been taken." Although the Whigs were the original aggressors, the Tories were the most severely punished; "five of them (two of whom were brothers) were convicted of felony, in not dispersing themselves on the reading of the proclamation at the late riot, near the mug-house

in Salisbury Court, and were hanged at the end of Salisbury Court, in Fleet Street, the 22d inst." (September.) A further incident worth narrating is, that the bearers at the funeral of one of these executed men, were arrested, and "fined 20 marks a-piece," for "wearing their favors" in St. Bride's church-yard. The people were indignant at such oppression; and when, on the 9th of November, the Princess of Wales gave birth to a still-born son, the Tories looked upon the event as a judgment, and even hoped for the entire failure of the royal line. The king was in Hanover at the time, when he invested his brother the Duke of York, and Prince Frederick with the order of the Garter. He even partook of the pleasures of the chase in the woods around Ahlden; but except ordering a more stringent rule for the safe-keeping of his consort, he took no further notice of Sophia Dorothea. He returned to London on the 18th January, 1716-17, and on that day week, hearing that the episcopal clergy of Scotland continued to refuse to pray for him, he issued a decree, which compelled many to fly the country, or otherwise abscond. The English clergy experienced even harsher treatment for less offence. I may mention, as an instance, the case of the Rev. Laurence Howell, who for writing a pamphlet called "The State of Schism in the Church of England truly stated," was stripped of his gown by the executioner, fined 500*l.*, imprisoned three years, and twice publicly whipped by the hangman!

On the 2nd of November, 1717, the Princess of Wales gave birth to a son, who was christened by the name of George William, at St. James's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 28th of the same month; the king and the Duke of Newcastle were god-fathers, and the Duchess of St. Alban's godmother. On the following day, the Prince of Wales, by order of his father, removed from St. James's, and went to reside at the house of the Princess's chamberlain, the Earl of Grantham's, in Arlington Street. The princess accompanied him, but their children remained at the palace.

This removal is connected with a palace incident of some interest. The Prince of Wales had wished that his uncle, the Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburg, should be, with the king, sponsor to

his child. George I. peremptorily named the Duke of Newcastle as co-sponsor, and would hear of no other. The duke, then secretary of state, was hateful to the prince, whom he treated with studied neglect; and when the ceremony of christening had been brought to a close in the princess's bed-chamber, the prince crossed from the foot of the bed where he had been standing with his wife's maids of honor, to the side of the bed where the duke was standing near the king, and there holding up his hand and forefinger menacingly, said, in broken English, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you,"—meaning, "I shall find a time to be revenged." The king, affecting to understand this as a challenge to fight, placed his son under arrest; but soon releasing him therefrom, turned him out of the palace, retaining the three eldest daughters, who resided with him till his decease.

The dissensions between George I. and his son are said to have arisen long previous to the accession of the former. The respect which the prince once entertained for his mother Sophia Dorothea, may have had much to do with the matter, but politics had also something to do therewith. Before the Act of Settlement, the Electress Sophia was a Jacobite in principle; "but," says Walpole, "no sooner had King William procured a settlement of the crown, after Queen Anne, on her electoral highness, than nobody became a stauncher Whig than the Princess Sophia, nor could be more impatient to mount the throne of the exiled Stuarts. It is certain that during the reign of Anne, the Elector George was inclined to the Tories; though after his mother's death, and his own accession, he gave himself to the opposite party. But if he and his mother espoused different factions, Sophia found a ready partisan in her grandson the electoral prince; and it is true that the demand made by the prince of his writ of summons to the House of Lords, as Duke of Cambridge, which no wonder was so offensive to Queen Anne, was made in concert with his grandmother, without the privity of the elector his father." To these causes of offence may be added the royal sire's jealousy, as is supposed, of his son. On the first absence of the king from England, the Prince of Wales was appointed regent, but he was never intrusted with that high office a second time. "It is probable," says Walpole, "that the

son discovered too much fondness for acting the king, as that the father conceived a jealousy of his having done so. Sure it is, that on the king's return, great divisions arose in the court, and the Whigs were divided,—some devoting themselves to the wearer of the crown, and others to the expectant." So that, in the second year of his reign, the king not only held his wife in prison, but his son and heir was banished from his presence. He even went so far as to declare to the peers and peeresses of Great Britain and Ireland, and to all privy councillors and their wives, that if any of them should go to the court of the Prince and Princess of Wales, they should forbear to come into his majesty's presence. At the same time that this example of family division was being given to the kingdom, George I. created Prince Frederick, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Duke of Gloucester; and a day or two later, the little Prince George William, at whose christening the scene of violence had occurred, died at the age of three months and three days. The body was privately interred in Westminster Abbey on the 12th of February, the Bishop of Rochester reading the funeral service. At this time the Prince of Wales had retired to the house in "Leicester Fields," which he had recently purchased. This house stood in the northeast corner of the square, and was originally built by the Earl of Leicester, father of Waller's "Sacharissa." The earl let it to persons of "condition," after ceasing to reside in it himself. There died the mother of the Electress Sophia. It was subsequently, and successively, occupied by the French and German ambassadors, and it was thence (when the Emperor of Germany's envoy resided there) that Beau Fielding procured the priest who married him privately, in Pall Mall, to Mrs. Mary Wadsworth.

About a month after the Prince of Wales had purchased Leicester House, he was nearly called upon to leave it again, for the palace, by the attempt at assassination made by a lad, named Shepherd, upon George I. This was on the 6th of March, 1717. The young assassin was only eighteen years of age, and was apprentice to a coach-painter. He looked upon the act as being so meritorious, that when Lord Chesterfield, just previous to his execution, asked what he would do if the king forgave his attempt to shoot

his child. George I. peremptorily named the Duke of Newcastle as co-sponsor, and would hear of no other. The duke, then secretary of state, was hateful to the prince, whom he treated with studied neglect; and when the ceremony of christening had been brought to a close in the princess's bed-chamber, the prince crossed from the foot of the bed where he had been standing with his wife's maids of honor, to the side of the bed where the duke was standing near the king, and there holding up his hand and forefinger menacingly, said, in broken English, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you,"—meaning, "I shall find a time to be revenged." The king, affecting to understand this as a challenge to fight, placed his son under arrest; but soon releasing him therefrom, turned him out of the palace, retaining the three eldest daughters, who resided with him till his decease.

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him, the boy replied, "I would do it again." He met his fate at Tyburn without exhibiting the slightest mark of fear; and Chesterfield said of him, that "Reason declared him to be a Regulus, but that silly Prejudice was against it." The most important public affair of the following year was the signing of the quadruple alliance treaty between Great Britain, France, Germany, and Holland, whereby these powers were, among other obligations, bound to support the succession to the British crown as fixed by the present law of the land.

Passing over the record of public events, the next interesting fact connected with the private life of the faithless husband of Sophia Dorothea, was the marriage of his daughter Charlotte, of whom Madame Kielmansegge (his younger mistress) was the mother, with Lord Viscount Howe (of the kingdom of Ireland). The bride was never publicly acknowledged as the daughter of the king, but the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II., "treated Lady Howe's daughter, 'Mistress Howe,' as a princess of the blood-royal, and presented her with a ring, containing a small portrait of George I., with a crown in diamonds." The best result of this marriage was, that the famous Admiral Howe was a descendant of the contracting parties, and that was the only benefit which the country derived from the vicious conduct of George I. If the marriage of the child of one mistress tended to mortify the vanity of another, as is said to have been the case with the Schu-lemberg, King George found a way to pacify her. That lady was already Duchess of Munster, in Ireland, and the king, in April, 1719, created her a baroness, countess, and duchess of Great Britain, by the name, style, and title of Baroness of Glastonbury, Countess of Feversham, and Duchess of Kendal; and this done, the king soon after embarked at Gravesend for Hanover. It was during his absence that a Spanish invasion of Scotland, by a small force, in conjunction with a body of Highlanders, in behalf of the pretender, was promptly suppressed by General Wightman, to whom the whole of the Spaniards, some three hundred men only, surrendered at discretion.

The year 1720 saw King George more upon the Continent than at home, where indeed universal misery reigned, in conse-

quence of the bursting of the great South Sea bubble, which had promised such golden solidity,—which ended in such disappointment and ruin, and for furthering which the Duchess of Kendal and her daughter received bribes of 10,000*l.* each. In April of the following year, William Augustus was born at Leicester House. The daughter of Sophia Dorothea was his godmother; her husband and the Duke of York were the godfathers. This son of George Augustus and Caroline of Anspach, Prince and Princess of Wales, was afterwards famous as the Duke of Cumberland. It was in July of this same year that the king conveyed to the House of Commons the pleasant piece of information that the debts on his civil list amounted to more than half a million. He asked that body to provide for the payment of the same, and the obsequious house did what was asked of it! No wonder that on the anniversary of the restoration, seditious oak-apples were seen in the citizens' hats; that on the 10th of June, the pretender's birth-day, white roses decorated their button-holes; and that on the 23d of August, Queen Anne's natal day, there was much toasting of the memory of a queen who, throughout her reign, had not cost her country the blood and treasure which that country paid in any single year for her successor. It was scarcely a month after the royal request to the representatives of the people to pay the penalty of the king's extravagance, by advancing above half a million of money, when he quartered his mistress, Sophia Charlotte, Madame Kielmansegge, on the civil list of Ireland, and dignified the act by creating her Countess of Leinster!

On the 17th of January, 1721, the royal family went into mourning, and this was the only domestic incident of the reign in which Sophia Dorothea was allowed to participate. With her, the mourning was not a mere formality; it was not assumed, but was a testimony offered, in sign of her sorrow, for the death of her mother Eleanora, Duchess of Zell. In an anonymous biography of her daughter, the duchess is said to have died on the 24th of February, 1722, but the Court of St. James's went into mourning for her on the 11th of February of the preceding year. She had seen little of her daughter for some time previous to her death, but

she bequeathed to her as much of her private property as she had power to dispose of by will.

Sophia Dorothea had now a considerable amount of funds placed to her credit in the bank of Amsterdam. Of the incidents of her captivity nothing whatever is known, save that it was most rigidly maintained. She was forgotten by the world, because unseen, and they who kept her in prison were as silent about her as the keepers of the Man in the Iron Mask were about that mysterious object of their solicitude. Where little is known, there is little to be told. The captive bore her restraint with a patience which even her daughter must have admired; but she was not without hopes of escaping from a thralldom from which, it was clear, she could never be released by the voluntary act of those who kept her in an undeserved custody. It is believed that her funds at Amsterdam were intended by her to be disposed of in the purchase of aid to secure her escape; but it is added that her agents betrayed her, embezzled her property, and by revealing for what purpose they were her agents, brought upon her a closer arrest than any under which she had hitherto suffered. Romance has made some additions to these items of intelligence,—items, great portions of which rest only on conjecture. The undoubted fact that much of the property which she inherited was to pass to her children, rendered the death of a mother a consummation to be desired by so indifferent a son and daughter as the Prince of Wales and the Queen of Prussia. The interest held by her husband was of a similar description, and the fatal consequences that might follow were not unprovided for by the friends of the prisoner. "It is known," says Walpole, "that in Queen Anne's time there was much noise about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from Scripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George I. to take care of his wife, as he would not survive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the Duke and Duchess of Zell, who might be apprehensive that the Duchess of Kendal might be tempted to remove entirely the obstacle to her conscientious union with their son-in-law. Most Germans are superstitious, even such as have few other impressions of religion. George gave such credit to the

denunciation, that, on the eve of his last departure, he took leave of his son and the Princess of Wales with tears, telling them he should never see them more. It was certainly his own approaching end that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two persons that he hated."

But both parties had yet a few years to live, and one of them some honors to bestow. It was almost in the same hour that George wrote directions for the stricter keeping of his wife, and signed the patents for raising his mistress in the peerage. On the same day, "Sophia Charlotte von Platen, Countess of Leinster, in Ireland," was raised to the rank of Baroness of Brentford, and Countess of Darlington, in England; and the king's illegitimate daughter, Melusina de Schulemberg, *niece* (as the patent lyingly declared) of the Duchess of Kendal, was created Baroness of Aldborough and Countess of Walsingham. This was on the 10th of April, 1722. That day week the Prince of Wales made a better trial upon the admiration of the public, by having his two daughters, Amelia and Caroline, inoculated for the small-pox; a trial which ended favorably, as it deserved to do. "The quality," says the papers of the day, "would have universally followed this example, but for the death of the infant son of the Earl of Sunderland, who died of small-pox after inoculation." The family of the Prince of Wales was increased, in the year 1722, by the birth of a daughter—Mary.

The last foreign favorite of George I., Sophia Charlotte von Platen, Countess of Darlington, did not long enjoy the new honors conferred upon her by the king; she died in the month of April, 1724. This death was followed soon after by that of the king's brother, Maximilian William, a colonel in the service of the emperor. He was a rigid Roman Catholic, as were others of his family; and, at the time of his death, which occurred at Vienna, he was in the sixtieth year of his age. On the 2nd of November, 1726, a death, which should have more nearly touched the king, took place in Germany. On the day named, in the Castle of Ahlden, calmly, and almost unobservedly, died the poor princess, "Queen of Great Britain," as those who loved her were wont to call her,—after a captivity of more than thirty years. She had

been long in declining health, born of declining hopes; and yet she endured all things with patience, contenting herself in her last moments with reasserting her innocence, commending herself to God, naming her children, and pardoning her oppressors. Thus much is generally known; but there is little further reliable information. She was a prisoner, and she died: and such is the amount of what is really known concerning her, after she was cloistered up within the limits of the castle and estate at Ahlden. Her royal husband simply notified in the *Gazette*, that a Duchess of Ahlden had died at her residence, on the date above named; but he did not add that he had thereby lost a wife, or his children lost a mother. No intimation was given of the relationship she held towards him or them; but his *ire* burst forth into an explosion of rage, when he heard that his daughter, with the court of Prussia, had gone into mourning for the death of her mother. The amiable father and king, having thus exhibited the character of his own feeling, proceeded to manifest that of his very bad taste. It was shortly after the demise of his consort, not that he had waited for the event, that he raised to the infamy of being his "favorite" an English woman, named Ann Brett, half-sister of Savage the poet,—their common mother, the repudiated wife of the Earl of Macclesfield, having married that rakish gentleman Colonel Brett, by whom she became the mother of Ann, in whom the foreign sovereign of England paid the nation the compliment, as Walpole satirically says, of taking openly an English mistress. Miss Brett, unlike the other royal concubines, resided in St. James's Palace. "Abishag," says Walpole, "was lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bathsheba, who seemed to maintain her power, as other favorite sultanas have done, by suffering partners in the sovereign's affections." George intended to have honored her, and dishonored the peerage, by raising her to the rank of a countess. Three of the grand-daughters of the king also resided in the palace, and "Anne, the eldest, a woman," says Mr. Cunningham, "of a most imperious and ambitious nature, soon came to words with the English mistress of her grandfather." After the king repaired, for the last time, to Hanover, Miss Brett ordered a door to be broken in the wall of her apartment, in order

that she might have access by it to the royal gardens. In these gardens the Princess Anne was accustomed to walk, and not desiring Miss Brett for a companion, she ordered the door to be bricked up. "Abishag" had the obstruction removed, and the Princess again bricked up the concubine; and thus went on the war between them, until news of the death of the unworthy grandfather of the one, and the wretched old lover of the other, put an end to the conflict, and to many other matters besides.

Not long before his majesty set out on his last continental journey, his bronze statue, erected in Grosvenor-square, was, on one dark night, treated with great indignity. Its limbs were hacked and mutilated, the neck was hewn into, as if an attempt had been made to decapitate it, and a seditious libel affixed to the breast. With this type of the national feeling impressed upon his mind, the king set out for Hanover on the 3rd of June, 1727. On the night of that day week he died at Osnaburgh, aged sixty-seven years and thirteen days. The king had landed at Vaer, in Holland, on the 7th, and he travelled thence to Utrecht, by land, escorted by the Guards to the frontiers of Holland. On Friday, the 9th, he reached Dalden, at twelve at night, when he was apparently in excellent health. He partook of supper largely, and with appetite, eating, among other things, part of a melon, a fruit that has killed more than one emperor of Germany. At three the next morning he resumed his journey; but he had not travelled two hours when he was attacked by violent abdominal pains. He hurried on to Linden, where dinner awaited him; but being able to eat nothing, he was immediately bled, and other remedies made use of. Anxious to reach Hanover, he ordered the journey to be continued with all speed. He fell into a lethargic doze in the carriage, and so continued, leaning on a gentleman in waiting, who was with him in the carriage. To this attendant he feebly announced in French, "I am a dead man." He reached the episcopal palace at Osnaburgh at ten that night; he was again bled in the arm and foot; but ineffectually: his lethargy increased, and he died about midnight.

A well-known story is told by Walpole, to the effect that George, "in a tender mood, promised to the Duchess of Kendal, that if she

survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The duchess, on his death, so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven, or some black fowl, flying into the windows of her villa, at Isleworth" (Twickenham?), "she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and tenderness of duty, till this royal bird or she took their last flight."

CHAPTER XIII.

BERENGARIA AND SOPHIA DOROTHEA;—CŒUR DE LION, AND
GEORGE OF HANOVER.

I HAVE already remarked, that of all the queens of England there were two who never landed on the shores of the country of which they were nominally the queens. Those two were Berengaria, the consort of Cœur de Lion, and Sophia Dorothea, wife of George of Hanover. Nor were these the only circumstances in the lives of the two princesses which were similar: there were many other passages between which a parallel may be drawn, and which may be appropriately brought before the notice of, at least, younger readers.

Berengaria, the Navarrese princess, was not a first love of Richard Cœur de Lion. The latter had wooed Alice of France before he became struck with the beauty of Berengaria, at a tournament, and made her an offer of his hand. In similar manner, George Louis had wooed, but was not engaged to, Anne (as Richard was to Alice) before he sought in marriage the youthful Sophia of Zell.

It was in each case the mother of the lover who made the demand for the lady's hand; and Berengaria was as eagerly surrendered to Eleanor, the mother of Richard, by her father Sancho the Wise, as Sophia Dorothea was to Sophia of Hanover, by her sire, the Duke of Zell. It may here be noticed, that however similar the destinies of the ladies, there was nothing alike in the characters

of their respective fathers, saving only in their love for being surrounded by foreigners, and especially by Frenchmen. In the case of the father of Sophia Dorothea, this inclination was taught him by his Gallic wife. On one occasion, at a court dinner, when the whole of the duke's guests were found to be Frenchmen, one of them, more truly than courteously, remarked, that "*Il n'y a d'étranger ici que monseigneur*" (his highness is the only foreigner present;) a remark that might have been made at the table of the Spanish Sancho of Navarre, who was surrounded by poets and minstrels from other, and sometimes far-distant, lands.

Berengaria and Richard were espoused at Limoussa, in Cyprus, and there was as much rude pomp at the wedding as of cumbrous ceremony at that of Sophia and George Louis. The former solemnity followed upon much wandering about by sea and land, before the affianced couple met at Cyprus, where Richard first overthrew the power of Isaac, the sovereign, and took possession of his dominions, before he espoused his "ladye," and crowned her Queen of Cyprus as well as of England. George Louis had no opportunity to accomplish any achievement of a like nature; but he very much resembled the wild bridegroom in the act which followed. When Richard captured Isaac, there also surrendered to him Isaac's daughter, and the English king placed the fair Cypriote in the train of his newly-married wife, where she held an office similar to that which George Louis bestowed on Mademoiselle von Schulemberg, when he appointed her maid of honor to Sophia Dorothea.

But Berengaria was more fortunate than Sophia, in one thing; she had a faithful friend, and that friend a woman,—Joanna, her sister-in-law; and the two

Held each other dear,
And lived as doves in cage.

Sophia had as friend only Prince Philip, the brother of her husband, and he communicated little with her, save through his confidant,—the presuming and ill-destined Count Königsmark. It may be added that Richard was more justly punished for his infidelities than George, seeing that the scandals which connected the name of the Cypriote lady with that of the English king, touched the

honor of the house of Austria, related to her by the alliance of the Arch-Duke Leopold with the family of the Comneni; and these scandals commenced the feud between Leopold and Richard, for which the latter paid so dearly by his captivity in Austria.

In the meantime, throughout the Syrian campaign, the "heiress of Cyprus" remained near the presence of Berengaria, who had already nearly outlived the liking of her lord. Sophia Dorothea saw as swift a change in the fidelity of *her* lord. Richard proceeded on his way, however, at the conclusion of the campaign, in a ship belonging to a master of the Temple. How this ship was wrecked, and how its royal passenger was ultimately made a prisoner, need not here be told. The vessel which bore Berengaria, Joanna, and that unwelcome lady of Cyprus—all under the guardianship of a suburban knight, named Sir Stephen of Turnham—arrived safely at Naples, where the ladies landed, and thence proceeded to Rome. After long delays, and much trouble, they travelled to Pisa, Genoa, and again by ship to Marseilles. From the latter port they were escorted by the crusader Raymond de St. Gilles, who very naturally fell in love with Joanna by the way, and very aptly celebrated the arrival of the party in Poitou by marrying, and making a happy countess of the young and well-endowed friend of Berengaria.

At Poitou, Berengaria remained during her royal husband's captivity. The Cypriot princess continued to reside with her; a fact which says much for her Griselda-like patience. When, however, it was intimated that the Archduke of Austria would not consent to the liberation of Richard but on condition, among other stipulations, that the daughter of Isaac should be taken from the household of Richard and be delivered to her Austrian relatives at the German Congress, the spouse of Richard, no doubt, paid that portion of the ransom with all the eagerness of an unselfish wife.

The payment never brought the truant husband nearer to his wife, than George ever was to Sophia Dorothea, after the intrigues of his and his father's mistresses had made two hearths in one household. Richard hurried to England, and thence to his Angevin territories. Here he was in the vicinity of the dwelling-place

of his faithful queen, but he never approached her, nor showed more solicitude for her than George Louis did, when hunting in the Ahlden woods, for the guiltless prisoner in the castle there.

In both cases, the husbands were given to low debauchery, profligate company, and riotous living. In both cases, the husbands made two overtures of reconciliation, which in both cases were not indeed ineffectual, because in the case of the earlier espoused couple, the wife had not been degraded by an accusation of infidelity made by her husband,—an accusation that was insultingly implied by George Louis in his persecution of Sophia Dorothea. The reconciliation alluded to took place in 1196, five years after the marriage had taken place in Cyprus; nearly the whole of which time had been spent in presence of the revelry of the Cypriot princess, or in estrangement from Richard. The re-union lasted three years; and had it been followed by the birth of an heir to England, it would have saved the country from the career of John, John himself from the sin of the murder of Arthur, and the kingdom from being put under interdict because John was dishonest enough to cheat Berengaria out of her dower.

Berengaria passed a long widowhood at Mans, in extent of time equal to that of the captivity of Sophia Dorothea at Ahlden. But she was a happier, and perhaps something of a more patient, woman than the latter. Even in her estrangement from her husband, she never uttered a word of complaint against him. Not that Sophia Dorothea failed to exhibit either mildness or dignity in her captivity: on the contrary, she manifested both; and Coxe says of her, in his *Memoirs of Walpole*, that, "on receiving the sacrament once every week, she never omitted making the most solemn asseverations that she was not guilty of the crime laid to her charge." The two wives resembled each other in personal beauty, and in amiability of disposition. There was less similarity between the external appearance of their respective husbands. George Louis was small of stature, an ill dresser in his early days, and an equally bad one in declining years, when Walpole described him as "an elderly man, pale, exactly like his pictures and coins, not tall, of an aspect rather good than august; with a dark tie wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-colored cloth, with stockings of the same

color, and a blue riband over all." Quite another figure was Richard in his satin tunic of rose color, belted round his waist; his mantle of silver tissue, striped, and brocaded with silver half-moons, his Damascus sword, gold-hilted and silver-sheathed; and his scarlet bonnet, brocaded in gold with figures of animals. He had yellow, or flaxen hair, golden locks, indeed, a bright complexion, a soldierly bearing, and a graceful figure: but the hearts of Richard and George were very much alike; neither of them could appreciate the worth of a true woman, pure of mind, refined of taste, and guiltless of wrong, even in thought.

We have raised statues to George, but have discreetly hidden them in the shrubberies, dust and duskiness of our squares. One was raised to him even in his life-time; but it is only within a year or two that the question has been agitated of erecting a statue in honor of the husband of Berengaria. This question has been affirmatively maintained by men who oppose the admission of the statue of Cromwell among those of the masters of England in the House of Parliament. Upon the matter of Cromwell's statue I must not dilate, more than to say, that the difficulty lies in a very small compass. If the sovereigns of England are to be faithfully represented according to their succession, then Cromwell cannot be excluded; and if his exclusion is determined upon because he was usurper, or regicide, then must there be unoccupied pedestals from Rufus to Stephen, both inclusive; and John, the third Richard, and indeed several others, must also be refused admission, on the ground that they were assassins or usurpers, and sometimes both.

But if the people mutilated the statue of the husband of Sophia Dorothea in his life-time, because of his unworthiness, still more might their successors protest against one being raised in honor of that husband of the other Queen of England who never came among us to claim our homage.

Richard was even a worse son than George. The two men were faithless as husbands, brutal as lovers, truthless and bloody as princes. There was no respect for the honor of any woman in the heart of either of them; and they further resembled each other in this, that in their early days they had more affection for the political system of France, as regarded this country, than for that of Eng-

land. Of the ten years of the triply-accursed reign of the one, scarcely more than half as many months were spent by him among the people confided by Providence to his sway. George ranks next to him as an absentee; he was forever seeking an opportunity to visit Hanover, and, when there, devising excuses for not returning. Richard sold the highest offices of the crown, and squandered the money on the gratification of his beastly vices. George was quite as unscrupulous, and gave offices even to his mistresses. The husband of Berengaria was more criminal in his fraudulent sale of crown-lands, as well as crown-offices, of titles, and of church-preferments; in some of which things the husband of Sophia Dorothea, or his government, was by no means particular.

When Richard was about setting out for Acre, he instituted the Order of the Blue Thong, the insignia of which was a blue band of leather worn on the left leg, and which appears to me to be the undoubted original of the Order of the Garter. There were twenty-four knights of the Order, with the king for Master, and the wearers pledged themselves to deserve increased honors by scaling the walls of Acre in company. On the other hand, if George did not institute, he at least restored the Order of the Bath. It was a measure proposed to him by Sir Robert Walpole, and "was an artful bank of thirty-six ribands to supply a fund of favors in lieu of places." Two of the ribands were offered to Sarah, Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, for her grandson the duke, and for the Duke of Bedford, the husband of her granddaughter. "She haughtily replied," says Walpole, "they should take nothing but the Garter. 'Madam,' said Sir Robert coolly, 'they who have the Bath, will the sooner have the Garter.' The next year he took the latter himself, with the Duke of Richmond, both having been previously installed knights of the revived institution."

Richard sold the trophies of his former victories for a cap-full of marks; and his refusal to adequately avenge the slaughter of the Jews at his coronation, with the assertion of assassins who perpetrated the deed, that they acted under his sanction,—all tends to show how little he really prized honor, and how as little he regarded the spilling of blood. So George, if brave, was not chivalrous; and when his own Parliament, on the conviction of the Scottish

peers who had taken arms for the pretender, petitioned him to spare as many as his mercy might be consistently extended to, he haughtily reproved them for meddling with matters which did not concern them, and took a bloody vengeance for a venial crime. It would have been bloodier but that several destined victims escaped from their prison previous to the day named for their execution.

Both these men were, however, brave in the presence of an enemy on the battle-field. Courage was almost their solitary virtue; and George, unlike Richard, never ran away in affright from the wrath and the cudgel of an infuriated peasant. It may further be put to the credit of the husband of Sophia Dorothea, that he was incapable of such a crime as that committed by the husband of Berengaria, after the capitulation at Acre, when he ordered the throats of thousands of the enemy to be cut, who had surrendered upon faith of honorable treatment. If some of the Jacobites were entrapped into a surrender which led them to the gallows, the agents of George, and not that king himself, must be declared responsible, despite the apophthegm which says, *qui facit per alium facit per se*.

Richard plundered his country in order to carry on a crusade under the influence of "a red rag and insanity." His deputies plundered in his absence, and the people were plundered of one-fourth of their property, to purchase his return. When that return had taken place, he deprived of their offices all those persons to whom he had before his departure sold them, on the plea that such sales were illegal. He did not refund the original purchase-money, but he resold the appointments to other buyers. There was as great an unlawful buying and selling in George's time, but the system was more blamable than the individual who presided over it; although he alone is answerable for the application of the people's taxes to support the glittering profligacy of his mistresses. He was at least careful to contract the expenses of his civil list—after he had gone far enough beyond honest limits to have acquired sufficient surplus money to support the expenses of the list during the remainder of his reign, and after he had persuaded his parliament to make good the defalcation. Both kings mulcted their subjects heavily, to support wars against a foreign power, and neither paid much regard to either remonstrance or complaint. They were both

covetous; Richard the more so. Covetousness brought about his death. The Lord of Limoges had discovered a treasure, and because he would not give the whole of it to Richard, the latter besieged him in his castle, before which he was slain, by a bolt driven from a cross-bow of his own invention. George, like him, died abroad, but more ingloriously. It was rather gluttony than covetousness, in its pecuniary sense, which compassed his death. Had he not eaten indiscreetly of melon, in spite of counsel to the contrary, he might, perhaps, have lived longer. But appetite he could not constrain. Richard had a strong one, but it was "nicer" of character. George, for instance, was fond of oysters,—not fresh English natives, but tainted things, with sickly yawning shells, and these he would swallow with disgusting relish and avidity.

Richard does not bear the reputation of being a tender father, even to his illegitimate children, and he had no other. George was as little parentally tender to his legitimate son and daughter; to the former he was especially harsh, and more than harsh, if we may credit the story, that he received from the Earl of Berkeley (first lord of the Admiralty) a written proposal, to seize the Prince of Wales, and convey him to America, where he should never be heard of more. The proposal was Berkeley's, but the handwriting in which it was made was Charles Stanhope's, brother of the first Earl of Harrington. On the death of the king, Queen Caroline found the proposal among other papers in his cabinet. It referred to an atrocious deed, and Walpole thinks that George I. was too humane to listen to it; a very gratuitous surmise, for the treatment of Sophia Dorothea was only less atrocious in degree, not in principle. Besides, the projectors were never punished. "It was not very kind to the conspirators," says Walpole, "to leave such an instrument behind him; and," he adds, "if virtue and conscience will not check bold, bad men from paying court by detestable offices, the king's carelessness, or indifference, in such an instance, ought to warn them of the little gratitude that such machinations can inspire or expect."

This son's double fault in his father's eyes was his popularity, and, at one time, his love for his mother,—whom he loved, we are told, as much as he hated his father. A pleasant household, a

sorry hearth; mistresses resting their rouged cheeks on the monarch's bosom, a wife in prison, and a son hating her oppressor, and loving, but not redressing the oppressed. If Berengaria was unblest with a child, she was untried by no huge and lengthened wrong as that inflicted on Sophia Dorothea. Had the latter helpless lady survived her consort, her son, it is said, had determined to bring her over to England, and proclaim her queen-dowager. Lady Suffolk, the snubbed mistress of that son, expressed to Horace Walpole her surprise in going (in the morning after the intelligence of the death of George I. had reached England) to the new queen, the wife of the man of whom Lady Suffolk was the concubine rather than the "mistress,"—expressed, as I have said, her surprise, at seeing, hung up in the queen's dressing-room, a whole length of a lady in royal robes; and, in the bed-chamber, a half-length of the same person, neither of which Lady Suffolk had ever seen before. The prince had kept them concealed, not daring to produce them during the life of his father. The whole-length he probably sent to Hanover. The half-length I have frequently seen in the library of the Princess Amelia, who told me it was the property of her grandmother. She bequeathed it, with other pictures of her family, to her nephew, the Landgrave of Hesse."

Smollett describes George I. rather whimsically, as "a wise politician, who perfectly understood, and steadily pursued his own interest." If this be true policy, it is also, at least in part, a selfish one. His character partook of both the grave and gay. He knew when he might fitly be either, but he was naturally more serious than light of deportment and disposition. Smollett declares him to have been willing to govern the kingdom according to constitutional principles, but that he was thwarted by a venal and corrupt ministry. The character of the government is not over-charged, and the members of it would, as Richard expressed his own willingness to do, have sold London itself, the honor of its men, and the virtue of its women, if they could have found purchasers.

The character drawn by Chesterfield of the husband of Sophia Dorothea is seriously drawn, but it has a solemnly satirical air. "George I.," says my lord, "was an honest, dull, German gentleman, as unfit as unwilling to act the part of a king, which is to

shine and oppress; lazy and inactive even in his pleasures, which were therefore lowly sensual. He was diffident of his own parts, which made him speak little in public, and prefer in his social, which were his favorite, hours the company of wags and buffoons. Even his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, with whom he passed most of his time, and who had all influence over him, was very little above an idiot.

"Importunity alone could make him act, and then only to get rid of it. His views and affections were singly confined to the narrow compass of his electorate. England was too big for him. If he had nothing great as a king, he had nothing bad as a man; and if he does not adorn, at least he will not stain the annals of this country. In private life he would have been loved and esteemed as a good citizen, a good friend, and a good neighbor. Happy were it for Europe, happy for the world, if there were not greater kings in it."

Chesterfield makes more account of George I., both as king and as man, than he deserved. As king, he *does* stain the annals of the country over which he was called to rule. As man, Chesterfield holds him to have had that within him which made him worthy of esteem as a citizen, friend, and neighbor;—and yet he avers of such a man that he was lowly sensual and lazy; that he loved the company of buffoons, and that he preferred the society of a woman who was almost an idiot, to that of a wife who was accomplished, and whom he could never prove unfaithful. He was unfit for a king, we are told, because he was disinclined to oppression, and yet he kept that wife for more than thirty years a prisoner;—but oppression towards a wife was not a vice in the estimation of the courtly Chesterfield.

George had doubtless many minor provocations during his reign, calculated to affect his temper unfavorably. The pulpit occasionally re-echoed against him, as the priests more privately used to denounce the vices of Richard; and zealous clergymen, turned authors, took the white horse of Hanover as a symbol, and applied to it the passage from Revelations, in which it is said:—"I looked, and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

As a sample of the graciousness of the king, we are told that his carriage having been broken down on one occasion, when travelling to Hanover, he found temporary refuge in the house of a gentleman. In the room to which he was ushered, there hung the full length of a person unknown to him, yet in royal robes. The owner of the portrait, with some confusion, explained that he had known the Chevalier when at Rome, and that this picture was a present from him. The king is supposed to have been very gracious, because, instead of giving way to an explosion of wrath, he confined himself to observing, "upon my word, it is very like the family."

He received a severer touch from an old officer who had been intimate with him before his accession to the throne, but who did not appear to offer him congratulations upon his succeeding to the title. On inquiry being made as to the cause, the veteran replied, "I will willingly smoke a pipe with him as Elector of Hanover; but I cannot recognize in him a King of Great Britain!" Considering that half the Hanoverian family were Jacobites, this speech was not so perilous as it sounds. Besides the union of England with the electorate of Hanover was not popular in the latter locality, particularly when it was discovered that if Hanover was in any way wronged, England would not interfere to redress it, whereas no sooner was England at feud with any continental power, but Hanover was the first to feel that power's resentment.

His right to the throne was sometimes questioned, with ingenuity, even in England. Thus, when the flighty Duchess of Buckinghamshire was refused passage in her own carriage through a part of the park reserved for the royal family, she protested to the king, that if royalty only had the right of crossing the privileged line, he had no more claim to go there than she had. He wisely laughed, and gave permission to the mad duchess to drive whithersoever she pleased.

Although the king could not speak English, he appears to have understood it well enough when it was spoken, to save Sir Robert Walpole the trouble of addressing him in very indifferent Latin. He would hardly otherwise have had the great hall at Hampton Court fitted up, in 1718, for the performance of English plays.

The king's company were to have played there throughout the summer, but the hall was not ready for them till the end of September, by which time Drury-Lane re-opened for its usual autumn-winter season, and "his majesty's servants" played in his presence only seven times. They were under the direction of Steele, who, in place of being rewarded with a government appointment for his political services, had got nothing more than some theatrical privileges. The plays represented were "Hamlet," on the 23d September; "Sir Courtly Nice," "The Constant Couple," "Love for Money," "Volpone, or the Fox," and "Rule a Wife and have a Wife." Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" was the King's favorite play. On one night of its representation, he listened attentively to the scene in which Henry commands Wolsey to write letters of indemnity to those counties in which the payment of taxes had been disputed; and when he heard Wolsey's *aside* to Cromwell—

Let it be noised

That through *our* intervention, this revokement

And pardon comes,

the king turned to the Prince of Wales, and said, "You see, George, what you have one day to expect." His majesty could not have been so very poor an English scholar, if he could thus enjoy, comprehend, and apply passages from Shakespeare. The other plays are, indeed, quite as difficult for a foreigner to understand; and George the First must have had a very fair acquaintance with our language, if he were able to follow Cibber in *Sir Courtly*, laugh at the jokes of Pinkethman in *Crack*, feel the heartiness of Miller in *Hothead*, be interested in the *Testimony* of Johnson, sympathetic with the *Surly* of Thurmond, enjoy the periods of Booth in *Farewell*, or the aristocratic spirit of Mills in *Lord Bellguard*. The ladies in the play, *Leonore*, acted before him by Mrs. Porter, and *Violante*, played by Mrs. Younger, have also some things to say that might well puzzle one not to the matter born. But George must have comprehended all; for he so thoroughly enjoyed all, that Steele told Lord Sunderland, on being asked how his majesty liked the entertainment,—“So terribly well, my lord, that I was afraid I should have lost all my actors; for I

was not sure the king would not keep them *to fill the places at court which he saw them so fit for in the play*,"—a remark thoroughly imbued with the trenchant wit of "Sir Richard."

For the entertainment, the king paid the travelling expenses of the actors down to Hampton, amounting to fifty pounds each night for the entire company, and sent a couple of hundred pounds to Steele and the other managers. That he loved the theatre is not surprising; the tastes of the stage were as gross as his own; and the descendant of Wodin could complacently savor the incense offered him in such lines as one which occurs in the "Generous Conqueror, or Timely Discovery," in which the author assured him that—

The gods and god-like kings can do no wrong!

Compared with which, the line of Cowper, which says, that

Great princes have great pleasures,

is very trite indeed.

Both George's laureates were indifferent poets. He appointed Rowe soon after his accession, and Eusden's lines to the lord-chamberlain (Duke of Newcastle) on his marriage with Lady Henrietta Godolphin, procured for that tipsy poet the battered laurel crown. So Cibber's "Nonjuror," written in favor of the Hanover succession, and against the Nonjurors and Jacobites, then abounding in London, got him such persecution from those rebellious persons, that it is supposed to have obtained for him, by way of compensation, the wreath of the laureate, presented by George II.

Toland describes George, when he was elector, and residing near the prison-house of Sophia Dorothea, as being exceedingly well-informed on English questions; but the truth is, he knew so little of the constitution and customs of the country over which he was to reign, that, on ascending the throne, he told his ministers that, from his want of knowledge on those subjects, he should place himself entirely in their hands, and be governed by them. "Then," added he, "you become completely answerable for everything that I do." He was not even aware of his constitutional exemption from responsibility.

If this looks like a low sort of cunning, on the other hand it

must be allowed that he was not without wit, and he could say a graceful thing in a graceful way, when an opportunity offered, and his humor wore its brighter side outwards. To a German nobleman, who once congratulated him on being sovereign at once of England and Hanover, he happily remarked,—“Rather congratulate me on having such a subject as Newton in the one, and Leibnitz in the other.” His declaration of principles made to Sir Peter King, recorder of London, at the first levee after the accession, and intended, through that officer, for the edification of the citizens at large, was at least tersely, if not truly, given: “I never forsake a friend,” so ran the phrase; “I will endeavor to do justice to everybody; and I fear nobody.” Of the three parts of this sentence, the latter alone was founded on truth.

Less happy was the expression of an idea, called up by the splendor of his own coronation, when he observed to Lady Cooper that the sight of the place brought to his thoughts the day of judgment. The lady replied, in the taste of the day, and with little honesty of judgment, “Well may it be so, your majesty; for it is truly the resurrection of England and all faithful subjects.”

More happy was his own answer, on being challenged by a masked lady at a court masquerade, to drink to the health of the pretender. “Very willingly,” said he, “and to that of all unfortunate princes!” He thoroughly enjoyed the pleasantry of others; was delighted with Doctor Savage’s merry observation, that he had failed to convert the pope at Rome, because he had nothing better to offer him; and very truly observed of a Jacobite, who had been often arrested, and as often discharged for lack of proof, and who, on the breaking out of the rebellion, requested that, as he of course would be again arrested, he begged it might be done at once, as he wanted to go into Devonshire,—“Pooh, pooh!” said the king; “there can be but little harm in one who writes so pleasantly.” Many of his subjects, however, for no more heinous crime, were most oppressively and cruelly used.

Still, his gaiety well balanced his austerity. This is well instanced in the case of Dr. Lockier, who was a favorite with the king, and whose continued absence from court so perplexed his majesty, that he sent the Duchess of Lancaster to him, with an in-

itation to an evening party. The doctor declined to accept it, on the ground that he was seeking preferment from the ministers, and that his chance of success would be marred, were they to suspect him of keeping company with their master. George laughingly pronounced the reverend place-hunter to be in the right; and when the latter, some weeks afterwards, kissed hands, upon being appointed the Dean of Peterborough, the king whispered to him ere he arose,—“Well, doctor, I hope you will not be afraid now to come and see me again in the evening.”

Lockier's dread of being suspected to be on friendly terms with the monarch was not unreasonable; for a similar condition of things, the king's personal friend, and clerk of the closet, Dr. Younger, with whom he was wont to converse familiarly in German, was officially dismissed from his post, for no other reason than that he was too close to the willing ear of the sovereign. “Where is Dr. Younger?” asked the latter, on missing his ever-welcome presence. “Sire,” said the minister, “he is dead.” “I am truly sorry for it,” said George; “he was a good man, and I intended to do something for him.” At a subsequent period, on one of his progresses through the country, he saw the doctor officiating in his cathedral, at Salisbury. “My little dean,” said the sovereign, “I am glad to see you alive; I was told you were dead. Why have you not been to court?” The dean explained, that, having received an official letter, informing him that his majesty no longer required his services, he thought it would be unbecoming to intrude himself on his majesty's presence. “I see, I see, how it is,” said the king, with excusable warmth; “but, by —, you shall be the first bishop I will make.” And George would have kept his word, only that the dean died before a bishopric became vacant.

Where the ministers could lie, the menials of course could steal. A Hanoverian cook at the palace, disgusted at the rapacity of his fellows, who would not allow him to share in their plunder, went and complained to the king in person. He asserted his own honesty, but declared that such a virtue resided in no other person in the household. “Embezzlement,” said he, “is rife in the kitchen, despite all I can do. When the dishes are brought from

your majesty's table, one steals a fowl, another a pig, a third a joint of meat, another a pie, and so on, till there is nothing left.” George, who saw that the sorrow felt was, probably, because there was “nothing left” to steal, answered,—“I can put up with these things; and my advice to you is, to go and steal like the rest, and to remember to take enough.” The fellow took his master at his word, and became as accomplished in peculiar lightness of hand as the most expert of the impudent cooks immortalized in *Athenæus*.

Before concluding this chapter, I will add a few notices upon the children of Sophia Dorothea,—George, and the daughter named after her mother.

The son of Sophia of Zell was the pupil of her mother-in-law, Sophia of Hanover; and his boyhood did little credit to the system, or the acknowledged good sense of his instructress.

When the Earl of Macclesfield was at Hanover, in the year 1700, bearing with him that Act of Succession which secured a throne for the husband and son of Sophia Dorothea, that son George Augustus was not yet out of his “teens.” He was of that age at which a prince is considered wise enough to rule kingdoms, but is yet incapable of governing himself. At that time, he was said to “give the greatest hopes of himself that we, or any people on earth, could desire.” He was not of proud stature, indeed, and Alexander was not six feet high; but Toland asserts, what is very hard to believe, that George possessed a winning countenance, and a manly aspect and deportment. In later years, he was rigid of feature, and walked as a man does who is stiff in the joints. He was, in the days of his youth, a graceful and easy speaker; that is, his phrases were well constructed, and he expressed them with facility. His complexion was fair, and his hair a light brown. Like his father, he spoke Latin fluently; and English much better than his father; but with a decided foreign accent, like William of Orange. As the utmost care was taken, according to Toland, to furnish him with such other accomplishments as are fit for a gentleman and a prince, it is a pity that he made so unprofitable a use of so desirable a provision. He was tolerably well versed in that history which his minister, Walpole, used to have read to him as a relaxation, because, as he said, it

was not true ; but history to him was not philosophy teaching by example ; for though, in his earlier years, panegyrists said of him, not only that his inclinations were virtuous, but that he was "wholly free from all vice," his life, subsequently, could not be so characterized, and the latter practice marred the fair precedent. But let Toland limn the object of his love.

"These acquired parts," he says, "with a generous disposition and a virtuous inclination, will deservedly render him the darling of our people, and probably grace the English throne with a most knowing prince." In the popular sense of the term, the last words cannot be denied ; and yet he never knew how to obtain, or earn how to merit, his people's love. "He learns English with inexpressible facility . . . and has not only learned of his grandmother to have a real esteem for Englishmen, but he likewise entertains a high notion of the wisdom, goodness, and power of the English government, concerning which I heard him, to my great satisfaction, ask several pertinent questions, and such as betokened no mean or common observation. I was surprised to find he understood so much of our affairs already ; but his great vivacity will not let him be ignorant of any thing. There is nothing more to be wished," says Toland, "but that he be proof against the temptations which accompany greatness, and defended from the poisonous infection of flatterers, who are the greatest banes of society, and commonly occasion the ruin of princes, if not in their lives, yet, at least, in their fame and reputation." It was under the temptations alluded to that George Augustus made shipwreck of his fame. His history, however, will be traced more fully hereafter. At present we will only consider the career and character of his sister.

The daughter of Sophia Dorothea, four years younger than her brother, was fifteen years old when the Act of Succession opened a throne to her father, but not to her mother. She had in her youth sweetness of manners, fairness of features, and a soft and winning voice. Her fair brown hair, as in her mother's case, heightened the grace and charms of a fair complexion ; and her blue eyes were the admiration of the poets, and the inspiration even of those whom the gods had not made poetical. Her fea-

tures, taken singly, were not without defect ; but the expression which pervaded them was a good substitute for purely unintellectual beauty. The Electress Sophia was, if not her governess, the superintendent of her governesses ; and the training, rigid and formal, failed in the development that was most to be desired. Had her brother died childless, the succession was fixed in her person, and thus Prussia might have been to England what Hanover has been. "In minding her discourse to others," says Toland, "and by what she was pleased to say to myself, she appears to have a more than ordinary share of good sense and wit. The whole town and court commend the easiness of her manners, and the evenness of her disposition, but, above all her other qualities, they highly extol her good humor, which is the most valuable endowment of either sex, and the foundation of most other virtues. Upon the whole, considering her personal merit, and the dignity of her family, I heartily wish and hope to see her some day Queen of Sweden." This hearty wish was not to be realized. The younger Sophia Dorothea became the wife of a brute, and, as I have said, the mother of a hero.

I have already noticed how the Mark of Brandenburg became a kingdom. The new kingdom of Prussia grew in strength as the old empire of Germany, split into numerous independent governments, increased in weakness. The second monarch of the kingdom just named was Frederick William, to whom the daughter of Sophia of Zell was married on the 28th of November, 1706 ; shortly after which, the newly-married couple became King and Queen of Prussia.

The bridegroom was a man of few virtues, but of many and great vices. He was not destitute of talent, and he *was* ungovernable of temper. His conduct to his wife was that of an insane savage. He deprived her of the guardianship of her children, and kept her so ill-provided for, that, at last, had it not been for a revenue of 800*l.* allowed her by her brother, George II., she would have been worse off than the lowest "burgherinn" in Berlin. Out of the taxes paid by the people of England, the Queen of Prussia was furnished with clean linen, and some of the other luxuries and necessities of life.

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Her husband was at the time immensely rich, and parsimonious unparalleledly. A hundred and twenty millions of dollars lay unfructifying in the cellars of the palace; and he had a cabinet full of gold, which he gave to his wife—to take care of. He compelled his nobles to part with their estates at a nominal price, and farmed his lands to tax-gatherers, who hugely plundered the tenants, and were as profoundly fleeced in return by their gracious king. His ambassador at the Hague cut his throat with the only razor the poor fellow possessed, driven frantic, as he was, by being reduced to poverty, for a very slight offence. He had cut down some wood for fuel in the garden attached to his official residence, and which was the property of the Prussian government, or rather King. The latter immediately mulcted him of a whole year's salary; and this, modest as the amount was, reducing him to most miserable straits, the poor envoy, doubly hurt, by the disgrace and the injury, took up his solitary razor, and, in the spirit of a Japanese noble, resorted to a suicide as a specific for his duplex wrong.

The worst feature in the character of the royal madman, however, was his terrible hatred of women. In the streets they, and indeed the men also, fled at his approach; the latter he allowed to escape with a curse; but if a woman came within reach of him, he would kick at her, punch her head with his iron fist, or smite her with his cane. It is not wonderful that the same man attempted the life of his own son: but it *is* wonderful that his subjects did not fling the monster into the turbid waters of his own river Spree.

Of the marriage of this couple, a princess, Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, was the first child. She was born in 1707. Before she was twelve years old, she was "beaten into plaster" by father, servant, and governesses, and was, as well-beaten children generally are, cunning, bold, and mendacious. Of this child, and even at this early age, her mother was unwise enough to make a confidant; telling her of her own miseries, and employing her as a spy upon her father, especially in his drunken and unsuspecting hours. This led to scenes that would seem as farcical as an *Adelphi burletta*, were it not that they were not farces, but terrible realities; and in them we see a mother lying to her husband,

again lying to her child, teaching the latter to lie to her sire, who, exasperated by discovery or suspicion, pursues the criminals to every conceivable and inconceivable hiding-place, routing them out with his crutched stick, and following them with oaths and menaces, as they flee before him with prayers and screams. The queen even purchased the alliance of her menials, and these took her money, and betrayed her to the king. The menials, however, appear to have been quite as irreproachable as many of the noble courtiers,—among whom it would have been difficult to find one woman virtuous, or one man honest. Not that these lacked beyond the circle of mere courtiers. The queen herself, with all her heavy faults, was blameless in her character of wife and woman; and there were honest hearts beneath many a blue uniform in Berlin: but a hideous uncleanness of sentiment and spirit stuck like a leprosy to the souls and actions of the very best among them.

The marriage of the daughter was a consummation the most devoutly-wished for by the mother; and at one time it had been determined to marry the two grandchildren of George I., Frederick Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Prince of Wales), and his sister Amelia, to the daughter and son of King Frederick and Queen Sophia. George I. himself went to Berlin, in 1723, to further this match, but it never came to the much-desired conclusion.

In the mean time, the Prussian king drank harder than ever; and when he was sick, but not sorry, after these debauches he would sing psalms and preach sermons to his family, who, laughing at him in return, generally got well thrashed before the end of the service. In one desponding fit he resolved to abdicate, take a small house in the country, make his daughter wash the linen, employ his son in marketing, and set his consort to the spit. To inure them to their destined change of circumstances, he employed barbarities which have been duly described as disgraceful to human nature. No brute beast could more have disregarded decency in presence of its offspring. No madman ever ended a more terrific career of outrage before wife and children, by an attempt at hanging, than he did. And few wives would have fol-

lowed the example of Sophia Dorothea, and have cut down the brute, only to be the victim of his further brutalities. The lives of both wife and children were more than once very nearly sacrificed by his assassin-like cruelties. The detail of them is sickening in the extreme. His most bitter disappointment lay in the fact, that he could not find proof of treason in his children whereby to be authorized to put them both to death,—“that rascal Fritz, and that hussey Wilhelmina.”

I need not here repeat that well-known story which tells of the attempt made by the young prince to escape from his father's brutalities; how it ended in the violent death of the prince's friend, and how it had well-nigh ended in the murder of the son himself.

Wilhelmina was ultimately married to the little Prince of Bareuth; and the marriage and the life which followed thereupon have much more, in their narration, the air of a pantomime than of prosaic history. The wedding was comically ceremonious; the bride's sister endeavored to seduce the bridegroom; and after the young couple had departed with their suite, they were greeted on their passage by bodies of “notables,” who were huge living caricatures, with the addition of being very dirty. They did not reach their palace before the ponderous carriage which bore them had broken down and rolled the illustrious travellers into the mud.

It would lead me too much away from my subject to describe the princess's father-in-law,—the Margrave who had read but two books, had a purse as ill-furnished as his mind, and yet never walked to his cold meat without a flourish from a couple of cracked trumpets to announce that event to the world, and bid lesser potentates sit down.

The same pantomimic aspect rested on all the other personages, and on all the furniture, appointments, and incidents of the court. Every thing was of an exaggerated character, even the vices; and when the court drank, stupendous inebriety followed, with accidents to match—which even pantomimes forbear to bring before the public. We hear, too, of princesses with noses like beet-root, and maids of honor so fat that they cannot sit down, and never stoop to kiss a hand without rolling over on the carpet.

But to return to the daughter of our Sophia of Zell. The Queen of Prussia had negotiated a marriage between her son Frederick (not yet the “Great”) and a princess of Brunswick. She openly spoke of her intended daughter-in-law with ridicule and disgust, and was not more reserved even in the poor lady's presence. The queen survived her brutal husband, whose last act was to bid her get up and see him die. She obeyed, and the king duly performed the feat which he had called her to witness. Her after-life was more happy, and the virtues she exhibited during its course tend to prove that the tyranny, cruelty, and filthy insults of which she had been made the victim by her husband, alone rendered the wretched woman not merely a slave, but, as slaves are wont to be, careless in the observation of strict proprieties. As the revered mother of the Great Frederick, she lived on to the year 1757, when she died at the allotted age of man, three-score years and ten. The present King of Prussia is a lineal descendant of Sophia Dorothea of Zell through this daughter, the second queen that wore the Prussian crown. He presides in Berlin, the mere Viceroy of the Czar.

But it is time to turn from this record of incidents of the times of Sophia and George Louis, to that of circumstances in the lives of their successors. Of the former pair it may be said, that Sophia atoned for some possible indiscretion by a long captivity, the severity of which tended only to the purifying and perfecting of her character. Her husband has been described truly in a few words by Mr. Macaulay, when speaking of Pitt's lines on the monarch's death: “The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep over the urn of Cæsar: for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses; Cæsar, who could not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but punch and fat women.”

CAROLINE WILHELMINA DOROTHEA,
WIFE OF GEORGE II.

Da seufzt sie, da presst sie das Herz—es war
Ja Lieb und Glück nur geträumet.

GEIBEL.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE ACCESSION.

CAROLINE WILHELMINA DOROTHEA was the daughter of John Frederick, Marquis of Brandenburg Anspach, and of Eleanor Erdmuth Louisa, his second wife, daughter of John George, Duke of Saxe Eisenach. She was born in 1683, and married the Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., in the year 1705. Her mother having re-married, after her father's death, when Caroline was very young, the latter left the Court of her step-father, George IV., Elector of Saxony, for that of her guardian, Frederick, Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia. The Electress of Brandenburg was the daughter of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and sister of George I. The young Caroline was considered fortunate in being placed under the care of a lady, who, it was said at the time, and perhaps with some reason, would assuredly give her a "tincture of her own politeness."

Notice has already been taken of the suitors who early offered themselves for the hand of the youthful princess; and for what excellent reason she selected the son of Sophia Dorothea. It was said, when she came to share the throne of England with her

husband, that Heaven had especially reserved her in order to make Great Britain happy. Her early married life was one of some gaiety, if not of felicity; and Baron Pilnitz says in his memoir, that when the electoral family of Hanover was called to the throne of this country, she showed more cool carelessness for the additional grandeur, than any of the family, whose *outward* indifference was a matter of admiration, in the old sense of that word, to all who beheld it. The Princess Caroline, according to the baron, particularly demonstrated that she was thoroughly satisfied in her mind that she could be happy without a crown, and that "both her father-in-law and her husband were already kings in her eyes, because they highly deserved that title." Of her conduct during the period she was Princess of Wales, the same writer says that she favored neither political party, and was equally esteemed by each. This, however, is somewhat beside the truth.

The poets were as much concerned with the Princess of Wales as the politicians. Some abused, and some adored her. Addison, in 1714, assured her that the Muse waited on her person, and that she herself was

—born to strengthen and to grace our isle.

The same writer could not contemplate the daughter of Caroline, but that his prophetic eye professed to—

Already see the illustrious youths complain,
And future monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Frederick (Duke of Gloucester), the elder and less loved son of Caroline, was not yet in England, but her favorite boy William was at her side; and of him Addison said, that he had "the mother's sweetness and the father's fire." The poet went on, less to prophesy than to speculate with a "perhaps," on the future destiny of William of Cumberland, and it was well he put in the saving word, for nothing could be less like fact than the "fortune" alluded to in the following lines:—

For thee, perhaps, even now of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace.

Some Caroline, to Heaven's dictates true,
 Who, while the scetred rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eye shall see,
 And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.

Of the princess herself, he says more truly, that she—

with graceful ease
 And native majesty is form'd to please.

And he adds, that the stage, growing refined, will draw its finished heroines from her, who was herself known to be "skill'd in the labors of the deathless muse."

In short, Parnassus was made to echo with eulogies or epigrams upon the subject of this royal lady. Of the quarrel between George I. and his son mention has been already made. For years together, the king never addressed a word to the Prince of Wales, but the princess would compel him, as Count Broglio, the French ambassador, writes, to answer the remarks which she addressed to him when she encountered him "in public." But even then, says the count, "he only speaks to her on these occasions for the sake of decorum." *She-devil*, was the application commonly employed by the amiable king to designate his high-spirited daughter-in-law.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on withdrawing from St. James's, established their court in "Leicester Fields." Walpole draws a pleasant picture of this Court. It must have been a far livelier locality than that of the king, whose ministers were the older Whig politicians. "The most promising," says Walpole, "of the young lords and gentlemen of that party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber-women in waiting became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties: Lord Chesterfield, the Lord Stanhope, Lord Scarborough, Carr (Lord Hervey), elder brother of the more known John Lord Hervey, and reckoned to have superior parts; General (at that time only Colonel) Charles Churchill, and others, not necessary to mention, were constant attendants; Miss Lepell, afterwards Lady Hervey, my mother, Lady Walpole, Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and

herself of much vivacity, and pretty; Mrs. Howard, and, above all, for universal admiration, Miss Bellenden, one of the maids of honor. Her face and person were charming; lively she was almost to *étourderie*; and so agreeable she was, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew."

To this pleasant party in this pleasant resort, the Prince of Wales often came,—his chief attraction being, not the wit or worth of the party, but the mere beauty of one of the party forming it. This was Miss Bellenden, who, on the other hand, saw nothing in the fair-haired and little prince that could attract her admiration. The prince was never famous for much delicacy of either expression or sentiment, but he could exhibit a species of wit in its way. He had probably been contemplating the engraving of the visit of Jupiter to the nymph Danae in a shower of gold, when he took to pouring the guineas from his purse, in Miss Bellenden's presence. He seemed to her, if we may judge by the comment she made upon his conduct, much more like a villanous little bashaw offering to purchase a Circassian slave,—and on one occasion, as he went on counting the glittering coin, she exclaimed, "Sir, I cannot bear it; if you count your money any more I will go out of the room." She did even better, by marrying the man of her heart, Colonel John Campbell,—a step at which the prince, when it came to his knowledge, affected to be extremely indignant;—and never forgave her for an offence, which indeed was no offence, and required no forgiveness. The Prince, like that young Duke of Orleans who thought he would suffer in reputation if he had not a "favorite" in his train, let his regard stop at Mrs. Howard, another of his wife's bedchamber women, who was but too happy to receive such regard, and to return it with all required attachment and service.

The Princess of Wales, during the reign of her father-in-law, maintained a brilliant court, and presided over a gay round of pleasures. In this career she gained that which she sought after,—popularity. What she did from policy, her husband the prince did from taste; and the encouragement and promotion of pleasure were followed by the one as a means to an end, by the other for

the sake of the pleasure itself. Every morning there was a drawing-room at the princess's, and twice a week there was the same splendid reunion in her apartments, at night. This gave the fashion to a very wide circle; crowded assemblies, balls, masquerades, and *ridottos* became the "rage,"—and from the fatigues incident thereto, the votaries of fashion found relaxation in plays and operas.

Quiet people were struck by the change which had come over court circles since the days of "Queen Anne, who had always been decent, chaste, and formal." The change indeed was great, but diverse of aspect. Thus the court of pleasure at which Caroline reigned supreme, was a court where decency was respected;—respected, at least, as much as it well could be, at a time when there was no superabundance of respect for decency in any quarter. Still, there was not the intolerable grossness in the house of the prince such as there was in the very presence of his sire. Lord Chesterfield said of that sire that "he had nothing bad in him as a man," and yet he makes record of him that he had no respect for woman,—but some liking, it may be added, for those who had little principle and much fat. "He brought over with him," says Chesterfield, "two considerable samples of his bad taste and good stomach,—the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington; leaving at Hanover, because she happened to be a Papist, the Countess von Platen, whose weight and circumference was little inferior to theirs. These standards of his majesty's tastes made all those ladies who aspired to his favor, and who were near the statutable size, strain and swell themselves, like the frogs in the fable, to rival the bulk and dignity of the ox. Some succeeded, and others burst." If the house of the son was not the abode of all the virtues, it at least was not the sty wherein wallowed his sire. Upon the change of fashion, Chesterfield writes to Bubb Dodding-ton, in 1716, the year when Caroline began to be looked up to as the arbitress of fashion:—"As for the gay part of the town, you would find it much more flourishing than when you left it. Balls, assemblies, and masquerades, have taken the place of dull, formal, visiting days, and the women are much more agreeable trifles than they were designed. Puns are extremely in vogue, and the license

very great. The variation of three or four letters in a word breaks no squares, insomuch that an indifferent punster may make a very good figure in the best companies." The gaiety at the town residence of the prince and princess did not, however, accompany them to Richmond Lodge. There Caroline enjoyed the quiet beauties of her pretty retreat, which was, however, shared with her husband's favorite, "Mrs. Howard."

"Leicester Fields" was, nevertheless, not always such a bower of bliss as Walpole has described it, from hearsay. If the prince and ladies were on very pleasant terms, the princess and the ladies were sometimes at loggerheads, with as little regard for *bienséance*, as if they had been very vulgar people; indeed, they often were exceedingly vulgar people themselves.

It was with Lord Chesterfield that Caroline Wilhelmina Dorothea was most frequently at very ungraceful issue. Lord Chesterfield was one of the prince's court, and he was possessed of an uncontrollable inclination to turn the princess into ridicule. Of course, she was made acquainted with this propensity of the refined Chesterfield by some amiable friend, who had the regard which friends, with less judgment than what they call amiability, generally have for one's failings.

Caroline, perhaps half afraid of the peer, whom she held to be a more annoying joker than a genuine wit, took a middle course by way of correcting Chesterfield. It was not the course which a woman of dignity and refinement would have adopted; but it must be remembered that, at the period in question, the princess was anxious to keep as many friends around her husband as she could muster. She consequently told Lord Chesterfield half in jest and half in earnest, that he had better not provoke her, for though he had a wittier he had not so bitter a tongue as she had, and any outlay of his wit, at her cost, she was determined to pay, in her way, with an exorbitant addition of interest upon the debt he made her incur.

The noble lord had, among the other qualifications of the fine gentlemen of the period, an alacrity in lying. He would gravely assure the princess, that her royal highness was in error; that he could never presume to mimic her; and thereupon he would only

watch for a turn of her head, to find an opportunity for repeating the offence which he had protested could not possibly be laid to his charge.

Caroline was correct in asserting that she had a bitter tongue. It was under control indeed; but when she gave it unrestricted freedom, its eloquence was not well savored. Indeed her mind was far less refined than has been generally imagined. There are many circumstances that might be cited in proof of this assertion; but, perhaps, none is more satisfactory, or conclusive rather, than the fact, that she was the correspondent of the Duchess of Orleans, whose gross epistles can be patiently read only by grossly inclined persons; but who, nevertheless, tell so much that is really worth knowing, that students of history read, blush, and are delighted. Of this correspondence we shall speak in a subsequent chapter.

The Prince of Wales, dissatisfied with his residences, entered into negotiations for the purchase of Buckingham House. That mansion, of which more will be said, when we come to speak of its royal mistress, Queen Charlotte, was then occupied by the dowager Duchess of Buckingham, she whose mother was Catharine Sedley, and whose father was James II. She was the mad duchess, who always went into mourning, and shut up Buckingham House, on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Charles I. The duchess thus writes of the negotiation, in a letter to Mrs. Howard:—

“If their royal highnesses will have everything stand as it is, furniture and pictures, I will have 3000*l.* *per annum*. Both run hazard of being spoiled; and the last, to be sure, will be all to be new bought, whenever my son is of age. The quantity the rooms take cannot be well furnished under 10,000*l.* But if their highnesses will permit all the pictures to be removed, and buy the furniture as it will be valued by different people, the house shall go at 2000*l.* If the prince or princess prefer much the buying outright, under 60,000*l.* it will not be parted with as it now stands; and all his majesty’s revenue cannot purchase a place so fit for them, nor for so less a sum. The princess asked me at the drawing-room if I would not sell my fine house. I answered her, smiling, that I was under no necessity to part with it; yet, when what I thought was the value of it should be offered, perhaps my

prudence might overcome my inclination.” Whether the sum was thought too much by the would-be purchasers, or whether the capricious duchess obeyed inclination rather than prudence, is not known; but the negotiation went no further.

It may be that the princess, who particularly affected to be desirous of furthering the interests of English commerce, had some inclination to possess this place as occupying a portion of the locality on which James I. planted his famous mulberry garden, at a time when he was anxious to introduce the mulberry into general cultivation, for the sake of encouraging the manufacture of English silks. At all events, at the period when Caroline expressed some inclination to possess a residence, which did not fall into the hands of royalty until it became the property of Queen Charlotte, there was a mulberry garden at Chelsea, the owner of which was a Mrs. Gale. In these gardens, some very rich and beautiful satin was made, from English silk-worms, for the Princess of Wales, who took an extraordinary interest in the success of “the native worm.” The experiments, however, patronized as they were by Caroline, did not promise a realization of sufficient profit to warrant their being pursued any further.

The town residence of the prince and princess lacked, of course, the real charms, the quieter pleasures, of the lodge at Richmond. The estate on which the latter was built formed part of the forfeited property of the Jacobite Duke of Ormond.

The prince and princess kept a court at Richmond, which must have been one of the most pleasant resorts at which royalty has ever presided over fashion, wit, and talent. At this court, the young (John) Lord Hervey was a frequent visitor, at a time, when his mother, Lady Bristol, was in waiting on the princess, and his brother, Lord Carr Hervey, held the post of groom of the bed-chamber of the prince. Of the personages at this “young court,” the right honorable John Wilson Croker thus speaks:—

“At this period, Pope, and his literary friends, were in great favor at this ‘young court,’ of which, in addition to the handsome and clever princess herself, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Howe, Miss Bellenden, and Miss Lepell, with lords Chesterfield, Bathurst, Scarborough, and Hervey, were the chief ornaments.

Above all, for beauty and wit, were Miss Bellenden, and Miss Lepell, who seem to have treated Pope, and been in return treated by him, with a familiarity that appears strange in our more decorous days.* These young ladies probably considered him as no more than what Aaron Hill described him,—

Tuneful Alexis, on the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' *plaything* and the Muse's pride.

Mr. Croker notices, that Miss Lepell was called *Mrs.*, according to the fashion of the time. It was the custom so to designate every single lady who was old enough to be married.

Upon Richmond Lodge, Swift showered some of his most pungent verses. He was there more than once, when it was the scene of the "young court." Of these occasions he sang, after the princess had become queen, to the following tune:—

Here went the Dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a week,
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking.
Whilst saucy Charlotte,* like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden roller.
A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont at her side.
In velvet cap his head is warm,
His hat, for shame, beneath his arm.

During a large portion of the married life of George Augustus and Caroline, each was supposed to be under the influence of a woman, whose real influence was, however, overrated, and whose importance, if great, was solely so because of the undue value attached to her imaginary influence. Both those persons were of the "young court," at Leicester House, and Richmond Lodge.

* De Roncey.

The women in question were Mrs. Howard, the Prince's "favorite," and Mrs. Clayton, bedchamber woman, like Mrs. Howard, to Caroline. The first lady was a daughter of a Knight of the Bath, Sir Henry Hobart. Early in life, she married Mr. Howard, "the younger brother of more than one Earl of Suffolk, to which title he at last succeeded himself, and left a son by her, who was the last earl of that branch." The young couple were but slenderly dowered; the lady had little, and her husband less. The Court of Queen Anne did not hold out to them any promise of improving their fortune, and accordingly they looked around for a locality where they might not only discern the promise, but hope for its realization. Their views rested upon Hanover and "the rising sun" there, and thither, accordingly, they took their way, and there they found a welcome at the hands of the old Electress Sophia, with scanty civility at those of her grandson, the electoral prince.

At this time, the fortunes of the young adventurers were so low, and their aspirations so high, that they were unable to give a dinner to the Hanoverian minister, till Mrs. Howard found the means, by cutting off a very beautiful head of hair, and selling it. If she did this in order that she might not incur a debt, she deserves some degree of praise, for a habit of prompt payment was not a fashion of the time. The sacrifice probably sufficed; for it was the era of full-bottomed wigs, which cost twenty or thirty guineas, and Mrs. Howard's hair, to be applied to the purpose named, may have brought her a dozen pounds, with which, a very *recherché* dinner might have been given, at the period, to even the most gastronomic of Hanoverian ministers, and half-a-dozen secretaries of legation, to boot.

The fortune sought for was seized, although it came but in a questionable shape. After the lapse of some little time, the lady had made sufficient impression on the hitherto cold Prince George Augustus to induce him, on the accession of his father to the crown of England, to appoint her one of the bedchamber women to his wife, Caroline, Princess of Wales.

When Mrs. Howard had won what was called the "regard" of the prince, she separated from her husband. *He*, it is true, had little regard *for*, and merited no regard *from*, his wife. But *he*

was resolved that she should attain not even a bad eminence, unless he profited by it. He was a wretched, heartless, drunken, gambling profligate, too coarse, even, for the coarse fine gentlemen of the day. When he found himself deserted by his wife, therefore, and discovered that she had established her residence in the household of the prince, he went down to the palace, raised an uproar in the court-yard, before the guards and other persons present, and made vociferous demands for the restoration to him of a wife whom he really did not want. He was thrust out of the quadrangle without much ceremony, but he was not to be silenced. He even appears to have interested the Archbishop of Canterbury in the matter. The prelate affected to look upon the princess as the protectress of her bedchamber-woman, and the cause of the latter living separate from her husband, to whom he recommended, by letter, that she should be restored. Walpole says, further, that the archbishop delivered an epistle from Mr. Howard himself, addressed through the Princess Caroline to his wife, and that the princess "had the malicious pleasure of delivering the letter to her rival."

Mrs. Howard continued to reside under the roof of this strangely-assorted household; there was no scandal excited thereby at the period, and she was safe from conjugal importunity, whether at St. James's Palace or Leicester House. "The case was altered," says Walpole, "when, on the arrival of summer, their royal highnesses were to remove to Richmond. Being only woman of the bedchamber, etiquette did not allow Mrs. Howard the entrée of the coach, with the princess. She apprehended that Mr. Howard might seize her upon the road. To baffle such an attempt, her friends, John, Duke of Argyle, and his brother, the Earl of Islay, called for her in the coach of one of them by eight o'clock in the morning of the day by noon of which the prince and princess were to remove, and lodged her safely in their house at Richmond." It would appear, that after this period, the servant of Caroline and the favorite of George Augustus ceased to be molested by her husband; and, although there be no proof of that gentleman having been "bought off," he was of such character, tastes, and principles, that he cannot be thought to have been of too nice an honor

to allow of his agreeing to terms of peace for pecuniary "consideration."

George thought his show of regard for Mrs. Howard would stand for proof that he was not "led" by his wife. The regard wore an outwardly Platonic aspect, and daily, at the same hour, the royal admirer resorted to the apartment of the lady, where an hour or two was spent in "small talk," and conversation of a generally uninteresting character.

It is very illustrative of the peculiar character of George Augustus, that his periodical visits every evening at nine, were regulated with such dull punctuality, "that he frequently walked about his chamber for ten minutes, with his watch in his hand, if the stated minute was not arrived."

Walpole also notices the more positive vexations Mrs. Howard received when Caroline became queen, whose head she used to dress, until she acquired the title of Countess of Suffolk. The queen, it is said, delighted in subjecting her to such servile offices, though always apologizing to *her good Howard*. "Often," says Walpole, "her majesty had more complete triumph. It happened more than once, that the king, coming into the room while the queen was dressing, has snatched off the handkerchief, and, turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, 'Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the queen's.'"

One other instance may be cited here of Caroline's dislike of her good Howard. "The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, that looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one Twelfth Night at court, had won so large a sum of money, that he thought it not prudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy, and thenceforwards Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favor from court; and, finding himself desperate, went into opposition." But this is anticipating events. Let us speak of the other bedchamber-woman of the Princess of Wales, and subsequently of Queen Caroline, who was also a woman of considerable note in the quiet and princely circle at Leicester House, and the more brilliant réunions at St. James's and Kensington. She

was a woman of fairer reputation, of greater ability, and of worse temper than Mrs. Howard. Her maiden name was Dyves, her condition was of a humble character, but her marriage with Sir Robert Clayton, a clerk in the Treasury, gave her importance and position, and opportunity to improve both. Her husband, in addition to his Treasury clerkship, was one of the managers of the Marlborough estates in the duke's absence, and this brought his wife to the knowledge and patronage of the duchess. The only favor ever asked by the latter of the House of Hanover, was a post for her friend Mrs. Clayton, who soon afterwards was appointed one of the bedchamber-women of Caroline Princess of Wales.

Mrs. Clayton has been as diversely painted by Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole, as Chesterfield himself. It is not to be disputed, however, that she was a woman of many accomplishments, of not so many as her flatterers ascribed to her, but of more than were conceded to her by her enemies. The same may be said of her alleged virtues. Walpole describes her as a corrupt, pompous simpleton, and Lord Hervey as a woman of great intelligence, and rather ill-regulated temper, the latter preventing her from concealing her thoughts, let them be what they might. The noble lord intimates, rather than asserts, that she was more resigned than desirous to live at court, for the dirty company of which she was too good, but whom she had the honesty to hate but not the hypocrisy to tell them they were good. Hervey adds that she did good, for the mere luxury which the exercise of the virtue had in itself. Others describe her as corrupt as the meanest courtier that ever lived by bribes. She would take jewels with both hands, and wear them without shame, though they were the fees of offices performed to serve others and enrich herself. The Duchess of Marlborough was ashamed of her protégée in this respect, if there be truth in the story of her grace being indignant at seeing Mrs. Clayton wearing gems which she knew were the price of services rendered by her. Lady Wortley Montague apologizes for her by the smart remark, that people would not know where wine was sold, if the vendor did not hang out a bush.

Of another fact there is no dispute,—the intense hatred with which Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Clayton regarded each other. The

former was calm, cool, cutting, and contemptuous—but never unlady-like, always self-possessed and severe. The latter was hot, eager, and for ever rendering her position untenable for want of temper, and therefore lack of argument to maintain it. Mrs. Clayton, doubtless, possessed more influence with the queen than her opponent with the king, but that influence has been vastly overrated. Caroline only allowed it in small matters, and exercised in small ways. Mrs. Clayton was, in some respects, only her authorized representative, or the medium between her and the objects whom she delighted to relieve or to honor. The lady had some influence in bringing about introductions, in directing the queen's notice to works of merit, or to petitions for relief; but on subjects of much higher importance Caroline would not submit to influence from the same quarter. On serious questions she had a better judgment of her own than she could be supplied with by the women of the bedchamber. The great power held by Mrs. Clayton was, that with her rested to decide whether the prayer of a petitioner should or should not reach the eye of Caroline. No wonder, then, that she was flattered, and that her good offices were asked for with showers of praise and compliment to herself, by favor-seekers of every conceivable class. Peers of every degree, and their wives, bishops and poor curates, philosophers well-to-do, and authors in shreds and patches; sages and sciolists; inventors, speculators, and a mob of "beggars" that cannot be classed, sought to approach Caroline through Mrs. Clayton's office, and humbly waited Mrs. Clayton's leisure, while they profusely flattered her, in order to tempt her to be active in their behalf.

Mrs. Clayton, despite her more fiery temper, is said to have been a "nicer" woman than Mrs. Howard. It must be remembered, however, that the niceness of the nice people of this period was very like that of Mrs. Mincemore, in Odingsell's comedy of "The Capricious Lovers." The latter is something akin to the delicate lady in the "Precieuses Ridicules," the very sight of a gentleman makes her grow sick, so indelicate is the spectacle; and she refines upon the significancy of phrases, till she resolves common conversation into rank offence against modesty.

Caroline not only ruled her husband without his being aware

of it, but could laugh at him heartily, without hurting his feelings by allowing him to be conscious of it. Hereafter mention may be made of the sensitiveness of the court to satire; but before the death of George I., it seems to have been enjoyed, at least by Caroline, Princess of Wales,—more than it was subsequently by the same illustrious lady, when Queen of England. Dr. Arbuthnot, at the period alluded to, had occasion to write to Swift. The Doctor had been publishing, by subscription, his “Tables of Ancient Coins,” and was gaining very few modern specimens by his work. The dean, on the other hand, was then reaping a harvest of profit and popularity by his “Gulliver’s Travels,”—that book of which the puzzled Bishop of Ferns said, on coming to the last page, that, all things considered, he did not believe a word of it!

Arbuthnot, writing to Swift on the subject of the two works, says (8 Nov. 1726) that his book had been out about a month, but that he had not yet got his subscribers’ names. “I will make over,” he says, “all my profits to you, for the property of ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a book.” Arbuthnot subsequently relates, that when he last saw the Princess of Wales, “she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince, which she laughed at.” The laugh was at the cost of her husband, whom Swift represented in the satire as walking with one high and low heel, in allusion to the prince’s supposed vacillation between the Whigs and Tories.

The princess, however, had more regard, at all times, for sages than she had for satirists. It was at the request of Caroline that Newton drew up an abstract of a treatise on Ancient Chronology, which was first published in France, and subsequently in England. Her regard for Halley dates from an earlier period than Newton’s death, or Caroline’s accession. She had in 1721 pressed Halley to become the tutor of her favorite son, the Duke of Cumberland; but the great perfecter of the theory of the moon’s motion was then too busy with his syzigies to be troubled with teaching the humanities to little princes. It was for the same reason that Halley resigned his post of secretary to the Royal Society.

This question of the education of the children of the Prince and

Princess of Wales was one which was much discussed, and not without bitterness, by the disputants on both sides. In the same year that the Princess of Wales desired to secure Halley as the instructor of William of Cumberland (1721), George I. made an earl of that Thomas Parker, who, from an attorney’s office, had steadily risen through the various grades of the law, had been entrusted with high commissions, and finally became lord chancellor. George I. on his accession made him Baron of Macclesfield, and in 1721 raised him to the rank of earl. He paid for the honor by supporting the king against the Prince and Princess of Wales. The latter claimed an exclusive right of direction in the education of their children. Lord Macclesfield declared that, by law, they had no right at all to control the education of their offspring. Neither prince nor princess ever forgave him for this. They waited for the hour of repaying it; and the time soon came. In two or three years, to Macclesfield might almost have been applied the words of Pope:—

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

The first “Brunswick chancellor” became notorious for his malpractices—selling places, and trafficking with the funds of the suitors. His enemies resolved to impeach him, and this resolution originated at Leicester House, and was carried out with such effect that the chancellor was condemned to pay a fine of 30,000*l.* George I. knowing that the son whom he hated was the cause of so grave, but just, a consequence, promised to repay the ex-chancellor the amount of the fine which Lord Macclesfield had himself paid, a few days after the sentence, by the mortgage of a valuable estate. The king, however, was rather slow in acquitting himself of his promise. He forwarded one instalment of 1000*l.*, but he paid no more, death supervening and preventing the farther performance of a promise only made to annoy his son and his son’s wife.

In one respect Lord Macclesfield and the Princess of Wales resembled each other,—in entertaining a curious feeling of superstition. It will be seen, hereafter, how certain Caroline felt that she should die on a Wednesday, and for what reasons. So, like

her, but with more accuracy, the fallen Macclesfield pointed out the day for his decease. In his disgrace he had devoted himself to science and religion. He was, however, distracted by a malady which was aggravated by grief, if not remorse. Dr. Pearce, his constant friend, called on him one day, and found him very ill. Lord Macclesfield said: "My mother died of the same disorder on the eighth day, and so shall I." On the eighth day this prophecy was fulfilled; and the Leicester House party were fully avenged.

The feelings of both prince and princess were forever in excess. Thus both appear to have entertained a strong sentiment of aversion against their eldest child, Frederick. Caroline did not bring him with her to this country when she herself first came over to take up her residence here. Frederick was born at Hanover, on the 20th January, 1707. He was early instructed in the English language; but he disliked study of every description, and made but little progress in this particular branch. As a child he was remarkable for his spitefulness and cunning. He was yet a youth when he drank like any German baron of old, played as deeply as he drank, and entered heart and soul into other vices, which not only corrupted both, but his body also. His tutor was scandalized by his conduct, and complained of it grievously. Caroline was, at that time, given to find excuses for a conduct with which she did not care to be so far troubled as to censure it; and she remarked, that the escapades complained of were mere page's tricks. "Would to Heaven, they were no more!" exclaimed the worthy governor; "but in truth they are tricks of grooms and scoundrels." The prince spared his friends as little as his foes, and his heart was as vicious as his head was weak.

Caroline had little affection for this child, whom she would have willingly defrauded of his birth-right. At one time she appears to have been inclined to secure the electorate of Hanover for William, and to allow Frederick to succeed to the English throne. At another time, she was as desirous, it is believed, of advancing William to the crown of England, and making over the electorate to Frederick. How far these intrigues were carried on is hardly known, but that they existed is matter of notoriety. The law presented a barrier which could not, however, be broken down; but,

nevertheless, Lord Chesterfield, in his character of the princess, intimated that she was busy with this project throughout her life.

Frederick was not permitted to come to England during any period of the time that his parents were Prince and Princess of Wales. An English title or two may be said to have been flung to him across the water. Thus, in 1717, he was created Duke of Gloucester, and the Garter was sent to him the following year. In 1726 he became Duke of Edinburgh. He never occupied a place in the hearts of either his father or mother.

It is but fair to the character of the Princess of Wales, to say that, severe as was the feeling entertained by herself against Lord Macclesfield,—a feeling shared in by her consort, neither of them ever after entertained any ill feeling against Philip Yorke, subsequently Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who defended his friend Lord Macclesfield, with great fearlessness, at the period of his celebrated trial. Only once, in after life, did George II. visit Lord Hardwicke with a severe rebuff. The learned lord was avaricious, discouraging to those who sought to rise in their profession, and caring only for the advancement of his own relations. He was once seeking for a place for a distant relation, when the husband of Caroline exclaimed, "You are always asking favors, and I observe that it is invariably in behalf of some one of your family or kinsmen." We shall hereafter find Caroline making allusions to "Judge Gripus," as a character in a play, but it was a name given to Lord Hardwicke, on account of his "meanness." This feeling was shared by his wife. The expensively embroidered velvet purse in which the great seal is carried was renewed every year during Lord Hardwicke's time. Each year, Lady Hardwicke ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of her state rooms at Wimpole. In course of time, the prudent lady obtained enough to tapestry the room with the legal velvet, and to make curtains and hangings for a state bed, which stood in the apartment. Well might Pope have said of these:—

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life!
Look but on Gripus and on Gripus' wife.

But this is again anticipating the events of history. Let us go

back to 1721, when Caroline and her husband exercised a courage which caused great admiration in the saloons of Leicester House, and a doubtful sort of applause throughout the country. Lady Mary Wortley Montague had just reported the successful results of inoculation for the small-pox, which she had witnessed at Constantinople. Dr. Mead was ordered by the prince to inoculate six criminals who had been condemned to death, but whose lives were spared for this experiment. It succeeded admirably, and the patients were more satisfied by the result of the experiment than any one besides. In the year following, Caroline allowed Dr. Mead to inoculate her two daughters, and the doctor ultimately became physician-in-ordinary to her husband.

The medical appointments made by Caroline and her husband certainly had a political motive. Thus, the Princess of Wales persuaded her husband to name Friend his physician-in-ordinary, just after the latter had been liberated from the Tower, where he had suffered incarceration for daring to defend Atterbury in the House of Commons, when the bishop was accused of being guilty of treason. Caroline always had a high esteem for Friend, independently of his political opinions, and one of her first acts, on ceasing to be Princess of Wales, was to make Friend physician to the queen.

It is said by Swift that the Princess of Wales sent for him to Leicester Fields, no less than nine times, before he would obey the reiterated summons. When he *did* appear before Caroline, he roughly remarked that he understood she liked to see odd persons; that she had lately inspected a wild boy from Germany, and that now she had the opportunity of seeing a wild parson from Ireland. Swift declares that the court in Leicester Fields was very anxious to settle him in England, but it may be doubted whether the anxiety was very sincere. Swift's declaration that he had no anxiety to be patronized by the Princess of Wales, was probably as little sincere. The patronage sometimes exercised there was mercilessly sneered at by Swift. Thus Caroline had expressed a desire to do honor to Gay, but when the post offered was only that of a gentleman usher to the little Princess Caroline, Swift was bitterly satirical on the Princess of Wales supposing

that the poet Gay would be willing to act as a sort of male nurse to a little girl of two years of age.

The Prince of Wales, was occasionally as cavalierly treated by the ladies as the princess by the men. One of the maids of honor of Caroline, the well-known Miss Bellenden, would boldly stand before him with her arms folded, and when asked why she did so, would toss her pretty head, and laughingly exclaim that she did so, not because she was cold, but that she chose to stand with her arms folded. When her own niece became maid of honor to Queen Caroline, and audacious Miss Bellenden was a grave married lady, she instructively warned her young relative not to be so imprudent a maid of honor as her aunt had been before her.

But strange things were done by princes and princesses in those days, as well as by those who waited on them. For instance, in 1725, it is recorded by Miss Dyves, maid of honor to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the Princess of Wales, that "the prince, and everybody but myself, went last Friday to Bartholomew Fair. It was a fine day, so *he* went by water; and I, being afraid, did not go; after the fair, they supped at the King's Arms, and came home about four o'clock in the morning." An heir-apparent, and part of his family and consort, going by water from Richmond to "Bartlemy Fair," supping at a tavern, staying out all night, and returning home not long before honest men breakfasted,—was not calculated to make royalty respectable.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST YEARS OF A REIGN.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE was sojourning at Chelsea, and thinking of nothing less than the demise of a king, when news was brought him, by a messenger from Lord Townshend, at three o'clock in the afternoon of June 14, 1727, that his late most sacred majesty was then lying dead in the Wesphalian palace of his serene highness the Bishop of Osnaburgh. Sir Robert immediately hurried to Richmond, in order to be the first to do homage

to the new sovereigns, George and Caroline. George accepted the homage with much complacency, and on being asked by Sir Robert as to the person whom the king would select to draw up the usual address to the privy council, George II. mentioned the speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Spenser Compton.

This was a civil way of telling Sir Robert that his services as prime minister were no longer required. He was not pleased at being supplanted, but neither was he wrathfully little-minded against his successor,—a successor so incompetent for his task that he was obliged to have recourse to Sir Robert to assist him in drawing up the address above alluded to. Sir Robert rendered the assistance with much heartiness, but was not the less determined, if possible, to retain his office, in spite of the personal dislike of the king, and of that of the queen, whom he had offended, when she was Princess of Wales, by speaking of her as “that fat beast, the prince’s wife.” Sir Robert could easily make poor Sir Spenser communicative with regard to his future intentions. The latter was a stiff, gossiping, soft-hearted creature, and might very well have taken for his motto the words of Parmeno in the play of Terence:—“*Plenus rimarum sum.*” He intimated that on first meeting parliament he should propose an allowance of 60,000*l.* per annum to be made to the queen. “I will make it 40,000*l.* more,” said Sir Robert, subsequently, through a second party, to Queen Caroline, “if my office of minister be secured to me.” Caroline was delighted at the idea, intimated that Sir Robert might be sure “the fat beast” had friendly feelings towards him, and then hastening to the king, over whose weaker intellect her more masculine mind held rule, explained to her royal husband that, as Compton considered Walpole the fittest man to be, what he had so long been with efficiency,—prime minister, it would be a foolish act to nominate Compton himself to the office. The king acquiesced, Sir Spenser was made president of the council, and Sir Robert not only persuaded parliament, without difficulty, to settle one hundred thousand a year on the queen, but he also persuaded the august trustees of the people’s money to add the entire revenue of the civil list, about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year, to the annual sum of seven hundred

thousand pounds, which had been settled as the proper revenue for a king. Sir Robert had thus the wit to bribe king and queen, out of the funds of the people, and we cannot be surprised that their majesties looked upon him and his as true allies. Indeed Caroline did not wait for the success of the measure in order to show her confidence in Walpole. Their majesties had removed from Richmond to their temporary palace in Leicester Fields, on the very evening of their receiving notice of their accession to the crown; and the next day all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss their hands; “my mother,” says Horace Walpole, “among the rest, who, Sir Spenser Compton’s designation and not his evaporation being known, could not make her way between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than the third or fourth row; but no sooner was she descried by her majesty than the queen said aloud: ‘There I am sure I see a friend!’ The torrent divided and shrank to either side, ‘and as I came away,’ said my mother, ‘I might have walked over their heads, had I pleased.’”

When Louis XIV., perhaps not without some surprise, found that his “grandeur” did not confer upon him the benefit hinted at in the sermon of a court chaplain, to the effect that “all men,—that is, *almost all* men—must die!” he at least comforted himself with one consideration, namely, that he had placed his illegitimate children in the line of succession to the throne, and that of course this, his will, made when living, would be respected after he should be dead. But the ass in the fable was not more scornful of the sick lion than the French people were of the dead king. No sooner was he fairly entombed in the vaults of St. Denis, than his will was quashed with as little ceremony as if it had been a fraudulent document,—as indeed it was, the fraud of a king who thought he could overturn law as he lay in the grave. Generally speaking, the “wills” of despots are antagonistic to despotism; but the last testament of Louis would have made of the French people the slaves of a despot dead and disembowelled.

George I. does not appear to have remembered the instruction which he might have drawn from the circumstance of the quashing of the will of so irresponsible a monarch as Louis XIV. He

calmly drew up a will which he coolly thought his successor would respect. Perhaps he remembered that his son believed in ghosts and vampires, and would fulfil a dead man's will out of mere terror of a dead man's visitation. But George Augustus had no such fear, nor any such respect as that noticed above.

At the first council held by George II., Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, in whose hands George I. had deposited his last will and testament, produced that precious instrument, placed it before the king, and composed himself to hear the instructions of the deceased parent recited by his heir. The new king, however, put the paper in his pocket, walked out of the room, never uttered a word more upon the subject, and general rumor subsequently proclaimed that the royal will had been dropped into the fire by the testator's son.

That testator, however, had been a destroyer of wills himself; he had burnt that of the poor old Duke of Zell, and he had treated in like manner, the last will of Sophia Dorothea. The latter document favored both his children more than he approved, and the king, who could do no wrong, committed a felonious act, which for a common criminal would have purchased a halter. Being given to this sort of iniquity himself, he naturally thought ill of the heir whom he looked upon as bound to respect the will of his father. To bind him the more securely to such observance, he left two duplicates of his will; one of which was deposited with the Duke of Wölffenbittel, the other with another German prince, whose name has not been revealed, and both were given up by the depositaries, for fee and reward duly paid for the service. The copies were destroyed in the same way as the original. What instruction was set down in this document has never been ascertained. Walpole speaks of a reported legacy of forty thousand pounds to the king's surviving mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, and of a subsequent compromise made with the husband of the duchess's "niece" and heiress, Lady Walsingham;—a compromise which followed upon a threatened action at law. Something similar is said to have taken place with the King of Prussia, to whose wife, the daughter of George I., the latter monarch was reported to have bequeathed a considerable legacy.

However this may be, the surprise of the council and the consternation of the primate were excessive. The latter dignitary was the last man, however, who could with propriety have blamed a fellow man for acting contrary to what was expected of him. He himself had been the warmest advocate of religious toleration, until he reached the primacy, and had an opportunity for the exercise of a little harshness towards dissenters. The latter were as much astonished at their ex-advocate as the latter was astounded by the act of the king.

We will not further allude to the coronation of George and Caroline than by saying that, on the occasion in question, these sovereigns displayed a gorgeousness of taste, of a somewhat barbarous quality. The coronation was the most splendid that had been seen for years. George, despite his low stature and fair hair which heightened the weakness of his expression at this period, was said to be, on this occasion, "every inch a king." He enjoyed the splendor of the scene and of himself, and thought it cheaply purchased at the cost of much fatigue.

Caroline was not inferior to her lord. It is true that of crown jewels she had none, save a pearl necklace, the solitary spoil left of all the gems, "rich and rare," which had belonged to Queen Anne, and which had, for the most part, been distributed by the late king among his favorites of every degree. Had his daughter, the Queen of Prussia, been among those for whom he affected some attachment, it is possible that a few relics of the crown, or rather national, property, might yet be found among the treasures of Berlin. However this may be, Caroline wore, on the occasion of her crowning, not only the pearl necklace of Queen Anne, but "she had on her head and shoulders all the pearls and necklaces which she could borrow from the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewellers at the other; so," adds Lord Hervey, from whom this detail is taken, "the appearance and the truth of her finery was a mixture of magnificence and meanness, not unlike the *éclat* of royalty in many other particulars, when it comes to be nicely examined, and its sources traced to what money hires and flattery lends."

The queen dressed for the grand ceremony in a private room at Westminster. Early in the morning, she put on "an undress" at St. James's, of which we are interestingly told that "everything was new." She was carried across St. James's Park privately in a chair, bearing no distinctive mark upon it, and preceded at a short distance, by the Lord Chancellor and Mrs. Howard, both of whom were in "hack sedans." She was dressed by that lady. Mrs. Herbert, another bedchamber woman, would fain have shared in the honor, but as she was herself in full dress for the ceremony, she was pronounced incapable of attiring her who was to be the heroine of it. At the conclusion of the august affair, the queen unrobed in an adjacent apartment, and, as in the morning, was smuggled back to St. James's in a private chair.

Magnificent as Caroline was in borrowed finery at her coronation, she was excelled, in point of show, by Mrs. Oldfield, on the stage at Drury Lane. The theatre was closed on the night of the real event. The government had no idea then of dividing a multitude, but the management expended a thousand pounds in getting up the pageant of the crowning of Anne Boleyn, at the close of "Henry VIII." In this piece, Booth made Henry the principal character, and Cibber's Wolsey sank to a second-rate part. The pageant, however, was so attractive, that it was often played, detached from the piece, at the conclusion of a comedy, or any other play. Caroline went more than once with her royal consort to witness this representation, an honor which was refused to the more vulgar show, which had but indifferent success, at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Were there "cause and consequence" in these facts, and in the subsequent refusal of Cibber to accept the *Beggars' Opera*, and the eager reception by Rich of the same piece, which was afterwards represented to the great annoyance of court and cabinet, allegedly satirized therein?

The king's revenue, as settled upon him by the Whig parliament, was larger than any of our kings had before enjoyed. Caroline's jointure, 100,000*l.* a year, with Somerset House and Richmond Lodge, was double that which had been granted previously to any queen. This success had been so notoriously the result of Walpole's exertions, that the husband of Caroline, who dealt in very strong

terms, began to look complacently on the "rogue and rascal," thought his brother Horace, bearable, in spite of his being, as George used to call him, "scoundrel," "fool," and "dirty buffoon," and he even felt less averse than usual to the two secretaries of state, of Walpole's administration, the Duke of Newcastle, the "impertinent fool," whom he had threatened at the christening of William Duke of Cumberland; and Lord Townshend, whom he was wont to designate as a "choleric blockhead." The issue of the affair was, that of Walpole's cabinet, no one went out but the minister's son-in-law,—Lord Malpas, roughly ejected from the Mastership of the Robes, and "Stinking Yonge," as the king used elegantly to designate Sir William, who was turned out of the Commission of Treasury, and whose sole little failings were, that he was "pitiful, corrupt, contemptible, and a great liar," though, as Lord Hervey says, "rather a mean than a vicious one," which does not seem to me to mend the matter, and which is a distinction without a difference. After all, "Stinking Yonge" only dived to come up fresh again. And Lord Malpas performed the same feat.

Henceforth, it was understood by every lady, says Lord Hervey, "that Sir Robert was the queen's minister; that whoever he favored she distinguished, and whoever she distinguished the king employed." The queen ruled, without seeming to rule. She was mistress by power of suggestion. A word from her in public, addressed to the king, generally earned for her a rebuke. Her consort so pertinaciously declared that he was independent, and that she never meddled with public business of any kind, that every one, even the early dupes of the assertion, ceased at last to put any faith in it. Caroline "not only meddled with business, but directed everything that came under that name, either at home or abroad." It is too much, perhaps, to say that her power was unrivalled and unbounded, but it was doubtless great, and purchased at great cost. That she could induce her husband to employ a man whom he had not yet learned to like, was in itself no small proof of her power, considering the peculiarly obstinate disposition of the monarch.

Her recommendation of Walpole was not based, it is believed, upon any very exalted motives. Walpole himself, in his official connections with the sovereign, was certainly likely to take every

advantage of the opportunity to create favorable convictions of his ability. Caroline, in praising his ability to the king, suggested that Sir Robert was rich enough to be honest, and had so little private business of his own, that he had all the more leisure to devote to that of the king. "New leeches would be not the less hungry;" and with this very indifferent sort of testimony to her favorite's worth Caroline secured a servant for the king, and a minister for herself.

The tact of the queen was so admirable, that the husband, who followed her counsel in all things, never even himself suspected but that he was leading her. This was the very triumph of the queen's art, and the crowning proof of the simplicity and silliness of the king. It is said that he sneered at Charles I. for being governed by his wife; at Charles II. for being governed by his mistresses; at James led by priests; at William duped by men; at Queen Anne deceived by her favorites; and at his father, who allowed himself to be ruled by any one who could approach him. And he finished his catalogue of scorn by proudly asking, "Who governs now?" The courtiers probably smiled behind their jaunty hats. The wits, and some of them were courtiers too, answered the query more roughly, and they remarked, in rugged rhyme and bad grammar—

You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.

The two were otherwise described by other poetasters, as—

So strutting a king and so prating a queen.

It is a fact, at which we need not be surprised, that the most cutting satires against the king, as led by his wife, were from the pens of female writers,—or said to be so. And this is likely enough; for in no quarter is there so much contempt for a man who leans upon, rather than supports, his wife. The court certainly offered good opportunity for the satirists to make merry with. It is said of the court of Anne of Brittany, the wife of two

kings of France, Charles VIII. and Louis XII., that it was so renowned for the perfection of its morality and correctness of conduct, that to gain a bride from amongst the young ladies who composed the suite of the queen, was the object of ambition with all the nobles of the time, and to be permitted to place their daughters under her eye, was the most anxious wish of all the mothers who desired to see them respected and admired. The court of Caroline, it must be confessed, was far beneath the high standard of that of the lady who brought the duchy of Brittany with her as a dowry to France. There was not much female delicacy in it, and still less manly dignity,—even in the presence of the queen herself. Thus we hear, for instance, of Caroline, one evening, at Windsor, asking Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townshend where they had dined that day? My lord replied that he had dined with lord and lady Trevor, an aged couple, and the lady remarkable for her more than ordinary plainness. Whereupon Sir Robert, with considerable latitude of expression, intimated, jokingly, that his friend was paying political court to the lord, in order to veil a court of another kind addressed to the lady. Lord Townshend, not understanding raillery on such a topic, grew angry, and, in defending himself against the charge of seducing old Lady Trevor, was not content with employing phrases of honest indignation alone, but used illustrations that no "lord" would ever think of using before a lady. Caroline grew uneasy, not at the growing indelicacy of phrase, but at the angry feelings of the Peachum and Lockit of the Court: and "to prevent Lord Townshend's replying, or the thing being pushed any further, only laughed, and began immediately to talk on some other subject."*

The mention of the heroes in Gay's opera serves to remind me that, in 1729, the influence of the queen was again exerted to lead the king to do what he had not himself dreamed of doing.

Sir Robert Walpole must have been more "thin-skinned" than he is usually believed to have been, if he could really have felt wounded, as it would appear was the case, by the alleged satire of the Beggars' Opera. The public would seem to have been the

* Lord Hervey's Memoirs, &c., of the Court of Queen Caroline.

authors of such satire rather than Gay, for they made application of many passages, to which the writer of them probably attached no personal meaning.

The origin of the piece was certainly *not* political. It was a mere Newgate pastoral put into an operatic form, and intended to ridicule, what it succeeded in overthrowing for a season, the newly-introduced Italian Opera. The piece had been refused by Cibber, and was accepted by Rich, who brought it out at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on the 29th of January, 1728, with such success, that it was said of it,—that it made Gay rich, and Rich gay. Walker was his Macheath, and Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, the Polly,—a character in which she was not approached by either of her three immediate successors, Miss Warren, Miss Cantrell, or sweet Kitty Clive. Some of the passages, seized upon as satires on Walpole, Townshend, and Walpole's daughter, "Molly Skerrett," seem as harmless of satire as Spiller was, who played *Mat o' the Mint*, and who shortly after died of apoplexy, while acting in the "Rape of Proserpine;"—a catastrophe which might be as reasonably called a satire upon the apoplectic destiny of George I., as that all the passages of the opera were originally intended as caricatures of the administration. Johnson says of the piece that it was plainly written only to divert,—without any moral purpose, and therefore not likely to do good. This is the truth, no doubt; and if Gay put in a few strong passages just previous to representation, it was the public application that gave them double force. Perhaps the application would have been stronger if Quin had originally played, as was intended, the part of Macheath. To step from Macbeth to the highwayman might have had a political signification given to it; and, indeed, Quin did play, and sing, the captain, one night for his benefit,—just as another great tragedian, Young, did, within our own recollection. However, never had piece such success. It was played at every theatre in the kingdom, and every audience was as keenly alive for passages that could be applied against the court and government, as they were for mere ridicule against the Italian Opera.

Caroline herself was probably not opposed to the *morale* of the piece. Her own chairmen were suspected of being in league with

highwaymen, and probably were; but on their being arrested, and dismissed from her service by the master of her household who suspected their guilt, she was indignant at the liberty taken, and insisted on their being restored. She had no objection to be safely carried by suspected confederates of highwaymen.

The poverty of "Polly" could not render it exempt from being made the scape-goat for the Beggars' Opera, in which Walpole, from whom Gay could not obtain a place, was said to be "shown-up," night after night, as a thief, and the friend of thieves. The Beggars' Opera had a run before its satire was felt by him against whom its satire was chiefly directed. "Polly" is very stupid and not satirical, but it was a favorite with the author. The latter, therefore, was especially annoyed at receiving an injunction from the lord chamberlain's office, obtained at the request of Sir Robert, whereby the representation of "Polly" was forbidden in every theatre. The poet determined to shame his enemies by printing the piece, with a smart political supplement annexed. Gay was the "spoiled child" of the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. They espoused his cause, and the duchess was especially active, urgent and successful in procuring subscriptions;—compelling them, by gentle violence, even from the most reluctant. This zeal for the vexed poet went so far that the duchess solicited subscriptions even in the queen's apartment, and in the royal drawing-room. There was something pleasant in making even the courtiers subscribe towards the circulating of a piece which royalty, through its official, had prohibited from being acted. The zealous duchess was thus busy with three or four gentlemen, in one corner of the room, when the king came upon them, and inquired the nature of her business. "It is a matter of humanity and charity," said her grace, "and I do not despair but that your majesty will contribute to it." The monarch disappointed Gay's patroness in this respect, but he exhibited no symptom whatever of displeasure, and left her to her levying occupation. Subsequently, however, in the queen's apartment, the subject was talked over between the royal pair, and not till then did George perceive that the conduct of the duchess was so impertinent that it was necessary to forbid her appearing again, at least for the present, at court.

The king's vice-chamberlain, Mr. Stanhope, was despatched with a verbal message to this effect. The manner and the matter equally enraged Gay's patroness, and she delivered a note of acknowledgment to the vice-chamberlain, in which she stated that she was both surprised and gratified at the royal and agreeable command to stay away from court, seeing that she had never gone there but for her own diversion, and also from a desire of showing some civility to the king and queen! The lively lady further intimated, that perhaps it was as well that they who dared to speak, or even think, truth, should be kept away from a court where it was unpalatable; although she had thought that in supporting truth and innocence in the palace, she was paying the very highest compliment possible to both their majesties.

When the note was completed, the writer gave it to Mr. Stanhope to read. The stiff vice-chamberlain felt rather shocked at the tone, and politely advised the duchess to think better of the matter, and write another note. Her grace consented, but the second edition was so more highly spiced, and so more pungent than the first, that the officer preferred taking the latter, which he must have placed before king and queen with a sort of decent horror, appropriate to a functionary of his polite vocation. The duchess lost the royal favor, and the duke, her husband, lost his posts.

After all, it seems singular that while so stupid a piece as "Polly" was prohibited, the representation of the Beggars' Opera still went on. The alleged offence was thus seemingly permitted, while visitation was made on an unoffending piece;—and subscriptions for the printing of that piece were asked for, as we have seen, by the Duchess of Queensberry, in the very apartments of the sovereign, who is said to have been most offended at the poet's alleged presumption.

Other poets and the players advanced in the good will of Caroline and her house by producing pieces complimentary to the Brunswick family. Thus Rich, who had offended the royal family by getting up the Beggars' Opera, in January, 1728, produced Mrs. Haywood's tragedy of "Frederick, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenburg," in March, 1729. The authoress dedicated her play to Frederick

Prince of Wales, and her object in writing it was to represent one of the ancestors of his royal highness as raised to the imperial throne in consequence of his virtues. It may be a question whether Caroline or her husband, or son, could approve of a subject which exhibited the Brunswick monarch falling under the dagger of an assassin. However this may be, the public was indifferent to the piece and its object; and, after being represented three times, it disappeared forever and left the stage to be again occupied by the Beggar's Opera,—Peachum—Walpole, Lockit—Townshend, and Mat o' the Mint, type of easy financiers, who gaily bid the public "stand and deliver!"

On the first occasion on which George I. left England to visit Hanover, he appointed the Prince of Wales regent of the kingdom during his absence. The prince, in spite of his limited powers,—he was unable to act on the smallest point, without the sanction of ministers,—contrived to gain considerable and well-deserved popularity. George never again allowed him to hold the same honorable office; and the son and father hated each other ever after. In the May of this year, that son, now king, quitted England in order to visit the electorate, but he did not appoint Frederick Prince of Wales as regent during his absence. He delegated that office to the queen, and most probably by the queen's advice. Frederick had not been long in London before the opposition party made him, if not their chief, at least their rallying point: the prince hated his father heartily and openly, and he had as little regard for his mother. When application was made to Parliament to pay some alleged deficiencies in the civil list, Frederick was particularly severe on the extravagance of his sire, and the method adopted to remedy it. He talked loudly of what he would have done in a similar extremity, or rather of how he would never have allowed himself to fall into so extreme a difficulty. He was doubly in the wrong,—“in the first place, for saying what he ought only to have thought; and, in the next, for not thinking what he ought not to have said.” It was not likely, even if the king had been so disposed, that the queen would have consented to an arrangement which would have materially diminished her own consequence. She was accordingly invested with the office of regent, and she performed its duties

with a grace and an efficiency which caused universal congratulation that the post had not been confided to other, and necessarily weaker, hands. She had Sir Robert Walpole at her side to aid her with his counsel, and the presence of the baronet's enemy, Lord Townshend, with the king, had no effect in damaging the power effectively administered by Caroline and her great minister.

It was not merely during the absence of the king in Hanover that Caroline may be said to have ruled in England. The year 1730 affords an illustration on this point.

The Dissenters, who had originally consented to the Test and Corporation Acts, upon a most unselfish ground,—for they sacrificed their own interest in order that the Romanists might be prevented from being admitted to places of power and trust, now demanded the repeal of those acts. The request perplexed the crown and ministry, especially when an election was pending. To promise the dissenters, and it was more especially the Presbyterians who moved in this matter, relief, would be to deprive the crown of the votes of churchmen; and to reject the petition, would be to set every dissenter against the government and its candidates. Sir Robert Walpole, in his perplexity, looked around for a good genius to rescue him from the dilemma in which he was placed. He paused, on considering Hoadly, Bishop of Salisbury. The bishop was the very *deus ex machina*, most needed, but he had been most scurvily treated on matters of preferment; and Walpole, who had face for most things, had not the face to ask help from a man whom he had ill-treated. The queen stepped in, and levelled the difficulty.

Caroline sent for Hoadly to come to her at Kensington. She received the prelate with affability, and overwhelmed him with flattery, compliments on his ability, and grateful expressions touching his zeal, and the value of his services, in the king's cause. She had now, she said, a further service to ask at his hands; and, of course, it was one that demanded of him no sacrifice of opinion or consistency: the queen would have been the last person to ask such a thing of the reverend prelate! The service was this. The dissenters required the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. The government did not dispute their right to have such a conces-

sion made to them, but it did feel that the moment was inconvenient; and, therefore, Bishop Hoadly, for whom the whole body of dissenters entertained the most profound respect, was solicited to make this opinion known to them, and to induce them to defer their petition to a more favorable opportunity.

The queen supported her request by such close and cogent arguments, flattered the bishop so adroitly, and drew such a picture of the possibly deplorable results of an attempt to force the repeal of the acts alluded to, at the present moment, that Hoadly may be excused if he began to think that the stability of the House of Hanover depended on the course he should take in this conjuncture. He was not, however, to be cajoled out of his opinions, or his independence; he pronounced the restrictive acts unreasonable, politically—and profane, theologically. He added, that, as a friend to religious and civil liberty, he would vote for the repeal, whenever, and by whomsoever, proposed. He should stultify himself, if he did otherwise. All that was in his "little power," consistent with his honor and reputation, he would, nevertheless, willingly do. If he could be clearly convinced, that the present moment was an unpropitious one for pressing the demand, and perilous to the stability of the government, he would not fail to urge upon the dissenters to postpone presenting their petition, until the coming of a more favorable opportunity.

The out-of-door world no sooner heard of this interview between the queen and the prelate, than a report arose that her majesty had succeeded in convincing the right reverend father that the claims of the dissenters were unreasonable, and that the bishop, as a consequence of such conviction, would henceforth oppose them, resolutely.

Hoadly became alarmed, for such a report damaged all parties; and he was very anxious to maintain a character for consistency, and at the same time not to lose his little remnant of interest at court. He tried in vain to get a promise from Sir Robert, that, if the dissenters would defer preferring their claims until the meeting of a new parliament, it should then meet with the government support. Sir Robert was too wary to make such a promise, although he hinted his conviction of the reasonableness of the claim, and

that it would be supported when so preferred. But the bishop, in his turn, was too cautious to allow himself to be caught by so flimsy an encouragement; and he was admitted to several subsequent consultations with the queen; but, clever as she was, she could not move the bishop. Hoadly was resolved that the dissenters should know, that if he thought they might with propriety defer their petition, he would uphold its prayer whenever presented.

In the mean time, Sir Robert extricated himself and the government, cleverly. Caroline doubtless enjoyed this exercise of his ability, as well as its results. The dissenters, organizing an agitation, had established a central committee in London, all the members of which were bound to Sir Robert; "all moneyed men, and scribes, and chosen by his contrivance. They spoke only to be prompted, and acted only as he guided."* This committee had a solemnly farcical meeting with the administration, to hold a consultation in the matter. Sir Robert and the speakers confined themselves to the unseasonableness, but commended the reasonableness, of the petition. "My lord president looked wise, was dull, took snuff, and said nothing. Lord Harrington (the Mr. Stanhope who had waited on the Duchess of Queensberry) took the same silent, passive part. The lord-chancellor (King) and the Duke of Newcastle had done better, had they followed that example, too; but both spoke very plentifully, and were both equally unintelligible; the one (King) from having lost his understanding, and the other from never having had any."†

The committee, after this interview, came to the resolution, that if a petition were presented to parliament now, in favor of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, "there was no prospect of success." This resolution saved the administration from the storm threatened by the Presbyterian party. That party considered itself betrayed by its own delegates, the queen and Sir Robert were well satisfied with the result, and the bishop was looked upon by the dissenters as having supported their cause too little, and by the queen's cabinet as having supported it too much.

In this case it may, perhaps, be fairly asserted that the queen

* Lord Hervey.

† Lord Hervey.

and the minister, while they punished the dissenters, caused the blame to fall upon the Church. Their chief argument was, that the opposition of the clergy would be a source of the greatest embarrassment to the administration. It had long been the fashion to make the Church suffer, at least in reputation, on every occasion when opportunity offered, and without any thought as to whether the establishment deserved it or not. It was in politics precisely as it was in Sir John Vanbrugh's comedy of the "Provoked Wife." It will be remembered that, in that dramatic mirror, which represents nature as objects are seen reflected in flawed glass, when the tailor enters with a bundle, the elegant *Lord Rake* exclaims, "Let me see what's in that bundle!" "An't please you," says the tailor, "it is the doctor of the parish's gown." "The doctor's gown!" cries my lord, and then, turning to *Sir John Brute*, he exultingly inquires, or requires, "Hark you, knight; you won't stick at abusing the clergy, will you?" "No!" shouts *Brute*, "I'm drunk, and I'll abuse anything!" "Then," says *Lord Rake*, "you shall wear this gown whilst you charge the watch; that though the blows fall upon you, the scandal may light upon the Church!" "A generous design, by all the Gods!" is the ecstatic consent of the Pantheistic *Brute*—and it is one to which *Amen!* has been cried by many of the *Brute* family, since first it was uttered by their illustrious predecessor.

Meanwhile, Caroline could be as earnest and interested upon trifles as she was upon questions of political importance. She loved both to plague and to talk about Mrs. Howard.

That the queen was not more courteous to this lady than their respective positions demanded, there is abundant evidence. In a very early period of the reign, she was required, as bedchamber-woman, to present a basin for the queen to wash her hands in, and to perform the service kneeling. The *etiquette* was, for the basin and ewer to be set on the queen's table by a page of the back stairs; the office of the bedchamber-woman was then to take both, pour out the water, set it before the queen, and remain kneeling the while her majesty washed, of which refreshing ceremony the kneeling attendant was the only one who dared be the ocular witness.

This service of genuflexion remained in courtly fashion till the death of Queen Charlotte. In the mean time, Mrs. Howard was by no means disposed to render it to Queen Caroline. The scene that ensued was highly amusing. On the service being demanded, said Caroline to Lord Hervey, "Mrs. Howard proceeded to tell me, with her little fierce eyes, and cheeks as red as your coat, that, positively, she would not do it; to which I made her no answer then in anger, but calmly, as I would have said to a naughty child: — *Yes, my dear Howard, I am sure you will. I know you will. Go, go; fie for shame! Go, my good Howard; we will talk of this another time.*" Mrs. Howard did come round; and I told her," said Caroline, "I knew we should be good friends again; but could not help adding, in a little more serious voice, that I owned, of all my servants, I had least expected, as I had least deserved it, such treatment from her; when she knew I had held her up at a time when it was in my power, if I had pleased, any hour of the day, to let her drop through my fingers, thus —."

With what a lumbering process this royal dressing must have been got through. Imperious masters and mistresses, however, sometimes meet with servants who, while doing their office, could render the object of it supremely ridiculous. Witness Turenne passing Louis XIVth's shirt, which that royal gentleman changed but every other day,—passing it so rapidly over the head of that Lord's anointed, that the warrior-valet set the long tassels appended to his gloves in violent swing, and therewith most irreverently filliped the august nose of "*L'Etat, c' est moi!*" But Turenne paid with exile for his joke.

Caroline's own account of the *fracas* between Mrs. Howard and her husband, is too characteristic to be passed over. The curious in such matters will find it in full detail in "Lord Hervey's Memoirs." In this place it will suffice to say, that, according to Lord Hervey, Mr. Howard had a personal interview with the queen. Caroline described the circumstances of it with great graphic power. At this interview he had said, that he would take his wife out of her majesty's coach if he met her in it. Caroline told him to "Do it, if he dare; though," she added, "I was horribly afraid of him (for we were *tête à tête*) all the time I was thus play-

ing the bully. What added to my fear on this occasion," said the queen, "was, that as I knew him to be so *brutal*, as well as a little mad, and seldom quite sober, so that I did not think it impossible but that he might throw me out of window (for it was in this very room our interview was, and that sash then open, as it is now;) but as soon as I got near the door, and thought myself safe from being thrown out of the window, I resumed my grand tone of queen, and said I would be glad to see who would dare to open my coach-door, and take out one of my servants; knowing all the time that he might do so if he would, and that he could have his wife, and I the affront. Then I told him that my resolution was, positively, neither to force his wife to go to him, if she had no mind to it, nor to keep her if she had. He then said he would complain to the king; upon which I again assumed my high tone, and said, the king had nothing to do with my servants; and, for that reason, he might save himself the trouble, as I was sure the king would give him no answer but that it was none of his business to concern himself with my family; and, after a good deal more conversation of this sort (I standing close to the door all the while to give me courage,) Mr. Howard and I bade one another *good morning*, and he withdrew."

Caroline proceeded to call Lord Trevor "an old fool," for coming to her with thanks from Mrs. Howard, and suggestions that the queen should give 1200*l.* a-year to the husband for the consent of the latter to his wife's being retained in the queen's household. Caroline replied to this suggestion with as high a tone as she could have used when addressing herself to Mr. Howard; but with a coarseness of spirit and sentiment which hardly became a queen, although they do not appear to have been considered unbecoming in a queen at *that* time. "I thought," said Caroline, "I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much, not only to keep the king's '*guenipes*' (trollops) under my roof, but to pay them, too. I pleaded poverty to my good Lord Trevor, and said I would do anything to keep so good a servant as Mrs. Howard about me; but that for the 1200*l.* a-year, I really could not afford it." The king used to make presents to the queen of fine Hanoverian horses, not that *she* might be gratified, but that he might,

when he wanted them, have horses maintained out of her purse. So he gave her a bedchamber-woman in Mrs. Howard; but Caroline would not have her on the same terms as the horses, and the 1200*l.* a-year were probably paid—not by the king, after all, but by the people.

Lord Chesterfield describes the figure of Mrs. Howard as being above the middle size, and well-shaped, with a face which was more pleasing than beautiful.* She was remarkable for the extreme fairness and fineness of her hair. "Her arms were square and lean, that is, ugly. Her countenance was an undecided one, and announced neither good nor ill nature, neither sense nor the want of it, neither vivacity nor dulness." It is difficult to understand how such a face could be "pleasing;" and the following is the characteristic of a commonplace person. "She had good natural sense, not without art, but in her conversation dwelt tediously upon details and *minuties*. Of the man whom she had, when very young, hastily married for love, and heartily hated at leisure, Chesterfield says 'he was sour, dull, and sullen.'" The same writer sets it down as equally unaccountable that the lady should have loved such a man, or that the man should ever have loved anybody. The noble lord is also of opinion that only a Platonic friendship reigned between the king and the favorite; and that it was as innocent as that which was said to have existed between himself and Miss Bellenden.

Very early during the intercourse, "the busy and speculative politicians of the antechambers, who knew everything, but knew everything wrong," imagined that the lady's influence must be all-powerful, seeing that her admirer paid to her the homage of devoting to her the best hours of his day. She did not reject solicitations, we are told, because she was unwilling to have it supposed that she was without power. She neither rejected solicitations, nor bound herself by promises, but hinted at difficulties; and, in short, as Chesterfield well expresses it, she used "all that trite cant of those who with power will not, and of those who without power cannot, grant the requested favors." So far from being

* Chesterfield's Life and Letters; edited by Lord Mahon.

able to make peers, she was not even successful in a well meant attempt to procure a place of 200*l.* a year "for John Gay, a very poor and honest man, and no bad poet, only because he was a poet, which the king considered as a mechanic." Mrs. Howard had little influence, either in the house of the prince, or, when she became Countess of Suffolk, in that of the king. Caroline, we are told, "had taken good care that Lady Suffolk's apartment should not lead to power and favor; and from time to time made her feel her inferiority by hindering the king from going to her room for three or four days, representing it as the seat of a political faction."

CHAPTER III.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNE.

THE social happiness of Caroline began now to be affected by the conduct of her son Frederick, Prince of Wales. Since his arrival in England, in 1728, he had been but coolly entertained by his parents, who refused to pay the debts he had accumulated in Hanover, previous to his leaving the electorate. He was soon in the arms of the opposition; and the court had no more violent an enemy, political or personal, than this prince.

His conduct, however,—and some portion of it was far from being unprovoked,—did not prevent the court from entering into some social enjoyments of a harmless and not over-amusing nature. Among these may be reckoned the "readings" at Windsor Castle. These readings were of the poetry, or verses rather, of that Stephen Duck the thresher, whose rhymes Swift has ridiculed in lines as weak as anything that ever fell from the pen of Duck. The latter was a Wiltshire laborer, who supported, or tried to support, a family upon the modest wages of four and sixpence a week. In his leisure hours, whenever those could have occurred, he cultivated poetry: and two of his pieces, "The Shunamite," and "The Thresher's Labor," were publicly read in the drawing-room at Windsor Castle, in 1730, by Lord Macclesfield. Caroline pro-

cured for the poet the office of yeoman of the guard, and afterwards made him keeper of her grotto, *Merlin's Cave*, at Richmond. This last act, and the patronage and pounds which Caroline wasted upon the wayward and worthless Savage, show that Swift's epigram upon the busts in the hermitage at Richmond was not based upon truth,—

Louis, the living learned fed,
And raised the scientific head.
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

Swift's anger against the queen, who once promised him some medals, but who never kept her word, and from whom he had hoped, perhaps, for a patronage which he failed to acquire, was further illustrated about this time in a fiercely satirical poem, in which he says:—

May Caroline continue long—
For ever fair and young—in song.
What, though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

And, in allusion to the princesses and their prospects, he adds, that Caroline "hath graces of her own:"—

Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and ev'ry Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes they come by dozens
To court their English-German cousins:
Besides a pair of princely babies
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.

The royal patronage of Duck ultimately raised him to the Church, and made of him Vicar of Kew. But it failed to bring to the thrasher substantial happiness. He had little enjoyment in the station to which he was elevated; and weary of the restraints it imposed on him, he ultimately escaped from them by drowning himself.

Of the Graces who were the daughters of Caroline, the marriage of one began now to be canvassed. Meanwhile, there was much food for mere talk in common passing events at home. The courtiers had to express sympathy at their majesties' being upset in their carriage, when travelling only from Kew to London. Then the son of a Stuart had just died in London. He was that Duke of Cleveland who was the eldest son of Charles II. and Barbara Villiers. In the year 1731 died two far more remarkable people. On the 8th of April, "Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, daughter of Richard Cromwell the Protector, and granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, died at her house in Bedford Row, in the eighty-second year of her age." In the same month passed away a man whose writings as much amused Caroline as they have done commoner people—Defoe. He had a not much superior intellectual training to that of Stephen Duck, but he was "one of the best English writers that ever had so mean an education." The deaths in the same year of the eccentric and profligate Duke of Wharton, and of the relit of that Duke of Monmouth who lost his head for rebellion against James II., gave further subject of conversation in the court circle, where, if it was understood that death was inevitable and necessary, no one could understand what had induced Dr. Nichols, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to steal books from the libraries in that university town. The court was highly merry at the precipitate flight of the doctor, after he was found out; but there was double the mirth the next year at the awkwardness of the Emperor of Germany, who happening to fire at a stag, chanced to shoot Prince Schwartzberg, his master of the horse. But we turn from these matters to those of wooing and marriage.

In the year 1733, the proud and eldest daughter of Caroline, she who had expressed her vexation at having brothers, who stood between her and the succession to the crown—a crown, to wear which for a day, she averred she would willingly die when the day was over;—in the year above named, the Princess Anne had reached the mature age of twenty-four, and her hand yet remained disengaged. Neither crown nor suitor had been placed at her disposal. A suitor *with* a crown was once, however, very nearly on the point of fulfilling the great object of her ambition,

and that when she was not more than sixteen years of age. The lover proposed was no less a potentate than Louis XV., and he would have offered her a seat on a throne, which, proud as she was, she might have accepted without much condescension. She would have accepted the pleasant destiny which appeared framed for her, with more alacrity than the last English princess who had been wooed by Gallie king—with more readiness than Mary of England displayed when she reluctantly left the court of her brother, Henry VIII., and the Duke of Brandon there, to espouse all that survived of the once gay and gallant Louis XII.

It is said that the proposal to unite Louis XV. and the Princess Anne originated with the French minister, the Duke de Bourbon, and that the project was entertained with much favor and complacency, until it suddenly occurred to some one that if the princess became queen in France, she would be expected to conform to the religion of France. This, it was urged, could not be thought of by a family which was a reigning family only by virtue of its pre-eminent Protestantism. It does not seem to have occurred to any one that when Maria Henrietta espoused Charles I., she had not been even asked to become a professed member of the Church of England, and that we might have asked for the same toleration in France for the daughter of Caroline, as had been given in England to the daughter of the "Grand Henri." However this may be, the affair was not pursued to its end, and Caroline could not say to her daughter what we have recorded that Stanislas said to his on the morning he received an offer for her from the young King Louis:—" *Bon jour, ma fille! vous êtes Reine de France!*"

Anne was unlucky. She was deprived of her succession to the crown of England by the birth of her brothers, and she was kept back from that of France, by a question of religion. She lived moodily on for some half-dozen years, and nothing more advantageous offering, she looked good-naturedly on one of the ugliest princes in Europe. But then he happened to be a sovereign prince in his way. This was the Prince of Orange, who resembled Alexander the Great only in having a wry neck and a halt in his gait. But he also had other deformities, from which the Macedonian was free.

George and Caroline was equally indisposed to accept the prince for a son-in-law, and the parental disinclination was expressed in words to the effect, that neither king nor queen would force the feelings of their daughter, whom they left free to accept or reject the misshapen suitor, who aspired to the plump hand and proud person of the Princess Anne.

The lady thought of her increasing years; that lovers were not to be found on every bush, especially sovereign lovers; and remembering that there were princesses of England before her who had contrived to live in much state and a certain degree of happiness as Princesses of Orange, she declared her intention of following the same course, and compelling her ambition to stoop to the same modest fortune.

The queen was well aware that her daughter knew nothing more of the prince than what she could collect from his counterfeit presentiments limned by flattering artists; and Caroline suggested that she should not be too ready to accept a lover whom she had not seen. The princess was resolute in her determination to take him at once, "for better, for worse." Her royal father was somewhat impatient and chafed by such pertinacity, and exclaimed that the prince was the ugliest man in Holland, and he could not more terribly describe him. "I do not care," said she, "how ugly he may be. If he were a Dutch baboon, I would marry him." "Nay, then, have your way," said George, in his strong Westphalian accent, which was always rougher and stronger when he was vexed, "have your way; you will find *baboon* enough, I promise you!"

It would hardly be safe, seldom flattering, at the best of times, for candidates for the office of "son-in-law," to hear their merits, persons, and prospects discussed by the family circle into which they are seeking to make entrance. Could the aspiring Prince of Orange only have heard how amiably he was spoken of *en famille* by his future relations, he would perhaps have been less ambitious of completing the alliance. Happily these family secrets were not revealed until long after he could be conscious of them, and accordingly his honest proposals were accepted with ostentatious respect and ill-covered ridicule.

Caroline spoke of the bridegroom as "the animal." His in-

tended wife, when she heard of his arrival, was in no hurry to meet him, but went on at her harpsichord, surrounded by a number of opera-people. When the poor "groom" fell sick, not one of the royal family condescended to visit him, and though he himself maintained a dignified silence on this insulting conduct, his suite, who could not imitate their master's indifference, made comment thereupon loud and frequent enough. They got nothing by it, save their being called Dutch boobies. The Princess Royal exhibited no outward manifestation of either consciousness or sympathy. She appeared precisely the same under all contingencies; and whether the lover were in or out of England, in life or out of it, seemed to this strong-minded lady, to be one and the same thing.

The marriage of the Princess Royal could not be concluded without an application to parliament. To both houses a civil intimation was made of the proposed union of the Princess Anne and the Prince of Orange. In this intimation the king graciously mentioned that he promised himself the concurrence and assistance of the Commons to enable him to give such a portion with his eldest daughter as should be suitable to the occasion. The Commons' Committee promised to do all that the king and queen could expect from them, and they therefore came to the resolution to sell lands in the island of St. Christopher to the amount of 80,000*l.*, and to make over that sum to the king, as the dowry of his eldest daughter. The resolution made part of a bill of which it was only one of the items, and the members in the house affected to be scandalized that the dowry of a princess of England should be "lumped in" among a mass of miscellaneous items,—charities to individuals, grants to old churches, and sums awarded for even less dignified purposes. But the bill passed as it stood, and Caroline, who only a few days before had sent a thousand pounds to the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, for the rebuilding and adorning of that college, was especially glad to find a dowry for her daughter, in whatever company it might come, provided only it was not out of her own purse.

The news of the securing of the dowry hastened the coming of the bridegroom. On the 7th of November, 1732, he arrived at Greenwich, and thence proceeded to Somerset House. The

nuptials were to have been speedily solemnized, but the lover fell grievously sick. No philter could restore him sufficiently to appear at the altar on the day originally appointed, and the marriage was deferred amid a world of sighs. There was no one whom the postponement of the marriage more annoyed than it did the Duchess of Marlborough. She was then residing in Marlborough House, which had been built some five and twenty years previously by Wren. That architect was employed, not because he was preferred, but that Vanbrugh might be vexed. The ground in which had formerly been kept the birds and fowls ultimately destined to pass through the kitchen to the royal table, had been leased to the duchess by Queen Anne, and the expenses of building amounted to nearly fifty thousand pounds. The duchess both experienced and caused considerable mortifications here. She used to speak of the king in the adjacent palace as her "neighbor George." The entrance to the house, from Pall Mall, was as it still is, a crooked and inconvenient one. To remedy this defect, she intended to purchase some houses "in the Priory," as the locality was called, for the purpose of pulling them down and constructing a more commodious entry to the mansion; but Sir Robert Walpole, with no more dignified motive than mere spite, secured the houses and ground, and erected buildings on the latter, which, as now, completely blocked in the front of the duchess's mansion. She was subjected to a more temporary, but as inconvenient, blockade, when the preparations for the wedding of the imperious Anne and her ugly husband were going on. Among other preparations a boarded gallery, through which the nuptial procession was to pass, was built up close against the duchess's windows, completely darkening her rooms. As the boards remained there during the postponement of the ceremony, the duchess used to look at them with the remark, "I wish the princess would oblige me by taking away her *orange chest*!"

But the sick bridegroom took long to mend; and it was not till the following January that he was even sufficiently convalescent to journey by easy stages to Bath, and there drink in health at the fashionable pump. A month's attendance there restored him to something like health; and in February his serene highness was

gravely disporting himself at Oxford, exchanging compliments and eating dinners with the sages and scholars at that seat of learning. Another month was allowed to pass, and then, on the 24th March, 1733, the royal marriage was solemnized "in the French chapel," St. James's, by the Bishop of London.

The ceremony was as theatrical and coarse as such things used to be in those days. The prince must have looked very much as M. Potier used to look in Riquet a la Houpe, before his transformation from deformity to perfection. He was attired in a "cloth of gold suit;" and George and Caroline may be pardoned if they smiled at the "baboon" whom they were about to accept for their son-in-law. The bride was "in virgin robes of silver tissue, having a train six yards long, which was supported by ten dukes' and earls' daughters, all of whom were attired in robes of silver tissue." The ceremony took place in the evening, and at midnight the royal family supped in public. It was a joyous festival, and not before two in the morning did the jaded married couple retire to the bower prepared for them, where they had to endure the further nuisance of sitting up in bed, in rich undresses, while the court and nobility, "fresh" from an exhilarating supper and strong wines, defiled before them, making pleasant remarks the while, as "fine gentlemen" used to make, who had been born in our Augustan age.

The married couple were assuredly a strangely assorted pair. The bride, indeed, was not without common-place charms. In common with a dairy-maid, the princess had a lively clear look and a very fair complexion. Like many a dairy-maid, too, of the time, she was very much marked with the small-pox. She was also ill-made, and inclined to become as obese as her royal mother. But then the bridegroom! All writers dealing with the subject agree that his ugliness was something extraordinary. No one doubts that he was deformed. But Hervey adds some traits that are revolting. His serene highness did not, like the gods, distil a celestial ichor, and there was something so strong about him, that "you might nose him i' the lobby." He appears, however, not to have been void of sense or good feeling; for when, at the period of his arrival, he was received with very scanty honors and scurvy

ceremony, was made to feel that he was nothing in himself, and could only become anything here by marrying an English princess; when George, if not Caroline, "snubbed" the courtiers who crowded his apartments at Somerset House; and when, in short, the prince of 12,000*l.* a year was made to feel that but little value was set upon him,—he bore it all in silence, or as if he did not perceive it. Let us hope that gallantry for the lady induced the princely Quasimodo thus to act. It was almost more than she deserved; for while the people were ready to believe that the alliance was entered into the better to strengthen the Protestant succession, Anne herself was immediately moved thereto by fear, if she were left single, of ultimately depending for a provision upon her brother Frederick. She considered her Dutch husband with something of the spirit with which, Sir Edward Bulwer says, ultra-pious and aged maidens in country towns sigh to lie at rest on Abraham's bosom,—the only male bosom, adds the baronet, on which their heads are ever likely to repose and find protection.

Nature will assert its claims in spite of pride or expediency; and accordingly it was observed that after the bridegroom had arrived, and the marriage procession began to move through the temporarily constructed gallery, blazing with light, and glittering with bright gems and brighter eyes, the bride herself seemed slightly touched, and Caroline especially grave and anxious in her deportment. She appeared, for the first time, to feel that her daughter was about to make a great sacrifice, and her consequent anxiety was probably increased by the conviction that it was too late to save her daughter from impending fate. The king himself who had never been in the eager condition of the *seigneur* in the song, who so peremptorily exclaims—

De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant—

manifested more impassibility than ever. Finally, the knot was tied under a salvo of artillery and a world of sighs.

The sublime and the ridiculous stood in close familiarity in the public nuptial chamber, in the evening. According to custom, as before stated, all the court met in this apartment to congratulate

the newly-married pair, who were attired in fancy night-dresses of little taste and great splendor.

Caroline felt compassion for her daughter, but she restrained her feelings until her eye fell upon the bridegroom. In his silver tissue night-dress, his light peruque, his ugliness and his deformity, he struck her as the impersonation of a monster. His ill figure was so ill dressed that, looked at from behind, he appeared to have no head, and seen from before, he appeared as if he had neither neck nor legs.* The queen was wonderfully moved at the sight; moved with pity for her daughter, and with indignation at her husband. The portion of the ceremony which used to be the merriest was by far the most mournful, at least so far as the queen's participation therein was concerned. She fairly cried with mingled vexation, disappointment, and disgust. She could not even revert to the subject, for days after, without crying, and yet laughing too, as the oddity of the bridegroom's ugliness came across her mind. And indeed that happy man, although he could not have said of his bride, except by comparison,

Grands dieu, combien elle est jolie !

he might with good reason have sung of himself—

Et moi, je suis, je suis si laid.

It may be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that a wedding of any pretension at all is seldom got through without offence to somebody. The wedding of the Princess Anne was one of more than mere pretensions, and the ceremonial arrangements gave rise to many ill feelings. The Irish peers, above all others, felt themselves insulted, and were warmly resentful, as was only natural under the circumstances.

Lord Hervey was the master of the ceremonies on this serio-comic occasion. According to his table of precedence, the Irish peers were to walk in the procession after the entire body of the peerage of Great Britain. This was putting the highest Irish peer beneath the lowest baron in Britain. The Hibernian lords

* Lord Hervey.

claimed to walk immediately after the English and Scotch peers of their own degree. It was the most modest claim ever made by that august body; but modest as it was, the arrogant peers of Great Britain threatened, if the claim were allowed, to absent themselves from the ceremony altogether! The case was represented to Caroline, and she took the side of right and common sense; but when she was told that to allow the Irish claim would be to banish every British peer from the solemn ceremony, she was weak enough to give way. Lord Hervey, in his programme for the occasion, omitted to make any mention of the peers of Ireland at all—thus leaving them to walk where they could. On being remonstrated with, he said that if the Irish lords were not satisfied, he would keep all the finery standing, and they might walk through it in any order of precedence they liked, on the day after the wedding. One lord grievously complained of the omission of the illustrious Hibernian body from the programme. Lord Hervey excused himself by remarking, that as the Irish house of peers was then sitting in Dublin, he never thought, being an Englishman, of the august members of that assembly being in two places at once.

The claim was probably disallowed, because Ireland was not then in union with England, as Scotland was. On no other ground could the claim have been refused; and Caroline saw that even that ground was not a very good one whereon to rest a denial. As it was, the Irish peers felt like poor relations, neither invited to nor prohibited from the joyous doings, but with a thorough conviction that, to use a popular phrase, their room was deemed preferable to their company.

During the week following the marriage, Frederick Prince of Wales was employed, after a fashion which suited his tastes extremely well, in escorting his brother-in-law to witness the sights of London. It then appears to have suddenly struck the government that it would be as well to make an Englishman of the bridegroom, and that that consummation could not be too quickly arrived at. Accordingly, a bill for naturalizing the prince was brought in and read three times on the same day. It, of course, passed unanimously, and the prince received the intelligence of his having

been converted into a Briton with a phlegm which showed that he had not altogether ceased to be a Dutchman.

He was much more pleasurably excited in the April of the following year, when he heard that the king had sent a written message to the Commons, intimating that he had settled five thousand a year on the Princess Royal, and desiring that they would enable him to make the grant for the life of the princess, as it would otherwise determine on his majesty's death. The Commons complied with this message, and the Prince of Orange was infinitely more delighted with this act than with that which bestowed on him the legal rights of an Englishman.

This pleasant little arrangement having been concluded, the prince and princess set out for Holland, from St. James's on the 10th of April, 1734; and in July of the same year the princess was again in England, not at all to the satisfaction of her sire, and but very scantily to the delight of her mother. The young lady, however, was determined to remain; and it was not till November that she once more returned to her home behind the dykes. The queen was not sorry to part with her, for just then she was deep in the fracas connected with the dismissal of her husband's "favorite," Lady Suffolk, from her office of mistress of the robes to her majesty, an office in which she was succeeded by the more worthy Countess of Tankerville. The king had the less time to be troubled with thought about "that old deaf woman," as he very ungallantly used to call his ancient "favorite," as he too was deeply engaged in protesting against the Elector Palatine, who had been very vigorously protesting against the right of the king, as Elector of Hanover, to bear the title of arch-treasurer of the empire.

But if Caroline began to forget her daughter, Anne was borne in remembrance by her sister, Amelia.

The commiseration which the queen *had* felt for her daughter was shared by the sister of the latter, the Princess Amelia, who declared that nothing on earth could have induced her to wed with such a man as the Prince of Orange. Her declaration was accepted for as much as it was worth. The gentle Princess Caroline, on the other hand, thought that her sister, under the circumstan-

ces, had acted wisely, and that, had *she* been so placed, she would have acted in like manner. Nor did the conduct of the bride give the world any reason to think that she stood in need of pity. She appeared to adore the "monster," who, it must be confessed, exhibited no particular regard for his spouse. The homage she paid him was perfect. "She made prodigious court to him," says Lord Hervey, "addressed every thing she said to him, and applauded every thing he said to anybody else."

Perhaps the pride of the princess would not permit a doubt to be thrown upon her supreme happiness. Her brother Frederick strove to mar it by raising a quarrel, on a slight but immensely absurd, foundation. He reproached her for the double fault of presuming to be married before him, and of accepting a settlement from her father, when *he* had none. He was ingenious in finding fault, but there may have been a touch of satire in this, for Anne was known to have been as groundlessly angry with her brother for a circumstance which he could not very well help, namely, his own birth, whereby the Princess Royal ceased to be next heir to the crown.

The prince, however, was not much addicted to showing respect to anybody, least of all to his mother. It was because of this miserable want of respect for the queen that the king, in an interview forced on him by his son, refused to settle a fixed annuity upon him,—at least till he had manifested a more praiseworthy conduct towards the queen.

The anxiety of Frederick on this occasion was not unnatural, for he was deeply in debt, and of the 100,000*l.* granted to the prince by parliament out of the civil list, the king allowed him only 36,000*l.* The remainder was appropriated by the king, who, doubtless, made his son's conduct the rule of his liberality, measuring his supplies to the prince, according as the latter was well or ill-behaved. It was a degrading position enough, and the degradation was heightened by the silent contempt with which the king passed over his son's application to be permitted to join in active service. Throughout these first family quarrels, the queen preserved a great impartiality, with some leaning, perhaps, towards serving her son. Nothing, however, came of it; and, for the mo-

ment, Frederick was fain to be content with doing the honors of the metropolis to his ungraceful brother-in-law.

The congratulatory addresses which were presented on the occasion of the marriage, had a mordantly satirical tone about them. It is wonderful how George and Caroline, whose unpopularity was increasing at this time, continued to preserve their equanimity at hearing praises rung on the name and services of "Orange,"—the name of a prince who had become king of England, by rendering the questionable service to *his father-in-law*, of turning him off the throne.

The address of the lords to the queen, especially congratulating the mother on the marriage of her daughter, was rendered painful instead of pleasant by its being presented, that is, spoken, to her by Lord Chesterfield. Caroline had never seen this peer since the time he was dismissed from her husband's household, when she was Princess of Wales. He had not been presented at court since the accession of the present sovereign, and the queen was therefore resolved to treat as an utter stranger, the man who had been impertinent enough to declare he designed that the step he took should be considered as a compliment to the queen. The latter abhorred him nevertheless for his present attempt to turn the compliment, addressed to her by the lords, into a joke. Before he appeared, Caroline intimated her determination not to let the peer's cool impertinence awe or disconcert her. He really did find what she declared he should, that "it was as little in his power for his presence to embarrass her, as for his raillery behind her back to pique her, or his consummate skill in politics to distress the king or his ministers."*

The queen acted up to this resolution. She received Lords Chesterfield, Scarborough, and Hardwicke, the bearers of the address, in her bedchamber, no one else being present but her children and Lord Hervey, who stood behind her chair. The last-named nobleman, in describing the scene, says: "Lord Chesterfield's speech was well written and well got by heart, and yet delivered with a faltering voice, a face as white as a sheet, and

* Lord Hervey.

every limb trembling with concern. The queen's answer was quiet and natural, and delivered with the same ease that she would have spoken to the most indifferent person in her circle."

Caroline, however, had more serious matters to attend to during this year than affairs of marriage. Of these we will now briefly speak.

Sir Robert Walpole's celebrated Excise scheme was prolific in raising political agitations, and exciting both political and personal passions. The peers were, strangely enough, even more resolute against the measure than the Commons,—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that a portion of them took advantage of the popular feeling to further thereby their own particular interests and especial objects.

It is again illustrative of the power and influence of Caroline, and of the esteem in which she was held, that a body of the peers delegated Lord Stair to proceed to the queen, at Kensington, and remonstrate with her upon the unconstitutional and destructive measure, as they designated the excise project.

Lord Stair was a bold man, and was accustomed to meet and contend with sovereigns. He had not only on many an occasion foiled the king and the Regent of France, but he had defeated the Polish monarch in a way he loved to boast of. That potentate, when Lord Stair was residing at Warsaw, once very much astonished the Scotch nobleman, by exhibiting a feat which he accomplished with singular strength and dexterity. It was this: grasping a sword, and giving it a peculiar swing, or twist in the air, ending with a sudden jerk, he would cause the blade to break off close at the handle. He boasted that he could produce the same effect with any sword. Lord Stair defied him to the trial, and brought him a stout Scottish broadsword, which successfully resisted all the attempts, strength, and skill of the iron-wristed monarch, to fracture it. He acknowledged his defeat, and struck a medal to commemorate that rare occurrence. On one side was the emblazoned shield of Poland, on the other a naked arm brandishing a sword, with the motto beneath, *Vix tandem inæqualis*. Lord Stair, so accustomed to foil sovereigns, had no doubt of being able to turn Caroline to his purpose. But the queen twisted him as

Augustus had the weapons of continental manufacture. She shivered the Scottish blade to boot; and the noble lord himself might have retired from the interview muttering, *Vis tandem inæqualis*.—My strength has at length been unequal to what it was tried upon.

And no wonder; for never did delegate perform his mission so awkwardly. He thought to awaken the queen's indignation against Walpole, by imparting to her the valuable admonitory knowledge that she was ruled by that subtle statesman. He fancied he improved his position by informing her that Walpole was universally hated, that he was no gentleman, and that he was as ill-looking as he was ill-inclined. He even forgot his mission, save when he spoke of fidelity to his constituents, by going into purely personal matters, railing at the minister whose very shoe-buckles he had kissed, in order to be appointed vice-admiral of Scotland, when the Duke of Queensberry was ejected from that post,—and accusing Walpole of being manifestly untrue to the trust which he held, seeing that whenever there was an office to dispose of, he invariably preferred giving it to the Campbells rather than to him,—Stair. To the *Campbells*!—he reiterated, as if the very name were enough to rouse Caroline against Walpole.—To the *Campbells*! who tried to rule England by means of the king's mistress; opposed to governing it by means of the king's wife.

Caroline heard him with decent and civil patience until he had gone through his list of private grievances, and began to meddle with matters personal to herself and the royal hearth,—if I may use such a term. She then burst forth, and she was superb in her rebuke,—superb in its matter and manner,—superb in her dignity and in the severity with which she crushed Lord Stair beneath her fiery sarcasms and her withering contempt. She ridiculed his assertions of fidelity, and told him he had become traitor to his own country, and the betrayer of his own constituents. She mocked his complacent assurances that his object was not personal, but patriotic. She professed her intense abhorrence of having the private dissensions of noblemen ripped open in her presence, and bade him learn better manners than to speak, as he had done, of “the king's servants to the king's wife.”

“My conscience,” said Lord Stair.

“Don't talk to me of your conscience, my lord,” said Caroline, “or I shall faint.” The conversation was in French, and the queen's precise words were, “Ne me parlez point de conscience, milord; vous me faites évanouir.”

The Scottish lord was sadly beaten down, and he confessed his disgraceful defeat, by requesting her majesty to be good enough to keep what had passed at the interview, as a secret. He added, in French, “Madame, le roi est trompé, et vous êtes trahie.”—The king is deceived and you are betrayed. He had previously alluded to Lords Bolingbroke and Carteret, as men worthy indeed to be trusted, and who had the honor and glory of the kingdom at heart. These names, with such testimonial attached to them, especially excited the royal indignation. “Bolingbroke and Carteret!” exclaimed Caroline, “You may tell them from me, if you will, that they are men of no parts; that they are said to be two of the greatest liars in any country, and that my observation and experience confirm what is said of them.”*

It will be seen from this, that the period was one when even very great people indulged in very strong terms, and that Caroline was not behind her husband in power of flinging violent epithets, when she was in the humor, and opportunity offered.

Stair reiterated his request that the incidents of the private interview should not be further spoken of. Caroline consented, and she must have felt some contempt for him as he also promised that he would keep them secret, giving knowledge thereof to no man.

“Well?” said Carteret inquiringly, as he met with Lord Stair, after this notable interview with Caroline.

“Well!” exclaimed Lord Stair, “I have staggered her!” A pigmy might as well have boasted of having staggered Thalestris and Hippolyte.

A short time subsequently, Lord Hervey was with the queen, in her apartment, purveying to her as he was wont to do, the floating news of the day. Among other things, he told her of an incident in a debate in parliament upon the army supplies. In the course of the discussion, Carteret had observed that, at the period when

* Lord Hervey.

Cardinal Mazarin was ruining France by his oppressive measures, a great man sought an audience of the queen (Anne of Austria, mother of the young King Louis XIV.,) and after explaining to her the perils of the times, ended with the remark that she was maintaining a man at the helm, who deserved to be rowing in the galleys.

Caroline immediately knew that Lord Stair had revealed what he had petitioned her to keep secret; and feeling that she was thereby exonerated from observing further silence, her majesty took the opportunity to "out with it all," as she said in not less choice French: "*J'ai pris la première occasion d'égosiller tout.*"

Reverting to Carteret's illustration, she observed that the "great man" noticed by him was Condé, a man who never had a word to say against Mazarin, as long as the cardinal fed a rapacity which could never be satisfied. This was, in some degree, Stair's position with regard to Walpole. "Condé, in his interview with the Queen of France," observed the well-read queen of England, "had for his object to impose upon her and France, by endeavoring to persuade her that his private resentments were only a consequence of his zeal for the public service."

Lord Hervey, very gallantly and courtier-like, expressed his wish that her majesty could have been in the house to let the senate know her wisdom; or that she could have been concealed there, to have had the opportunity of saying with Agrippine,—

*Derrière une voile, invisible, et présente,
Je fus de ce grand corps l'âme toute puissante.*

The quotation, perhaps, could not have been altogether applicable, but as Lord Hervey quoted it, and "my lord" was a man of wit, it is doubtless as well-placed as wit could make it. The queen, at all events, took it as a compliment, laughed, and declared, that often when she was with these impatient fellows, ever ready with their unreasonable remonstrances, she was tempted herself to say, with Agrippine, that she was—

Fille, femme, et mère de vos maîtres,

a quotation less applicable even than the former, but in which

Lord Hervey detected such abundance of wit that he went into a sort of ecstasy of delight at the queen's judgment, humor, knowledge and ability.

When the Excise bill was for the first time brought before the house, the debate lasted till one in the morning. Lord Hervey, during the evening, wrote an account of its progress to the king and queen; and when he repaired to the palace at the conclusion of the discussion, the king kept him in the queen's bed-chamber, talking over the scene, till three o'clock in the morning, and never for a moment remembered that the hungry intelligencer had not dined since the yesterday.

When the clamor against the bill rose to such a pitch that all England, the army included, seemed ready to rise against it, Walpole offered himself as a personal sacrifice, if the service and interests of the king would be promoted by his surrender of office and power. It is again illustrative of the influence of Caroline that this offer was made to her and not to the king. He was in truth the queen's minister; and nobly she stood by him. When Walpole made the offer in question, Caroline declared that she would not be so mean, so cowardly, or so ungrateful as to abandon him; and she infused the same spirit into the king. The latter had intended, from the first, to reign and govern, and be effectively his own minister; but Caroline so wrought upon him, that he thought he had of himself reached the conviction that it was necessary for him to trust in a minister, and that Walpole was the fittest man for such an office. And so he grew to love the very man whom he had been wont to hold in his heart's extremest hate. He would even occasionally speak of him as "a noble fellow," and, with tears in his eyes, he would listen to an account of some courageous stand Walpole had made in the house against the enemies of the government, and he would add the while a running commentary of sobs.

The queen's greatest triumph was this overcoming of her husband's personal hatred for Walpole. It could not have been an achievement easy to be accomplished. But her art in effecting such achievements was supreme, and she alone could turn to her own purpose the caprices of a hot-headed man, of whom it has

been said, that he was of iron obstinacy, but that he was unlike iron in this, that the hotter he became, the more impossible it was to bend him. Caroline found him pliant when she found him cool. But then, too, he was most wary, and it was necessary so to act, as to cause every turn which she compelled him to make, appear to himself as if it were the result of his own unbiassed volition.

Supremely able as Caroline was, she could not, however, always conceal her emotion. Thus, at this very period of the agitation of the Excise bill, on being told, at one of her evening drawing-rooms, of the difficulties and dangers which beset the path of the government, she burst into tears, became unusually excited, and finally affecting, and perhaps feeling, headache and vapors, she broke up her quadrille party, and betrayed in her outward manner an apparent conviction of impending calamity. She evinced the same weakness on being told, on a subsequent evening, that Walpole was in a majority of only seventeen. Such a small majority she felt was a defeat; and, on this occasion, she again burst into tears, and for the first time expressed a fear that the court *must* give way! The sovereign was, at the same time, as strong within her as the woman; and when she heard of the subordinate holders of government posts voting against the minister, or declining to vote with him, she bitterly denounced them, exclaiming, that they who refused to march with their leader were as guilty as they who openly deserted, and that both merited condign punishment.*

The king on this occasion was as excited as his consort, but he manifested his feelings in a different way. He made Lord Hervey repeat the names of those who thwarted the views of the crown, and he grunted forth an angry commentary at each name. "Lord John Cavendish," began Hervey. "*A fool!*" snorted the king. "Lord Charles Cavendish." "*Half mad!*" "Sir William Lowther." "*A whimsical fellow!*" "Sir Thomas Prendergast." "*An Irish blockhead!*" "Lord Tyrconnell." "*A puppy,*" said George, "who never votes twice on the same side!"

On the other hand, the populace made *their* comment on the

* Lord Hervey.

proceedings of the court. It was rendered in a highly popular way, and with much significancy. In the city of London, for instance, the mob hung in effigy Sir Robert Walpole and a *fat woman*. The male figure was duly ticketed. The female effigy was well understood to mean the queen.

Her power would, after all, not have followed, in its fall, that of Walpole. Lord Hervey remarks, that had he retired, Caroline would have placed before the king the names of a new ministry, and that the administration would not have hung together a moment after it had outlived her liking.

In the meantime, her indefatigability was great. At the suggestion, it is supposed, of Walpole, she sent for the Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Hoadly, who repaired to the interview with his weak person and stately independence, if one may so speak, upheld by his "crutched stick." His power must have been considered very great, and so must his caprice; for he was frequently sent for by Caroline, remonstrated with for supposed rebellion, or urged to exert all his good offices in support of the crown. It is difficult to believe that the lengthy speeches reported by Hervey were actually delivered by queen and bishop. There is nothing longer in Livy, and we are not told that any one took them down. Substantially, however, they may be true. The queen was insinuating, complimentary, suggestive and audacious; the bishop all duty, submission and promise,—as far as his consistency and principles could be engaged. But, after all, the immense mountain of anxiety and stratagem was reared in vain, for Walpole withdrew his bill, and Caroline felt that England was but nominally a monarchy.

CHAPTER IV.

FAMILY AND NATIONAL QUARRELS.

The year 1734 was marked by the retirement from court of the lady whom it was the fashion to call the queen's rival. Mrs. Howard, on becoming Countess of Suffolk, by the accession of her husband to the earldom, in 1731, had been raised to the office of mistress of the robes to the queen. Her husband died two years subsequently; and, shortly after, the king's widowed favorite was sought in marriage by another suitor.

Her departure from court was doubtless principally caused by this new prospect of a happier life. It may have been accelerated by other circumstances. Lord Chesterfield, angry with the queen for forgetting to exert her promised influence for him in obtaining some favor, applied to Lady Suffolk, and informed the queen of the course he had taken. Caroline thereon told the king that she had had some petition to present on Lord Chesterfield's behalf, but that as he had intrusted it to Lady Suffolk's presenting, her own influence would probably be unavailing. The king, fired at the implied affront to his consort, treated his old mistress, now nearly half a century in years, with such severity, that she begged to be permitted to withdraw. Such is the "legend," and probably some approximation to the truth is to be made out of the various details. Certain it is that Lady Suffolk brought her long career at court to a close in this year, previous to her marriage with the Honorable George Berkely, younger son of the second^d Earl of Berkely. He was Master of St. Catherine's in the Tower, and had served in two parliaments as member for Dover. Horace Walpole, who knew Lady Suffolk intimately when she was residing at Marble Hill, Twickenham, and he at Strawberry Hill, says

of her, that she was what may be summed up in the word "lady-like." She was of a good height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light-brown hair, was remarkably genteel, and was always dressed with taste and simplicity. These were her personal charms, he adds, "for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful, and those charms she retained, with little diminution, to her death, at the age of seventy-nine" (in July, 1767). He does not speak highly of her mental qualifications, but states that she was grave, and mild of character, had a strict love of truth, and was rather apt to be circumstantial upon trifles. The years of her life, after her withdrawal from court, were passed in a decent, dignified, and "respectable" manner, and won for her a consideration which her earlier career had certainly not merited.

The queen's influence was ever stronger than the favorite's credit. "Except a barony, a red riband, and a good place for her brother, Sir John Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire, Lady Suffolk could succeed but in very subordinate recommendations. Her own acquisitions were so moderate, that besides Marble Hill, which cost the king ten or twelve thousand pounds, her complaisance had not been too dearly purchased. She left the court with an income so little to be envied, that though an economist, and not expensive, by the lapse of some annuities on lives not so prolonged as her own, she found herself straitened, and, besides Marble Hill did not at most leave twenty thousand pounds to her family. On quitting court, she married Mr. George Berkely, and outlived him."*

It is not certain how far Caroline's influence was exercised in the removal of Lady Suffolk, whom the queen, according to some authors, requested to continue some time longer in her office of mistress of the robes. Nor is it important to ascertain. Caroline had higher duties to perform. She continued to serve her husband well, and she showed her opinion of her son, the Prince of Wales, by her conduct to him on more than one occasion. Thus, on New Year's Day the prince attended his royal sire's levee, not with any idea of paying his father the slightest measure of respect, but, sus-

* Walpole.

pecting that the king would not speak to him, to show the people with what contempt the homage of a dutiful son was met by a stern parent;—when Caroline heard of the design, she simply persuaded the king to address his son kindly in public. This advice was followed, and the filial plot accordingly failed.

The queen was as resolute in supporting the king against being driven into settling a permanent income upon the prince. She spoke of the latter as an extravagant and unprincipled fool, only less ignorant than those who were idiots enough to give opinions upon what they could not understand. "He costs the king 50,000*l.* a-year, and till he is married, that may really be called a reasonable allowance." She stigmatized him as a "poor creature," easily led away, but not naturally bad-hearted. His seducers she treated as knaves, fools, and monsters. To the suggestion that a fixed allowance, even if it should be less than what the king paid out for him every year, would be better than the present plan, Caroline only replied that the king thought otherwise, and so the matter rested.

The tact of the queen was further displayed in the course adopted by her on an occasion of some delicacy. Lord Stair had been deprived of his regiment for attempting to bring in a law whereby the commissions of officers should be secured to them for life. The king said he would not allow him to keep by favor what he had endeavored to keep by force. Thereupon Lord Stair addressed a private letter to the queen, through her lord-chamberlain, stuffed with prophetic warnings against the machinations of France and the designs of Walpole.

Caroline, on becoming acquainted with the contents of the epistle, rated her chamberlain soundly, and bade him take it instantly to Sir Robert Walpole, with a request to the latter to lay it before the king. She thus "very dexterously avoided the danger of concealing such a letter from the king, or giving Sir Robert Walpole any cause of jealousy from showing it." His majesty very sententiously observed upon the letter, that Lord Stair "was a puppy for writing it, and the lord-chamberlain a fool for bringing it." The good chamberlain was a fool for other reasons also. He had no more rational power than a vegetable, and his solitary political

sentiment was to this effect, and wrapped up in very bad English: "I hate the French, and I hope as we shall beat the French." *

The times were growing warlike, and it was on the occasion of the Prince of Orange going to the camp of Prince Eugene, that the Princess Anne returned to England. She was as arrogant and as boldly spoken as ever. In the latter respect she manifested much of the spirit of her mother. During her stay at court, the news of the surrender of Phillipsburg reached this country. Her highness's remark thereon, in especial reference to her royal father, is worth quoting. It was addressed to Lord Hervey, who was leading the princess to her own apartment after the drawing-room. "Was there ever anything so unaccountable," she said, shrugging up her shoulders, "as the temper of papa? He has been snapping and snubbing every mortal for this week, because he began to think Phillipsburg would be taken; and this very day, that he actually hears it is taken, he is in as good humor as I ever saw him in in my life. To tell you the truth," she added, in French, "I find that so whimsical, and (between ourselves) so utterly foolish, that I am more enraged by his good, than I was before by his bad, humor."

"Perhaps," answered Lord Hervey, "he may be about Phillipsburg as David was about the child, who, whilst it was sick, fasted, lay upon the earth, and covered himself with ashes, but the moment it was dead, got up, shaved his beard, and drank wine." "It may be like David," said the princess-royal, "but I am sure it is not like Solomon."

It was hardly the time for Solomons. Lord Chancellor King was a man of the people, who, by talent, integrity, and perseverance, rose to the highest rank to which a lawyer can work his way. He lost his popularity almost as soon as he acquired the seals, and these he was ultimately compelled, from growing imbecility of mind, to resign. He was the most dilatory in rendering judgments of all our chancellors, and would never willingly have decided a question, for fear he should decide it incorrectly. This characteristic, joined to the fact of his having published a history of the

* Lord Hervey.

Apostles' Creed, extorted from Caroline the smart saying, that "He was just in the law what he had formerly been in the Gospel, making creeds upon the one without any steady belief, and judgments in the other without any settled opinion. But the misfortune for the public is," said Caroline, "that though they could reject his silly creeds, they are forced often to submit to his silly judgments."

The court private life of the sovereigns at this time was as dull as can well be imagined. There were two persons who shared in this life, and who were very miserably paid for their trouble. These were the Count de Roncey and his sister. They were French Protestants, who, for conscience' sake, had surrendered their all in France, and taken refuge in England. The count was created Earl of Lifford in Ireland. His sister, Lady Charlotte de Roncey, was governess to the younger children of George II. Every night in the country, and thrice a week when the king and queen were in town, this couple passed an hour or two with the king and queen before they retired to bed. During this time "the king walked about, and talked to the brother of armies, or to the sister of genealogies, while the queen knotted and yawned, till from yawning she came to nodding, and from nodding to snoring."*

This amiable pair, who had lived in England during four reigns, were in fact, and were so accounted, hard-worked, ill-paid court-drudges; too ill-paid, even, to appear decently clad; an especial reproach upon Caroline, as the lady was the governess of her children. But they were not harder worked, in one respect, than Caroline herself, who passed seven or eight hours, *tête-à-tête*, with the king, every day, "generally saying what she did not think," says Lord Hervey, "and forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels, all the conversation with which the fly was taken." The king could bear neither reading nor being read to. But, for the sake of power, though it is not to be supposed that affection had not some part in influencing Caroline to undergo such heavy trial, she endured that willingly, and indeed much more than that.

At all events, she had some respect for her husband; but she

* Lord Hervey.

despised the son, who, in spite of her opinion of the natural goodness of his heart, was mean and mendacious. The prince, moreover, was weaker of understanding, and more obstinate of temper than his father. The latter, we repeat, hated him, and because of that hatred, his brother the Duke of Cumberland was promoted to public employment, and his sisters betrayed him. Had Caroline not had a contempt for him, she would have influenced the king to a very different line of conduct.

It was said of Frederick, that, from his German education, he was more of a German than an Englishman. But the bias alluded to was not stronger in him than it was in his mother.

Caroline was so much more of a German than of an English woman, that when the interests of Germany were concerned she was always ready to sacrifice the interests of England. Her daughter Anne would have had Europe deluged in blood for the mere sake of increasing her own and her husband's importance. In a general war, she thought he would come to the surface. Caroline was disinclined to go to war for the empire, only because she feared that, in the end, there might be war in England, with the English crown for the stake.

There was at this time in London a dull and proud imperial envoy, named Count Kiuski. He was haughty and impertinent in his manner of demanding succor, as his master was in requiring it, from the Dutch. Caroline rallied him on this, one day, as he was riding by the side of her carriage at a stag-hunt. She used a very homely and not a very nice illustration, to show the absurdity of losing an end by foolishly neglecting the proper means. "If a handkerchief lay before me," said she, "and I felt I had a dirty nose, my good Count Kiuski, do you think I should beckon the handkerchief to come to me, or stoop to take it up?"*

Political matters were not neglected at these hunting parties. Lord Hervey, "her child, her pupil, and her charge," who constantly rode by the side of her carriage, on a hunter which she had given him, and which could not have been of much use to him if he never quitted the side of his mistress, used to discuss politics

* Lord Hervey.

while others followed the stag. The queen, who was fourteen years older than he, used to say, "It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of because of this creature!" And indeed the intercourse was constant and familiar. He was always with her when she took breakfast, which she usually did alone, and was her chief friend and companion when the king was absent. Such familiarity gave him considerable freedom, which the queen jokingly called impertinence, and said that he indulged in that and in contradicting her because he knew that she could not live without him.

It was at a hunting party that Lord Hervey endeavored to convince her that, for England to go to war for the purpose of serving the empire, would be a disastrous course to take. He could not convince her in a long conversation, and thereupon, the chase being over, he sat down and penned a political pamphlet, which he called a letter, which was "as long as a 'President's Message,' and which he forwarded to the queen." If Caroline was not to be persuaded by it, she at least thought none the worse of the writer, who had spared no argument to support the cause in which he boldly pleaded.

We have another home scene depicted by Lord Hervey, which at once shows us an illustration of parental affection and parental indifference. The Princess Anne, after a world of delay, had reluctantly left St. James's for Holland, where her husband awaited her, and whither she went for her confinement. The last thing she thought of was the success of the opera and the triumph of Handel. She recommended both to the charge of Lord Hervey, and then went on her way to Harwich, sobbing. When she had reached Colchester, she, upon receiving some letters from her husband stating his inability to be at the Hague so soon as he expected, returned suddenly to Kensington.

In the meantime, in the palace at the latter place Lord Hervey found the queen and the gentle Princess Caroline sitting together, drinking chocolate, shedding tears, and sobbing, all at the absence of the imperious Lady Anne. The trio had just succeeded in banishing melancholy remembrances by launching into cheerful conversation, when the gallery door was suddenly opened, and the queen rose, exclaiming, "The king here already!" When, how-

ever, she saw that, instead of the king, it was only the Prince of Wales, and "detesting the exchange of the son for the daughter," she burst out anew into tears, and cried out, "Oh, God, this is too much." She was only relieved by the entry of the king, who perceiving, but not speaking to his son, took the queen by the hand and led her out to walk.

This "cut direct," by affecting to be unconscious of the presence of the obnoxious person, was a habit with the king. "Whenever the prince was in a room with him," says Lord Hervey, "it put one in mind of stories that one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company and were invisible to the rest; and in this manner, wherever the prince stood, though the king passed him ever so often, or ever so near, it always seemed as if the king thought the prince filled a void space."

On the following day, the 22nd of October, the Princess Anne suddenly appeared before her parents. They thought her at Harwich, or on the seas, the wind being fair. Tears and kisses were her welcome from her mother, and smiles and an embrace formed the greeting from her father. The return was ill-advised, but the queen, with a growing conviction of decaying health, could not be displeased at seeing again her first child.

The health of Caroline was undoubtedly at this time much impaired, but the king allowed her scant respite from labor on that account. Thus on the 29th of this month, although the queen was laboring under cold, cough, and symptoms of fever, in addition to having been weakened by loss of blood, a process she had recently undergone twice, the king not only brought her from Kensington to London, for the birthday, but forced her to go with him to the opera to hear the inimitable Farinelli. He himself thought so little of illness, or liked so little to be thought ill, that he would rise from a sick couch to proceed to hold a levee, which was no sooner concluded than he would immediately betake himself to bed again. His affection for the queen was not so great but that he compelled the same sacrifices from her, and on the occasion of this birthday, at the morning drawing-room, she found herself so near swooning, that she was obliged to send her chamber-maid to the king, begging him to retire, "for that she was unable to stand any

longer." Notwithstanding which, we are told by Lord Hervey, that "at night he brought her into a still greater crowd at the ball, and there kept her till eleven o'clock."

Sir Robert Walpole frequently, and never more urgently than at this time, impressed upon her the necessity of being careful of her own health. He addressed her as though she had been Queen Regnant of England,—as she certainly was governing sovereign,—and he described to her in such pathetic terms the dangers which England would, and Europe might, incur, if any fatal accident deprived her of life, and the king were to fall under the influence of any other woman, that the poor queen, complaining and coughing, with head heavy, and aching eyes half closed with pain, cheeks flushed, pulse quick, spirits low, and breathing oppressed, burst into tears, alarmed at the picture, and with every disposition to do her utmost for the benefit of her health, and the well-being of the body politic.

It was the opinion of Caroline, that in case of her demise the king would undoubtedly marry again, and she had often advised him to take such a step. She affected, however, to believe that a second wife would not be able to influence him to act contrary to the system which he had adopted through the influence of herself and Walpole.

It was during the sojourn of the Princess Anne in England that she heard the details of the withdrawal of Lady Suffolk from court. Everybody appeared to be rejoiced at that lady's downfall, but most of all the Princess Anne. The king thought that of all the children of himself and Caroline, Anne loved him best. This dutiful daughter, however, despised him, and treated him as an insufferable bore, who always required novelty in conversation from others, but never told anything new of his own. In allusion to the withdrawal of Lady Suffolk from court, this amiable child remarked, "I wish with all my heart he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the occasion of seeing him for ever in her room!"

In November, the Princess Anne once more proceeded to Harwich, put to sea, and was so annoyed by the usual inconveniences that she compelled the captain to land her again. She declared

that she should not be well enough for ten days to once more go a-board. This caused great confusion. Her father, and indeed the queen also, insisted on her repairing to Holland, by way of Calais, as her husband had thoughtfully suggested. She was compelled to pass through London, much to the king's annoyance, but he declared that she should not stop, but proceed at once over London Bridge to Dover. He added that she should never again come to England, in the same condition of health. His threat was partly founded on the expense, her visit having cost him 20,000*l*. Her reluctance to proceed to her husband's native country was founded, it has been suggested, on her own ambitious ideas. Her brothers were unmarried, and she was anxious, it is thought, that her own child should be English born, as it would stand in the line of inheritance to the throne. However this may be, the queen saw the false step the daughter had already taken, and insisted on the wishes of her husband, the prince, being attended to; and so the poor foiled Anne went home to become a mother, very much against her will.

The Princess Amelia observed to Mrs. Clayton, the queen's bedchamber-woman, that her brother, Prince Frederick, would have been displeased if the accouchement of the princess had taken place in England. To this, Mrs. Clayton, as Lord Hervey observes, very justly remarked, "I cannot imagine, madam, how it can affect the prince at all where she lies-in; since with regard to those who wish more of your royal highness's family on the throne, it is no matter whether she be brought to bed here or in Holland, or of a son or a daughter, or whether she has any child at all; and with regard to those who wish all your family well, for your sake, madam, as well as our own, we shall be very glad to take any of you in your turn, but none of you out of it."

But the queen had other business this year wherewith to occupy her than royal marriages, or filial indispositions. In some of these matters her sincerity is sadly called in question. Here is an instance.

In 1734, the Bishop of Winchester was stricken with apoplexy, and Lord Hervey no sooner was aware of that significant fact—it was a mortal attack—than he wrote to Hoadly at Salisbury, urging

him in the strongest terms to make application to be promoted from Sarum to the almost vacant see.

This promotion had been promised him by the king, queen, and Walpole, all of whom joined in blandly reproving the bishop for being silent when Durham was vacant, whereby alone he lost that golden appointment. He had served government so well, and yet had contrived to maintain most of his usual popularity with the public, that he had been told to look upon Winchester as his own, whenever an opening occurred.

Hoadly was simple enough to believe that the queen and Walpole were really sincere. Lord Hervey judged most correctly. He addressed an urgent letter then to the Bishop of Salisbury, counselling him to apply immediately to the king through his "two ears"—the queen and Walpole; and to write as if he were sure of being promoted, according to engagement, while, at the same time, he was directed to act as if he were sure of nothing.

Caroline called the bishop's letter indelicate, hasty, ill-timed, and such like, but Hoadly so well obeyed the instructions given to him that there was no room for escape, and he received the appointment. When he went to kiss hands upon his elevation, the king was the only one who behaved with common honesty. He, and Caroline too, disliked the man, whom the latter affected a delight to honor, for the reason that his respect for royalty was not so great as to blind him to popular rights, which he supported with much earnestness. On his reception by the king, the latter treated him with disgraceful incivility, exactly in accordance with his feelings. Caroline did violence to hers, and gave him honeyed words, and showered congratulations upon him, and pelted him, as it were, with compliments and candied courtesy. As for Sir Robert Walpole, who hated Hoadly as much as his royal mistress and her consort did together, he took the new Bishop of Winchester aside, and warmly pressing his hand, assured him, without a blush, that his translation from Sarum to Winchester, was entirely owing to the mediation of himself, Sir Robert. It was a daring assertion, and Sir Robert would have hardly ventured upon making it, had he known the share Lord Hervey had had in this little ecclesiasti-

cal intrigue. Hoadly was not deluded by Walpole, but he was the perfect dupe of the queen.

Lord Mahon,* in speaking of Caroline, says that "her character was without a blemish." Compared with many around her, perhaps it was; but if the face had not spots it had "patches," which looked very much like them. On this matter, the noble lord appears to admit that some doubt may exist, and he subsequently adds: "But no doubt can exist as to her discerning and most praiseworthy patronage of worth and learning in the church. The most able and pious men were everywhere sought and preferred, and the episcopal bench was graced by such men as Hare, Sherlock, and Butler." Of course, Queen Caroline's dislike of Hoadly may be set down as founded upon that prelate's alleged want of orthodoxy. It has been noticed in another page, that, according to Walpole, the queen had rather weakened than enlightened her faith by her study of divinity, and that her majesty herself "was at best not orthodox." Her countenance of the "less-believing" clergy, is said, upon the same authority, to have been the effect of the influence of Lady Sundon, who "espoused the heterodox clergy."

Lord Mahon also says that the queen was distinguished for charity towards those whom she accounted her enemies. She could nurse her rage, however, a good while to keep it warm. Witness her feeling manifested against that daughter of Lord Portland who married Mr. Godolphin. Her hatred of this lady was irreconcilable, nor was the king's of a more christian quality. That lady's sole offence, however, was her acceptance of the office "of governess to their daughter in the late reign, without their consent, at the time they had been turned out of St. James's, and the education of their children, who were kept there, taken from them." † For this offence, the king and queen were very unwilling to confer a peerage and pension on Godolphin, in 1735, when he resigned his office of groom of the stole in the royal household. The peerage and pension were nevertheless, ultimately conferred at the earnest solicitation of Walpole, and with great ill-humor on the part of the king.

* Now, Earl Stanhope.

† Lord Hervey.

Even Walpole, with all his power and influence, was not at this time so powerful and influential but that when he was crossed in parliament, he suffered for it at court. Thus when the crown lost several supporters in the house by adverse decisions on election petitions, the king was annoyed, and the queen gave expression to her own anger on the occasion. It was rare indeed that she ever spoke her dissatisfaction of Sir Robert, but on the occasion in question, she is reported as having said that Sir Robert Walpole either neglected these things, and judged it enough to think they were trifles, though in government, and especially in this country, nothing was a trifle, "or, perhaps," she said, "there is some mismanagement I know nothing of, or some circumstances we are none of us acquainted with, but, whatever it is, to me these things seem very ill-conducted."*

The queen really thought that Walpole was on the point of having outlived his ability, and his powers to apply it for the benefit of herself and husband. She observed him melancholy, and set it down that he was mourning over his own difficulties and failures. When Caroline, however, was told that Sir Robert was not in sorrow because of the difficulties of government, but simply because his mistress, Miss Skerrett, was dangerously ill of a pleuritic fever, the "unblemished queen" was glad! She rejoiced that politics had nothing to do with his grief, and she was extremely well pleased to find that the prime minister was as immoral as men of greater and less dignity. And then she took to satirizing both the prime minister and the lady of his homage. She laughed at him for believing in the attachment of a woman whose motives must be mercenary, and who could not possibly see any attraction in such a man, but through the meshes of his purse. "She must be a clever gentlewoman," said Caroline, "to have made him believe that she cares for him on any other score; and to show you what fools we all are on some point or other, she has certainly told him some fine story or other of her love, and her passion, and that poor man, with his burly body, swollen legs, and villanous stomach, (*avec ce gros corps, jambes inflés, et ce vilain ventre*) believes her!—ah, what

* Lord Hervey.

is human nature?" On this rhapsody, Lord Hervey makes a comment in the spirit of Burns' verse—

"Would but some god the giftie gi'e us,
To see ourselves as others see us,"

and it was excellent opportunity for such comment. "While she was saying this," remarks the noble lord, "she little reflected in what degree she herself possessed all the impediments and antidotes to love she had been enumerating, and that, *"Ah, what is human nature!"* was applicable to her own blindness as to his!"

She certainly illustrated in her own person her assertion that in government nothing was a trifle. Thus, when what was called the Scotch Election Petition was before Parliament, and threatening to give some trouble to the ministerial side, her anxiety till the question was decided favorably to the crown side, and her affected indifference after the victory, were both marked and striking. On the morning before the petition was presented, praying the House of Lords to take into consideration certain alleged illegalities in the recent election of sixteen representative peers of Scotland,—a petition which the house ultimately dismissed,—the anxiety of Caroline was so great "to know what was said, thought or done, or expected on this occasion, that she sent for Lord Hervey while he was in bed; and because it was contrary to the queenly etiquette to admit a man to her bedside while she was in it, she kept him talking upon one side of the door, which was just upon her bed, while she conversed with him on the other, for two hours together, and then sent him to the king's side to repeat to his majesty all he had related to her."* By the *king's side* is meant, not his majesty's side of the royal couch, but the side of the palace wherein he had his separate apartments.

It was soon after this period (1735), that the king set out for Hanover, much against the inclination of his ministers, who dreaded lest he should be drawn in to conclude some engagement, when abroad, adverse to the welfare of England. His departure, however, was witnessed by Caroline with much resignation. It gave

* Lord Hervey.

her infinitely more power and more pleasure, for, as Regent, she had no superior to consult or guide, and in her husband's absence she had not the task of amusing a man who was growing as little amiable, as Louis XIV. was when Madame de Maintenon complained of her terrible toil in that way. His prospective absence of even half a year's duration did not alarm Caroline, for it released her from receiving the quotidian sallies of a temper that, let it be charged by what hand it would, used always to discharge its hottest fire, on some pretence or other, upon her!

The queen's enjoyment, however, was somewhat dashed by information conveyed to her by that very husband, and by which she learned that the royal rebobate, having become smitten by the attractions of a young married German lady, named Walmoden, had had the rascality to induce her to leave her husband,—a course which she had readily adopted for the small consideration of a thousand ducats.

Not the smallest incident which marked the progress of this infamous connection was concealed by the husband from his wife. He wrote at length minute details of the person of the new mistress, for whom he bespoke the love of his own wife!

Lord Hervey thinks that the pride of the queen was much more hurt than her affections, on this occasion; which is not improbable, for the reasoning public, to whom the affair soon became known, at once concluded that the rise of the new mistress would be attended with the downfall of the influence of Caroline.

The latter, however, knew well how to maintain her influence, let who would be the object of the impure homage of her exceedingly worthless husband. To the letters which he addressed to her with particular unction, she replied with an unction quite as rich in quality and profuse in degree. Pure and dignified as she might seem in discoursing with divines, listening to philosophers, receiving the metrical tributes of poets, or cavilling with scholars, she had no objection to descend from Olympus and find relaxation in wallowing in Epicurus' sty. Nor did she thus condescend, merely to suit a purpose and to gain an end. Her letters, encouraging her husband in his amours with women at Hanover, were coarse enough to have called up a blush on the cheek of one of

Congreve's waiting-maids. They have the poor excuse tied to them of having been written for the purpose of securing her own power. The same apology does not apply to the correspondence with the *dirty* Duchess of Orleans. Caroline appears to have indulged in the details of that correspondence for the sake of the mere pleasure itself. And yet she has been called a woman without blemish!

The king's letters to her are said to have extended to sixty, and never to less than forty pages. They were filled, says Lord Hervey, "with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read; most of which I saw, and almost all of them I heard reported by Sir Robert Walpole, to whose perusal few were not committed, and many passages were transmitted to him by the king's own order; who used to tag several paragraphs with '*Montrez ceci et consultez ladessus le gros homme.*' Among many extraordinary things and expressions these letters contained, there was one in which he desired the queen to contrive, if she could, that the Prince of Modena, who was to come the latter end of the year to England, might bring his wife with him." She was the younger daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans. The reasons which the king gave to his wife for the request which he had made with respect to this lady was, that he had understood the latter was by no means particular as to what quarter or person she received homage from, and he had the greatest inclination imaginable to pay his addresses to a daughter of the late Regent of France. "Un plaisir," he said,—for this German husband wrote even to his German wife in French,—"*que je suis sûr, ma chère Caroline, vous serez bien aise de me procurer, quand je vous dis combien je le souhaite!*" If Wycherly had placed such an incident as this in a comedy, he would have been censured as offending equally against modesty and propriety.

In the summer of this year, Lord Hervey was absent for a while from attendance on his royal mistress, but we may perhaps learn from one of his letters addressed to her, while he was resting in the country from his light labors, the nature of his office, and the

way in which Caroline was served. The narrative is given by the writer as part of an imaginary post-obit diary, in which he describes himself as having died on the day he left her, and as having been repeatedly buried in the various dull country-houses, by whose proprietors he was hospitably received. He thus proceeds:—

“But whilst my body, madam, was thus disposed of, my spirit (as when alive,) was still hovering, though invisible, round your majesty, anxious for your welfare, and watching to do you any little service that lay within my power.

“On Monday, whilst you walked, my *shade* still turned on the side of the sun to guard you from its beams.

“On Tuesday morning, at breakfast, I brushed away a fly that had escaped Teed’s observation” (Teed was one of the queen’s attendants) “and was just going to be the taster of your chocolate.

“On Wednesday, in the afternoon, I took off the chillness of some strawberry-water, your majesty was going to drink, as you came in hot from walking; and at night I hunted a bat out of your bed-chamber, and shut a sash just as you fell asleep, which your majesty had a little indiscreetly ordered Mrs. Purcel to leave open.

“On Thursday, in the drawing-room, I took the forms and voices of several of my acquaintances, made strange faces, put myself into awkward postures, and talked a good deal of nonsense, whilst your majesty entertained me very gravely, *recommended* me very graciously, and laughed at me internally very heartily.

“On Friday, being post-day, I proposed to get the best pen in the other world, for your majesty’s use, and slip it invisibly into your standish, just as Mr. Shaw was bringing it into your gallery for you to write; and accordingly I went to *Voiture*, and desired him to hand me his pen; but when I told him for whom it was designed, he only laughed at me for a blockhead, and asked me if I had been at court for four years to so little purpose as not to know that your majesty had a much better of your own.

“On Saturday, I went on the shaft of your majesty’s chaise to Richmond; as you walked there I went before you, and with an invisible wand I brushed the dew and the worms out of your path

all the way, and several times uncrumpled your majesty’s stocking.

“Sunday.—This very day, at chapel, I did your majesty some service, by tearing six leaves out of the parson’s sermon, and shortening his discourse six minutes.”

While these imaginary services were being rendered by the visionary Lord Hervey to the queen, realities more serious and not less amusing were claiming the attention of Caroline and her consort.

In return for the information communicated by the king to the queen on the subject of Madame Walmoden and her charms, Caroline had to inform her husband of the marriage we have spoken of, between Lady Suffolk and Mr. George Berkeley. The royal ex-lover noticed the communication in his reply, in a coarse way, and expressed his entire satisfaction at being rid of the lady, and at the lady’s disposal of herself.

When Caroline informed her vice-chamberlain, Lord Hervey, of the report of this marriage, his alleged disbelief of the report made her peevish with him, and induced her to call him an “obstinate devil,” who would not believe merely improbable facts to be truths. Caroline then railed at her in good set terms as a sayer and doer of silly things, entirely unworthy of the reputation she had with some people of being the sayer and doer of wise ones.

It was on this occasion that Caroline herself described to Lord Hervey the farewell interview she had had with Lady Suffolk. The ex-mistress took a sentimental view of her position, and lamented to the wife that she, the mistress, was no longer so kindly treated as formerly by the husband. “I told her,” said the queen, “in reply, that she and I were not of an age to think of these sorts of things in such a romantic way, and said, ‘My good Lady Suffolk, you are the best servant in the world, and as I should be most extremely sorry to lose you, pray take a week to consider of this business, and give me your word not to read any romances in that time, and then I dare say you will lay aside all thoughts of doing what, believe me, you will repent, and what I am very sure I shall be very sorry for.’” * It was at one of these conversations

* Lord Hervey.

with Lord Hervey that the queen told him that Lady Suffolk "had had 2,000*l.* a year constantly from the king whilst he was prince, and 3,200*l.* ever since he was king; besides several little dabs of money both before and since he came to the crown."

A letter of Lady Pomfret's will serve to show us not only a picture of the queen at this time, but an illustration of feeling in a fine lady.

Lady Pomfret, writing to Lady Sundon, in 1735, says:—"All I can say of Kensington is, that it is just the same it was, only pared as close as the Bishop does the Sacrament. My Lord Pomfret and I were the greatest strangers there; no secretary of state, no chamberlain or vice-chamberlain, but Lord Robert, and he just in the same coat, the same spot of ground, and the same words in his mouth, that he had when I left there. Mrs. Meadows in the window at work; but, though half an hour after two, the queen was not quite dressed, so that I had the honor of seeing her before she came out of her little blue room, where I was graciously received, and acquainted her majesty, to her great sorrow, how ill you had been, and then, to alleviate that sorrow, I informed her how much Sundon was altered for the better, and that it looked like a castle. From thence we proceeded to a very short drawing-room, where the queen joked much with my Lord Pomfret about Barbadoes. The two ladies of the bedchamber and the governess are yet on so bad a foot, that upon the latter coming into the room to dine with Lady Bristol, the others went away, though just going to sit down, and strangers in the place."

The writer of this letter soon after lost a son, the Honorable Thomas Fermor. It was a severely felt loss; so severe, that some weeks elapsed before the disconsolate mother was able, as she says, "to enjoy the kind and obliging concern" expressed by the queen's bedchamber-woman in her late misfortune. Christianity itself, as this charming mother averred, would have authorized her in lamenting such a calamity during the remainder of her life, but then, Oh joy! her maternal lamentation was put an end to and Rachel was comforted, and all because—"It was impossible for any behavior to be more gracious than that of the queen on this

occasion, who made it *quite fashionable* to be concerned" at the death of Lady Pomfret's son.

But there were more bustling scenes at Kensington than such as those described by this fashionably sorrowing lady and the sympathizing sovereign.

On Sunday, the 26th of October, the queen and her court had just left the little chapel in the palace of Kensington, when intimation was given to her majesty that the king, who had left Hanover on the previous Wednesday, was approaching the gate. Caroline, at the head of her ladies and the gentlemen of her suite, hastened down to receive him; and as he alighted from his ponderous coach, she took his hand and kissed it. This ceremony performed by the Regent, a very unceremonious, hearty, and honest kiss was impressed on his lips by the wife. The king endured the latter without emotion, and then, taking the queen-regent by the fingers, he led her up-stairs in a very stately and formal manner. In the gallery there was a grand presentation, at which his majesty exhibited much ill-humor, and conversed with everybody but the queen.

His ill-humor arose from various sources. He had heated himself by rapid and continual travelling, whereby he had brought on an attack of a complaint to which he was subject, which made him very ill at ease, and which is irritating enough to break down the patience of the most patient of people.

On ordinary occasions of his return from Hanover, his most sacred majesty was generally of as sour disposition as a man so little heroic could well be. He loved the electorate better than he did his kingdom, and would not allow that there was anything in the latter which could not be found in Hanover of a superior quality. There was no exception to this; men, women, artists, philosophers, actors, citizens, the virtues, the sciences, and the wits, the country, its natural beauties and productions, the courage of the men and the attractions of the women—all of these in England seemed to him worthless. In Hanover they assumed the guise of perfection.

This time, he returned to his "old" wife laden with a fresh sorrow, the memory of a new favorite. He had left his heart with the insinuating Walmoden, and he brought to his superb Caroline nothing but a tribute of ill-humor and spite. He hated more than

ever the change from an electorate where he was so delightfully despotic, to a country where he was only chief magistrate, and where the people, through their representatives, kept a very sharp watch upon him in the execution of his duties. He was accordingly as coarse and evilly-disposed towards the circle of his court as he was to her who was the centre of it. He, too, was like one of those pantomime potentates who are for ever in King Cambyzes' vein, and who sweep through the scene in a whirlwind of farcically furious words and of violent acts, or of threats almost as bad as if the menaces had been actually realized. It was observed that his behavior to Caroline had never been so little tinged with outward respect as now. She bore his humor with admirable patience; and her quiet endurance only the more provoked the petulance of the little and worthless king.

He was not only ill-tempered with the mistress of the palace, but was made, or chose to think himself, especially angry at trifling improvements which Caroline had carried into effect in the suburban palace during the temporary absence of its master. The improvements consisted chiefly in removing some worthless pictures and indifferent statues, and placing masterpieces in their stead. The king would have all restored to the condition all was in when he had last left the palace; and he treated Lord Hervey as a fool for venturing to defend the queen's taste and the changes which had followed the exercise of it. "I suppose," said the dignified king to the courteous vice-chamberlain, "I suppose you assisted the queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces, and spoiling all my furniture. Thank God! at least she has left the walls standing!"

Lord Hervey asked if he would not allow the two Vandykes which the queen had substituted for "two sign-posts," to remain. George pettishly answered, that he didn't care whether they were changed or no; "but," he added, "but, for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored. I will have it done, too, to-morrow morning, before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all."

Lord Hervey next inquired if his majesty would also have "his

gigantic fat Venus restored, too?" The king replied that he would, for he liked his fat Venus better than anything that had been put in its place. Upon this, Lord Hervey says *he* fell to thinking, that "if his majesty had liked his *fat Venus* as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations."

By a night's calm repose, the ill humor of the sovereign was not dispersed. On the following morning, we meet with the insufferable little man in the gallery, where the queen and her daughters were taking chocolate; her son, the Duke of Cumberland, standing by. He only stayed five minutes, but in that short time the husband and father contrived to wound the feelings of his wife and children. "He snubbed the queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Amelia for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke of Cumberland for standing awkwardly; and then he carried the queen out to walk, to be re-snubbed in the garden."*

Sir Robert Walpole told his friend Hervey that he had done his utmost to prepare the queen for this change in the king's feelings and actions towards her. He reminded her that her personal attractions were not what they had been, and he counselled her to depend more upon her intellectual superiority than ever. The virtuous man advised her to secure the good temper of the king by throwing certain ladies in his way of an evening. Sir Robert mentioned, among others, Lady Tankerville, "a very safe fool, who would give the king some amusement without giving her majesty any trouble." Lady Deloraine, the *Delia* from whose rage Pope bade his readers dread slander and poison, had already attracted the royal notice, and the king liked to play cards with her in his daughters' apartments. This lady, who had the loosest tongue of the least modest women about the court, was characterized by Walpole as likely to exercise a dangerous influence over the king. If Caroline would retain her power, he insinuated, she must select her husband's favorites, through whom she might still reign supreme.

Caroline is said to have taken this advice in good part. There

* Lord Hervey.

would be difficulty in believing that it ever was given, did we not know that the queen herself could joke, not very delicately, in full court, on her position as a woman not first in her husband's regard. Sir Robert would comment on these jokes in the same locality, and with increase of coarseness. The queen, however, though she affected to laugh, was both hurt and displeased—hurt by the joke, and displeased with the joker, of whom Swift has said, that—

By favor and fortune fastidiously blest,
He was loud in his laugh and was coarse in his jest.

In spite of the king's increased ill-temper towards the queen, and in spite of what Sir Robert Walpole thought and said upon that delicate subject, Lord Hervey maintains that at this very time the king's heart, as affected towards the queen, was not less warm than his temper. The facts which are detailed by the gentle official immediately after he has made this assertion, go strongly to disprove the latter. The detail involves a rather long extract, but its interest, and the elaborate minuteness with which this picture of a royal interior is painted, will doubtless be considered ample excuse, or warrant rather, for reproducing the passages. Lord Hervey was eye and ear-witness of what he here so well describes:—

"About nine o'clock every night, the king used to return to the queen's apartment from that of his daughters, where, from the time of Lady Suffolk's disgrace, he used to pass those evenings he did not go to the opera or play at quadrille, constraining them, tiring himself, and talking a little indecently to Lady Deloraine, who was always of the party.

"At his return to the queen's side, the queen used often to send for Lord Hervey to entertain them till they retired, which was generally at eleven. One evening, among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the queen, who was knotting, while the king walked backward and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadly's on the sacrament, in which the bishop was very ill treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the king interrupted her, and told her she always

loved talking of such nonsense, and things she knew nothing of; adding, that if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of these things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense, and disturbing the government with impertinent disputes, that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had pretended.' 'A pretty fellow for a friend!' said the king, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray, what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait?' And then he acted the bishop's lameness, and entered upon some unpleasant defects which it is not necessary to repeat. The stomachs of the listeners must have been strong, if they experienced no qualm at the too graphic and nasty detail. 'Or is it,' continued the king, 'his great honesty that charms your lordship? His asking a thing of me for one man, and when he came to have it in his own power to bestow, refusing the queen to give it to the very man for whom he had asked it? Or do you admire his conscience, that makes him now put out a book that, till he was Bishop of Winchester, for fear his conscience might hurt his preference, he kept locked up in his chest? Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury—for this book I fear, was written so long ago—or is it that he would not risk losing a shilling a year more, whilst there was anything better to be got than what he had? * * * I cannot help saying, if the bishop of Winchester is your friend, that you have a great puppy, and a very dull fellow, and a very great rascal, for your friend. It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favor above their deserts, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to the government that has shown them that favor; and very modest for a canting, hypocritical knave to be crying that *the kingdom of Christ is not of this world*, at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives 6,000*l.* or 7,000*l.* a year. But he is just the same thing in the Church that he is in the government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to

take favor from the Crown, though, by his republican spirit and doctrine, he would be glad to abolish its power."

There is something melancholily suggestive in thus hearing the temporal head of a Church accusing of rank infidelity a man whom he had raised to be an overseer and bishop of souls in that very Church. If George knew that Hoadly did not believe in Scripture, he was infinitely worse than the prelate, for the simple fact of his having made him a prelate, or having translated him from one diocese to another of more importance and more value. But, to resume—

"During the whole time the king was speaking, the queen, by smiling and nodding in proper places, endeavored all she could, but in vain, to make her court, by seeming to approve everything he said." Lord Hervey then attempted to give a pleasant turn to the conversation by remarking on prelates who were more docile towards government than Hoadly, and who, for being dull branches of episcopacy, and ignorant piecers of orthodoxy, were none the less good and quiet subjects. From the persons of the Church, the vice-chamberlain got to the fabric, and then descanted to the queen upon the newly-restored bronze gates in Henry VII.'s Chapel. This excited the king's ire anew. "My lord," said he, "you are always putting some of these fine things in the queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a thousand plans and workmen." He grew sarcastic, too, on the queen's grotto in Richmond gardens, which was known as *Merlin's Cave*, from a statue of the great enchanter therein; and in which there was a collection of books, over which Stephen Duck, thrasher, poet, and parson, had been constituted librarian. The *Craftsman* paper had attacked this plaything of the queen, and her husband was delighted at the annoyance caused to her by such an attack.

The poor queen probably thought *she* had succeeded in cleverly changing the topic of conversation by referring to and expressing disapproval of the expensive habit of giving *vails* to the servants of the house at which a person has been visiting. She remarked, that she had found it no inconsiderable expense during the past summer to visit her friends even in town. "That is your own fault," growled the king; "for my father, when he went to

people's houses in town, never was fool enough to give away his money." The queen pleaded that she only gave what her chamberlain, Lord Grantham, informed her was usual,—whereupon poor Lord Grantham came in for his full share of censure. The queen, said her consort, "was always asking some fool or another what she was to do, and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice."

The vice-chamberlain gently hinted that liberality would be expected from a queen on such occasions as her visits at the houses of her subjects. "Then let her stay at home, as I do," said the king. "You do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools." And then, turning to the queen, he added: "Nor is it for *you* to be running your nose everywhere, and to be trotting about the town, to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no." The queen colored, and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than before; whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Such is the description of Lord Hervey, and it shows Caroline in a favorable light. The vice-chamberlain struck in for her, by observing that her majesty could not see private collections of pictures without going to the owners' houses, and honoring them by her presence. "Supposing," said the king, "she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her." The vice-chamberlain did not fail to see that this was a most illogical remark, and he very well observed in reply, that, "If the innkeepers were used to be well received by her majesty in her palace, he should think that the queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal." As George found himself foiled by this observation, he felt only the more displeasure, and he gave vent to the last, by bursting forth into a torrent of German, which sounded like abuse, and during the outpouring of which "the queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out.

Upon which the king, in English, began a new dissertation upon her majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text.*

Unmoved as Caroline appeared at this degrading scene, she felt it acutely,—but she did not wish that others should be aware of her feelings under such a visitation. Lord Hervey was aware of this; and when, on the following morning, she remarked that he had looked at her the evening before, as if he thought she had been going to cry, the courtier protested that he had neither done the one nor thought the other, but had expressly directed his eyes on another object, lest if they met hers, the comicality of the scene should have set both of them laughing.

And such scenes were of constant occurrence. The king extracted something unpleasant from his very pleasures, just as acids may be produced from sugar. Sometimes, he fell into a difficulty during the process. Thus, on one occasion,—the party were again assembled for their usual delightful evening, the queen had mentioned the name of a person whose father, she said, was known to the king. It was at the time when his majesty was most bitterly incensed against his eldest son. Caroline was on better terms with Frederick; but, as she remarked, they each knew the other too well to love or trust one another. Well, the king hearing father and son alluded to, observed, that “one very often sees fathers and sons very little alike;—a wise father has very often a fool for his son. One sees a father a very brave man, and his son a scoundrel; a father very honest, and his son a great knave; a father a man of truth, and his son a great liar; in short, a father that has all sorts of good qualities, and a son that is good for nothing.”* The queen and all present betrayed, by their countenances, that they comprehended the historical parallel; whereupon the king attempted, as he thought, to make it less flagrantly applicable, by running the comparison in another sense. “Sometimes,” he said, “the case was just the reverse, and that very disagreeable fathers had very agreeable men for their sons.” In this case, the king, as Lord Hervey suggests, was thinking of his own father, as in the former one he had been thinking of his son.

* Lord Hervey.

But how he drew what was sour from the sweetest of his pleasures, is shown from his remarks after having been to the theatre to see Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth*. He was tolerably well pleased with all the actors, save the “Prince of Wales.” He had never seen, he said, so awkward a fellow, and so mean a looking scoundrel, in his life. Everybody, says Lord Hervey, who hated the actual Prince of Wales thought of him as the king here expressed himself of the player; “but all very properly pretended to understand his majesty literally, joined in the censure, and abused the theatrical Prince of Wales for a quarter of an hour together.”

It may be here noticed, that Shakespeare owed some of his reputation, at this time, to the dissensions which existed between the king and his son. Had it, at least, not been for this circumstance, it is not likely that the play of *Henry the Fourth* would have been so often represented as it was, at the three theatres,—Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane. Every auditor knew how to make special application of the complainings and sorrowings of a royal sire over a somewhat profligate son; or of the unfilial speeches and hypocritical assurance of a princely heir, flung at his sovereign and impatient sire. The house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields had the reputation of being the Tory house; and the Prince of Wales *there*, was probably represented as a proper gentleman; not out of love to *him*, but rather out of contempt to the father. It was not a house which received the favor of either Caroline or her consort. The new pieces there ran too strongly against the despotic rule of kings,—the only sort of rule for which George at all cared, and the lack of which made him constantly abusive of England, her institutions, Parliament, and public men. It is difficult to say what the real opinion of Caroline was upon this matter, for at divers times we find her uttering opposite sentiments. She could be as abusive against free institutions and civil and religious rights, as ever her husband was. She has been heard to declare, that sovereignty was worth little where it was merely nominal, and that to be king or queen in a country where people governed through their Parliament, was to wear a crown, and to exercise none of the prerogatives which are ordinarily attached to it. At other times she would declare, that the real glory of Eng-

land was the result of her free institutions; the people were industrious and enterprising because they were free, and knew that their property was secure from any attack on the part of prince or government. They consequently regarded their sovereign with more affection than a despotic monarch could be regarded by a slavish people; and she added, that she would not have cared to share a throne in England, if the people by whom it was surrounded had been slaves without a will of their own, or a heart that throbbed at the name of liberty. The king never had but one opinion on the subject, and *therefore* the theatre at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields was for ever resounding with claptraps against despotism, and *that* in presence of an audience of whom Frederick, Prince of Wales, was chief, and Bolingbroke led the applause.

But even Drury Lane could be as democratic as Lincoln's-Inn. Thus, in the very year of which we are treating, Lillo brought out his "Christian Hero" at Lincoln's-Inn, and the audience had as little difficulty to apply the parts to living potentates as they had reluctance to applaud to the echo passages like the following against despotic rulers:—

Despotic power, that root of bitterness,
That tree of death that spreads its baleful arms
Almost from pole to pole, beneath whose cursed shade
No good thing thrives, and every ill finds shelter,—
Had found no time for its detested growth
But for the follies and the crimes of men.

But "Drury" did not often offend in this guise, and even George and Caroline might have gone to see "Junius Brutus" and have been amused. The queen, who well knew the corruption of the senate, might have smiled as Mills, in Brutus, with gravity declared that the senators,—

Have heaped no wealth, though hoary grown in honors,

and George might have silently assented to the reply of Ciber, Jun., in "Messala," that,—

On crowns they trample with superior pride;
They haughtily affect the pomp of princes.

I do not know who played the Prince of Wales at "Drury." I find that Shakespeare's Henry Fourth was played on April 11, 1735, but only three of the characters are named in the newspaper announcement,—namely, Falstaff, by Harper; Hostess, by Mrs. Cross; and Doll Tearsheet, by Miss Mann. Three weeks afterwards, Frederick "commanded" the farce of "A Cure for a Scold;" and as this was at a time when dissension between himself and his royal mother ran highest, the piece commanded may have had some "*intention*" in it. As these amiable people did all they possibly could to annoy one another, perhaps when their majesties, at the time of the union between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha, began to be much spoken of,—commanded the "Fatal Marriage" at Drury Lane (for Mrs. Porter's benefit), there also may have been something satirical, if not significant therein. At Covent Garden, Henry Fourth was represented on the 17th of April, 1735; and this was the night, perhaps, on which the king was delighted to find a scrubby Prince of Wales whom he might most heartily abuse. The prince, on this occasion, was represented by Hallam. Stephen played the King, and Bridgewater, Falstaff. At distant Goodman's Fields the same piece was also represented, and with a better cast than that of the play represented before royalty. Hullett was the "ton of man," graceful Delane played the gallant Hotspur; airy Woodward enacted Prince John; Howard was the Mortimer, and Gifford,—who in one person combined those tragic, comic, and melo-dramatic powers which we have seen in our times in Wallack and Charles Kemble,—was a Prince of Wales, at whom not even a royal critic could have fairly sneered. Hallam, then, was the prince who earned the court's abuse.

Such abuse were specimens of the warmth of temper which Caroline had to bear from her royal consort. Her vice-chamberlain asserts, that the royal heart still beat for her as warmly as the temper did against her. This assertion is not proved; but the contrary, by the facts. These facts were of so painful a nature to the queen, that she did not like to speak of them even to Sir Robert Walpole. One of them is a precious instance of the conjugal warmth of heart pledged for by Lord Hervey.

The night before the king had last left Hanover for England, he supped gaily, in company with Madame Walmoden and her friends, who were not so *nice* as to think that the woman who had deserted her husband for a king who betrayed his consort, had at all lost *caste* by such conduct. Towards the close of the banquet, the frail lady, all wreathed in mingled tears and smiles, rose, and gave as a toast, or sentiment, the "next 29th of May." On that day the old libertine had promised to be again at the feet of his new concubine; and as this was known to the select and delicate company, they drank the "toast" amid shouts of loyalty and congratulations.

The knowledge of this fact gave more pain to Caroline than all the royal fits of ill-humor together. The pain was increased by the king's conduct at home. It had been his custom of a morning, at St. James's, to tarry in the queen's rooms until after he had, from behind the blinds, seen the guard relieved in the court-yard below: this took place about eleven o'clock. This year, he ceased to visit the queen, or to watch the soldiers; but by nine o'clock in the morning he was seated at his desk, writing lengthy epistles to Madame Walmoden, in reply to the equally long letters from the lady, who received and despatched a missive every post.

"He wants to go to Hanover, does he?" asked Sir Robert Walpole of Lord Hervey; "and to be there by the 29th of May. Well, he shan't go for all that."

But domestic griefs could not depress the queen's wit. An illustration of this is afforded by her remark on the *Triple Alliance*. "It always put her in mind," she said, "of the *South Sea* scheme, which the parties concerned entered into, not without knowing the cheat, but hoping to make advantage of it, every body designing, when he had made his own fortune, to be the first in scrambling out of it, and each thinking himself wise enough to be able to leave his fellow-adventurers in the lurch."

This was, perhaps, rather common sense than wit; but, whatever it may be accounted, the same happy judgment and expression were illustrated on many other occasions, as may be seen in Lord Hervey's Diary, to whose pages the reader is referred.

It has been well observed, that the king's good humor was now

as insulting to her majesty as his bad. When he was in the former rare vein, he exhibited it by entertaining the queen with accounts of her rival, and the many pleasures which he and that lady had enjoyed together. He appears at Hanover to have been as extravagant in the entertainments which he gave, as his grandfather, Ernest Augustus. Some of these court revels he caused to be painted on canvas; the ladies represented therein were all portraits of the actual revellers. Several of such pictures were brought over to England, and five of them were hung up in the queen's dressing-room. Occasionally, of an evening, the king would take a candle from the queen's table, and go from picture to picture, with Lord Hervey, telling him its history, explaining the joyous incidents, naming the persons represented, and detailing all that had been said or done on the particular occasion before them. "During which lecture," says the vice-chamberlain himself, "Lord Hervey, while peeping over his majesty's shoulders at those pictures, was shrugging up his own, and now and then stealing a look, to make faces at the queen, who, a little angry, a little peevish, and a little tired at her husband's absurdity, and a little entertained with his lordship's grimaces, used to sit and knot in a corner of the room, sometimes yawning, and sometimes smiling, and equally afraid of betraying those signs, either of her lassitude or mirth."

In the course of the year which we have now reached, Queen Caroline communicated to Lord Hervey a fact, which is not so much evidence of her majesty's common-sense, as of the presumption and immorality of those who gave Caroline little credit for having even the sense that is so qualified. Lord Bolingbroke had married the Marchioness de Villette, niece of Madame de Maintenon, about the year 1716. The union, however, was not only kept secret for many years, but when Bolingbroke was under attainder, and a sum of 52,000*l.* belonging to his wife was in the hands of Decker, the banker, Lady Bolingbroke swore that she was not married to him, and so obtained possession of a sum which, being hers, was her husband's, and which, being her husband's, who was attainted as a traitor, was forfeit to the crown. However, as some of it went through the hands of poor Sophia Dorothea's rival, the easy Duchess of Kendal, and her rapacious niece Lady

Walsingham, the matter was not inquired into. Subsequently, Lady Bolingbroke attempted to excuse her husband's alleged dealings with the pretender, by asserting that he entered into them solely for the purpose of serving the court of London. "That was, in short," said Caroline to Lord Hervey, "to betray the pretender; for though Madame de Villette softened the word, she did not soften the thing, which I own," continued the queen, "was a speech that had so much impudence and villany mixed up in it, that I could never hear him or her from that hour, and could hardly hinder myself from saying to her,—'And pray, madam, what security can the king have that my Lord Bolingbroke does not desire to come here with the same honest desire that he went to Rome? or that he swears that he is no longer a Jacobite, with any more truth than you have sworn you are not his wife?'" The only wonder is, considering Caroline's vivacious character, that she restrained herself from giving expression to her thoughts. She was eminently fond of "speaking daggers" to those who merited such a gladiatorial visitation.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE OF FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

The queen never exhibited her *cleverness* in a clearer light, than when, in 1735, she got over the expected difficulty arising from a threatened parliamentary address to the throne, for the marriage and settlement of the Prince of Wales. She "crushed" it, to use the term employed by Lord Hervey, by gaining the king's consent, no difficult matter, to tell the prince that it was his royal sire's intention to marry him forthwith. The king had no princess in view for him; but was ready to sanction any choice he might think proper to make, and the sooner the better. As if the thing were already settled, the queen, on her side, talked publicly of the coming marriage of the heir apparent; but not a word was breathed as to the person of the bride. Caroline, moreover, to give the

matter a greater air of reality, purchased clothes for the wedding of her son with the yet "invisible lady," and sent perpetually to jewellers to get presents for the ideal, future, Princess of Wales.

The lady, however, was not a merely visionary bride. It was during the absence of the king in Hanover, that it was delicately contrived for him to see a marriageable princess,—Augusta of Saxe Gotha. He approved of what he saw, and wrote home to the queen, bidding her to prepare her son for the bridal.

Caroline communicated the order to Frederick, who received it with due resignation. His mother, who had great respect for outward observances, counselled him to begin his preparations for marriage, by sending away his ostentatiously maintained *favorite*, Miss Vane. Frederick pleased his mother by dismissing Miss Vane, and then pleased himself by raising to the vacant bad eminence Lady Archibald Hamilton, a woman of thirty-five years of age, and the mother of ten children. The prince visited her at her husband's house, where he was as well received by the master as by the mistress. He saw her constantly at her sister's, rode out with her, walked with her daily for hours in St. James's Park, "and, whenever she was at the drawing-room (which was pretty frequently,) his behavior was so remarkable, that his nose and her ear were inseparable, whilst, without discontinuing, he would talk to her as if he had rather been relating than conversing, from the time he came into the room to the moment he left it, and then seemed to be rather interrupted than to have finished."*

The first request made by Lady Archibald to her royal lover was, that he would not be satisfied with putting away Miss Vane; but that he would send her out of the country. The prince did not hesitate a moment; he sent a royal message, wherein he was guilty of an act of which no *man* would be guilty, to the woman whom he had loved. The message was taken by Lord Baltimore, who bore proposals, offering an annuity of 1600*l.* a-year to the lady, on condition that she would proceed to the continent, and give up the little son which owed to her the disgrace of his birth, but to which both she and the prince were most affectionately attached. The alternative was starvation in England.

* Lord Hervey.

Miss Vane had an old admirer, to whom she sent in the hour of adversity, and who was the more happy to aid her in her extremity as, by so doing, he should not only have some claim on her gratitude, but that he could to the utmost of his heart's desire, annoy the prince, whom he intensely despised.

Lord Hervey sat down, and imagining himself for the nonce in the place of Miss Vane, he wrote a letter in that lady's name. The supposed writer softly reproved the fickle prince, reminded him of the fond old times ere love yet had expired, resigned herself to the necessity of sacrificing her own interests to that of England, and then running over the sacrifices which a foolish woman must ever make—of character, friends, family, and peace of mind—for the fool or knave whom she loves with more irregularity than wisdom, she burst forth into a tone of indignation at the mingled meanness and cruelty of which she was now made the object, and finally refused to leave either England or her child, spurning the money offered by the father, and preferring any fate that might come, provided she were not banished from the presence and the love of her boy.

Frederick was simple enough to exhibit this letter to his mother, sisters, and friends, observing at the same time, that it was far too clever a production to come from the hand of Miss Vane, and that he would not give her a farthing until she had revealed the name of the "rascal" who had written it. The author was popularly set down as being Mr. Pulteney.

On the other hand, Miss Vane published the prince's offer to her, and therewith her own letter in reply. The world was unanimous in condemning him as mean and cruel. Not a soul ever thought of finding fault with him as immoral. At length a compromise was effected. The prince explained away the cruel terms of his own epistle, and Miss Vane withdrew what was painful to him in hers. The pension of 1600*l.* a year was settled on her, with which she retired to a mansion in Grosvenor Street, her little son accompanying her. But the anxiety she had undergone had so seriously affected her health, that she was very soon after compelled to proceed to Bath. The waters were not healing waters for her. She died in that city, on the 11th of March, 1736, hav-

ing had one felicity reserved for her in her decline, the inexpressible one of seeing her little son die before her. "The queen and the Princess Caroline," says Lord Hervey, "thought the prince more afflicted for the loss of this child than they had ever seen him on any occasion, or thought him capable of being."

One of the most cherished projects of George the Second was, the union by marriage of two of his own children with two of the children of the King of Prussia. Such an alliance would have bound more intimately the descendants of Sophia Dorothea, through her son and daughter. The double marriage was proposed to the King of Prussia, in the name of the King of England, by Sir Charles Hotham, minister plenipotentiary. George proposed that his eldest son, Frederick, should marry the eldest daughter of the King of Prussia, and that his second daughter should marry the same king's eldest son. To these terms the Prussian monarch would not agree, objecting that if he gave *his* eldest daughter to the Prince of Wales, he must have the eldest, and not the second, daughter of George and Caroline for the Prince of Prussia. Caroline would have agreed to these terms; but George would not yield: the proposed intermarriages were broken off, and the two courts were estranged for years.

The Prussian princess, Frederica Wilhelmina, has published the memoirs of her life and times; and Ranke, quoting them in his "History of the House of Brandenburg," enters largely into the matrimonial question, which was involved in mazes of diplomacy. Into the latter it is not necessary to enter; but to those who would know the actual causes of the failure of these proposed royal marriages, the following passage from Ranke's work will not be without interest.

"Whatever be their exaggerations and errors, the memoirs of the Princess Frederica Wilhelmina must always be considered as one of the most remarkable records of the state of the Prussian court of that period. From these it is evident, that neither she herself, nor the queen, had the least idea of the grounds which made the king reluctant to give an immediate consent to the proposals. They saw in him a domestic tyrant, severe only towards his family, and weak to indifferent persons. The hearts on both

sides became filled with bitterness and aversion. The crown-prince, too, who was still of an age when young men are obnoxious to the influence of a clever elder sister, was infected with these sentiments. With a view to promote her marriage, he suffered himself to be induced to draw up in secret a formal declaration, that he would give his hand to no other than an English princess. On the other hand, it is inconceivable to what measures the other party had recourse, in order to keep the king steady to his resolution. Seckendorf had entirely won over General Grumbkoo, the king's daily and confidential companion, to his side; both of them kept up a correspondence of a revolting nature with Reichenbach, the Prussian resident in London. This Reichenbach, who boasts somewhere of his indifference to outward honors, and who was, at all events, chiefly deficient in an inward sense of honor, not only kept up a direct correspondence with Seckendorf, in which he informed him of all that was passing in England in relation to the marriage, and assured the Austrian agent that he might reckon on him as on himself; but, what is far worse, he allowed Grumbkoo to dictate to him what he was to write to the king, and composed his dispatches according to his directions. It is hardly conceivable that these letters should not have been destroyed; they were, however, found among Grumbkoo's papers at his death. Reichenbach, who played a subordinate part, but who regarded himself as the third party to this conspiracy, furnished on his side facts and arguments, which were to be urged orally to the king, in support of his statements. Their system was to represent to the king, that the only purpose of England was to reduce Prussia to the condition of a province, and to turn a party around him that might fetter and control all his actions; representations to which Frederick William was already disposed to lend an ear. He wished to avoid having an English daughter-in-law, because he feared he should be no longer master in his own house; perhaps she would think herself of more importance than him; he should die, inch by inch, of vexation. On comparing these intrigues, carried on on either side of the king, we must admit that the former—those in his own family—were the more excusable, since their sole object was the accomplishment of those marriages; upon the mere suspicion of which

the king broke out into acts of violence, which terrified his family and his kingdom, and astonished Europe. The designs of the other party were far more serious; their purpose was to bind Prussia in every point to the existing system, and to keep her aloof from England. Of this the king had no idea; he received without suspicion whatever Reichenbach wrote, or Grumbkoo reported to him."

The mutual friends, whose interest it was to keep Prussia and England wide apart, labored with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and not only broke the proposed marriages, but made enemies of the two kings. A dispute was built up between them, touching Mecklenburgh; and Prussian press-gangs and recruiting parties crossed into the Hanoverian territory, and carried off or inveigled the King of England's electoral subjects into the military service of Prussia. This was the most outrageous insult that could have been devised against the English monarch, and it was the most cruel that could be inflicted upon the inhabitants of the electorate.

The king of Prussia, as I have had occasion to say elsewhere, was not nice of his means for entrapping men, nor careful on whose territory he seized them, provided only they were obtained. The districts touching on the Prussian frontier were kept in a constant state of alarm, and border frays were as frequent and as fatal as they were on England and Scotland's *neutral* ground, which derived its name from an oblique application of etymology, and was so called because neither country's faction hesitated to commit murder or robbery upon it. I have seen in the inns near these frontiers some strange memorials of these old times. Those I allude to, are in the shape of "mandats," or directions, issued by the authorities, and they are kept framed and glazed, old curiosities, like the ancient way-bill at the *Swan*, at York, which announces a new fast coach travelling to London, God willing, in a week. These *mandats*, which were very common in Hanover when Frederick, after refusing the English alliance, took to sending his *Werbers*, or recruiters, to lay hold of such of the people as were likely to make good tall soldiers, were to this effect: they enjoined all the dwellers near the frontiers to be provided with arms and ammunition; the militia to hold themselves ready against any surprise; the arms to be examined every

Sunday by the proper authorities; watch and ward to be maintained day and night; patrols to be active; and it was ordered that, the instant any strange soldiers were seen approaching, the alarum-bells should be sounded, and preparations be made for repelling force by force. The Prussian *Werbers*, as they were called, were wont sometimes to do their spiriting in shape so questionable, that the most anti-belligerent travellers, and the most unwarlike and well-intentioned bodies, were liable to be fired upon, if their characters were not at once explained and understood. These were times when Hanoverians, who stood in fear of Prussia, never lay down in bed but with arms by their side; times when young peasants who, influenced by soft attractions, stole by night from one village to another to pay their *devoirs* to bright eyes waking to receive them, walked through perils, love in their hearts, and a musket on their shoulders. The enrollers of Frederick, and indeed those of his great son after him, cast a chill shadow of fear over every age, sex, and station of life.

In the mean time the two kings reviled each other as coarsely as any two dragoons in their respective services. The quarrel was nursed until it was proposed to be settled, not by diplomacy, but by a duel. When this was first suggested, the place, but not the time of meeting, was immediately agreed upon. The territory of Hildesheim was to be the spot whereon were to meet in deadly combat two monarchs—two fathers, who could not quietly arrange a marriage between their sons and daughters. It really seemed as if the blood of Sophia Dorothea of Zell was ever to be fatal to peace, and averse from connubial felicity.

The royal son of Sophia selected Brigadier-General Suttén for his second. The son-in-law of Sophia (it will be remembered that he had married that unhappy lady's daughter) conferred a similar honor on Colonel Derschein. His English majesty was to proceed to the designated arena from Hanover; Frederick was to make his way thither from Saltzthal, near Brunswick. The two kings of Brentford could not have looked more ridiculous than these two. They would, undoubtedly, have crossed weapons, had it not been for the strong common sense of a Prussian diplomatist, named Borek. "It is quite right, and exceedingly dignified," said Borek,

one day to his master, when the latter was foaming with rage against George the Second, and expressing an eager desire for fixing a near day whereon to settle their quarrel,—“it is most fitting and seemly, since your majesty will not marry with England, to cut the throat, if possible, of the English monarch; but your faithful servant would still advise your majesty not to be overhasty in fixing the day: ill-luck might come of it.” On being urged to show how this might be, he remarked,—“Your gracious majesty has lately been ill, is now far from well, and might, by naming an early day for avoidance of this quarrel, be unable to keep his appointment.” “We would name another,” said the king. “And in the mean time,” observed Borek, “all Europe, generally, and George of England, in particular, would be smiling, laughing, commenting on, and ridiculing the king who failed to appear, where he had promised to be present with his sword. Your majesty must not expose your sacred person and character to such a catastrophe as this: settle nothing till there is certainty that the pledge will be kept; and, in the mean time, defer naming the day of battle for a fortnight.”

The advice of Borek was followed, and, of course the fight never “came off.” The ministers of both governments exerted themselves to save their respective masters from rendering themselves supremely, and perhaps sanguinarily, ridiculous,—for the blood of both would not have washed out the absurdity of the thing. Cholera abated, common sense came up to the surface, assumed the supremacy, and saved a couple of foolish kings from slaying or mangling each other. George, however, was resolved, and that for more reasons than it is necessary to specify, that a wife must be found for his heir-apparent; and it was Caroline who directed him to look at the princesses in the small and despotic court of Saxe Gotha.

Lord Delawar, who was sent to demand the hand of the princess from her brother, the Duke of Saxe Gotha, was long, lank, awkward, and unpolished. There was no fear here of the catastrophe which followed on the introduction to Francesca de Rimini of the handsome envoy whom she mistook for her bridegroom, and with whom she too prematurely fell in love, as soon as she beheld him.

Walpole, writing from King's College, May 2, 1736, says: "I believe the princess will have more beauties bestowed on her by the occasional poets, than even a painter would afford her. They will cook up a new Pandora, and in the bottom of the box inclose Hope, that all they have said is true. A great many, out of excess of good breeding, who have heard that it was rude to talk Latin before women, propose complimenting her in English; which she will be much the better for. I doubt most of them, instead of fearing their composition should not be understood, should fear they should; they wish they don't know what to be read by they don't know who."

When the king dispatched some half dozen lords of his council to propose to the prince that he should espouse the youthful princess Augusta, he replied, with a tone of mingled duty and indifference, something like Captain Absolute in the play, that "whoever his majesty thought a proper match for his son, would be agreeable to him."

The match was straightway resolved upon; and as the young lady knew little of French, and less of English, it was suggested to her mother that a few lessons in both languages would not be thrown away. The Duchess of Saxe Gotha, however, was wiser in her own conceit than her officious counsellors; and remembering that the Hanoverian family had been a score of years, and more, upon the throne of England, she very naturally concluded that the people all spoke or understood German, and that it would really be needlessly troubling the child to make her learn two languages, to acquire a knowledge of which would not be worth the pains spent upon the labor.

When princesses espouse heirs to thrones, they are certainly treated but with very scanty ceremony. It would seem that their own feelings are allowed to exercise very little influence in the matter; there is no pleasant wooing time; the bridegroom does not even give himself the trouble to seek the bride; and when the latter marries the deputy who is dispatched to espouse her by proxy, she knows as little of the principal as she does of his representative. But be this as it may, the blooming young Princess of Saxe Gotha submitted joyfully to custom and the chance of be

coming Queen of England. She was willing to come and win what the Prince of Wales, had not dignity made him ungallant, should have gone and laid at her feet, and besought her to accept. Accordingly, the royal yacht, *William and Mary*, destined to carry many a less noble freight before its career was completed, bore the bride to our shores. She had a less stormy passage than our English Princess Mary, when the latter crossed the channel to espouse Louis XII. of France. The Princess Augusta and her bridal suit had no plumes disordered, nor silks discomposed, nor minds and bodies rendered like the plumes and silks by the roughness of the journey. When Lord Delawar handed her ashore at Greenwich, on the 25th April, 1736, she excited general admiration by her fresh air, good humor, and tasteful dress. It was St. George's day; no inauspicious day whereon landing should be made in England by the young girl of seventeen, who was to be the mother of the first king born and bred in England since the birth-day of James II.

The royal bride was conducted to the Queen's House in the Park, where, as my fair readers, and indeed *all* readers, with equal good sense and a proper idea of the fitness of things, will naturally conclude that all the royal family had assembled to welcome, with more than ordinary warmth, one who came among them under circumstances of more than ordinary interest. But the truth is, that there was no one to give her welcome but solemn officers of state and criticising ladies in waiting. The *people* were there of course, and the princess had no cause to complain of any lack of warmth on their part. For want of better company, she spent half an hour with the English commonalty; and as she sat in the balcony overlooking the park, the gallant mob shouted themselves hoarse in her praise, and did her all homage until the tardy lover arrived, whose own peculiar homage he should have been in a little more lover-like haste to pay. However, Frederick came at last, and he came alone. The king, queen, duke and princesses sent "their compliments, and hoped she was well!" They could not have sent or said less, had she been Griselda fresh from her native cottage, and about to become the bride of the prince, without their consent and altogether against their will.

But the day was Sunday, and perhaps those distinguished personages were reluctant to indulge in too much expansion of feeling on the sacred day.

On the following day, Monday, Greenwich was as much alive as it is on a fine fair-day; for the princess dined in public, and all the world was there to see her. That is to say, she and the prince dined together in an apartment, the windows of which were thrown open "to oblige the curiosity of the people;" and it is only to be hoped that the springs of the period were not such inclement seasons as those generally known by the name of spring, to us. The people having stared their fill, and the princess having banqueted as comfortably as she could under such circumstances, the Prince of Wales took her down to the water, led her into a gaily decorated barge, and slowly up the river went the lovers,—with horns playing, streamers flying, and under a fusillade from old stocks of old guns, the modest artillery of colliers and other craft anxious to render to the pair the usual noisy honors of the way. They returned to Greenwich in like manner, similarly honored, and there having supped in public, the prince kissed her hand, took his leave, and promised to return upon the morrow.

On the Tuesday the already enamored Frederick thought better of his engagement, and tarried at home till the princess arrived there. She had left Greenwich in one of the royal carriages, from which she alighted at Lambeth, where taking boat she crossed to Whitehall. Here one of Queen Caroline's state chairs was awaiting her, and in it she was borne, by two stout carriers, plump as Cupids, but more vigorous, to St. James's Palace. The reception here was magnificent and tasteful. On the arrival of the bride, the bridegroom, already there to receive her, took her by the hand as she stepped out of the chair, softly checked the motion she made to kneel to him and kiss his hand, and drawing her to him, gallantly impressed a kiss—nay two, for the record is very precise on this matter—upon her lips. All confusion and happiness, the illustrious couple ascended the staircase, hand in hand. The prince led her into the presence of a splendid and numerous court, first introducing her to the king, who would not suffer her to kneel, but, putting his arm around her, saluted her

on each cheek. Queen Caroline greeted as warmly the bride of her eldest son; and the Duke of Cumberland and the princesses congratulated her on her arrival in terms of warm affection.

The king, who had been irritably impatient for the arrival of the bride, and had declared that the ceremony should take place without him, if it were not speedily concluded, was softened by the behavior of the youthful princess on her first appearing in his presence. "She threw herself all along on the floor, first at the king's and then at the queen's feet."* This prostration was known to be so acceptable a homage to his majesty's pride, that, joined to the propriety of her whole behavior on this occasion, it gave the spectators great prejudice in favor of her understanding.

The poor young princess, who came into England unaccompanied by a single female friend, behaved with a propriety and ease which won the admiration of Walpole, and the sneers of the old roué ladies who criticised her. Her self-possession, joined as it was with modesty, showed that she was "well-bred." She was not irreproachable of shape or carriage, but she was fair, youthful and sensible,—much more sensible than the bridegroom, who quarrelled with his brother and sisters, in her very presence, upon the right of sitting down and being waited on, in such presence!

The squabbles between the brothers and sisters touching etiquette, show the extreme littleness of the minds of those who engaged in them. The prince would have had them, on the occasion of their dining with himself and bride, the day before the wedding, be satisfied with stools instead of chairs, and consent to being served with something less than the measure of respect shown to *him* and the bride. To meet this, they refused to enter the dining-room till the stools were taken away and chairs substituted. They then were waited upon by their own servants, who had orders to imitate the servants of the Prince of Wales in every ceremony used at table. Later in the evening, when coffee was brought round by the prince's servants, his visitors declined to take any, out of fear that their brother's domestics might have had instructions to inflict "some disgrace (had they accepted of any) in the manner of giving it!"

* Lord Hervey.

On the day of the arrival of the bride at St. James's, after a dinner of some state, and after some re-arrangement of costume, the ceremony of marriage was performed, under a running salute from artillery, which told to the metropolis the progress made in the nuptial solemnity. The bride "was in her hair," and wore a crown with one bar, as Princess of Wales, a profusion of diamonds adding lustre to a youthful bearing that could have done without it. Here robe was not, indeed, that of a bride, but is said to have been the proper one for a Princess of Wales,—it was of crimson velvet, bordered with row upon row of ermine, and with a train attached which was supported by four "maids," three of whom were daughters of dukes. They were Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter to the Duke of Richmond; Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of the Duke of Grafton; Lady Caroline Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire,—and, with the three brides who bore the name of the present queen, was one who bore that of her whom the king had looked upon as really Queen of England,—of Sophia, his mother. This fourth lady was Lady Sophia Fermor, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret.

I have said that the robe of the *marée* was rather that of a princess than of a bride, but I must not be misunderstood. What is so called is applied only to the mantle. Excepting the mantle, the "maids" were dressed precisely similar to the "bride" whom they surrounded and served. They were all in "virgin habits of silver." What that may be, I do not profess to decide. There is more clearness about the next detail, which tells us that each bridesmaid wore diamonds of the value of from twenty to thirty thousand pounds each.

The Duke of Cumberland performed the office of father to the bride, and they were ushered to the altar by the Duke of Grafton and Lord Hervey, the lord and vice-chamberlains of the household. The Countess of Elingham and the other ladies of the household, left the queen's side to swell the following of the bride. The Lord Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapel Royal, officiated on this occasion, and when he pronounced the two before him to have become as one, voices in harmony arose within, the trumpets blazoned forth their edition of the event, the drums rolled a deaf-

ening peal, a clash of instruments followed, and above all boomed the thunder of the cannon in the Park, telling in a million echoes of the conclusion of the irrevocable compact. A little ceremony followed in the king's drawing-room, which was in itself appropriate, and which seemed to have heart in it. On the assembling there of the entire bridal party, the newly-married couple went, once more hand in hand, and kneeling before the king and his consort, who were seated at the upper end of the room, the latter solemnly gave their blessing to their children, and bade them be happy.

A royally joyous supper succeeded, at half-past ten, where healths were drank, and a frolicsome sort of spirit maintained, as was common in those somewhat "common" times. And then followed a sacred portion of the ceremony, which is now considered as being more honored in the breach than the observance. The bride was conducted processionally to her sleeping apartment; while the prince was helped to disrobe by his royal sire, and his brother the duke. The latter aided him in divesting him of some of his heavy finery, and the king very gravely "did his royal highness and prince the honor to put on his shirt." All this must have been considered more than nuisance enough by the parties on whom it was inflicted by way of honor, but the newly-married victims of that day had much more to endure.

When intimation had been duly made that the princess had been undressed and re-dressed by her maids, and was seated in the bed ready to receive all customary and suitable honor, the king and queen entered the chamber. The former was attired in a dress of gold brocade, turned up with silk, embroidered with large flowers in silver and colors, with a waistcoat of the same, and buttons and star dazzling with diamonds. Caroline was in "a plain yellow silk, robed and faced with pearls, diamonds, and other jewels, of immense value. The Dukes of Newcastle, Grafton, and St. Alban's, the Earl of Albemarle, Colonel Pelham, and many other noblemen, were in gold brocades of from three to five hundred pounds a suit. The Duke of Marlborough was in a white velvet and gold brocaded tissue. The waistcoats were universally brocades with large flowers. It was observed," continues the

court historiographer, "most of the rich clothes were of the manufactures of England, and in honor of our own artists. The few which were French did not come up to those in goodness, richness, or fancy, as was seen by the clothes worn by the royal family, which were all of British manufacture. The cuffs of the sleeves were universally deep and open, the waists long, and the plaits more sticking out than ever. The ladies were principally in brocades of gold and silver, and wore their sleeves much lower than had been done for some time."

When all these finely dressed people were assembled, and the bride was sitting upright in bed, in a dress of superb lace, the princely bridegroom entered, "in a nightgown of silver stuff, and a cap of the finest lace." He must have looked like a facetious prince in a Christian extravaganza. However, he took his place by the side of the bride; and while both sat "bolt upright" in bed, the "quality" generally were admitted to see the sight, and to smile at the edifying remarks made by the king and other members of the royal family who surrounded the couch.

The whole affair has, to our modern eyes and thoughts, a marvellously farcical appearance, and an indelicate aspect; but it was, in fact, the last scene of a drama of some seriousness. When Sir Robert Walpole heard that the old Duchess of Marlborough had offered her favorite grand-daughter, Lady Diana Spencer, with a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, to this prince whose expenses far exceeded his income; and when he understood, moreover, that the prince had actually condescended to take the money and the lady with it, the happy day being fixed whereon the event was to come off privately at the duchess's lodge in Windsor Park, the minister became as busy as the chief intriguer in a Spanish comedy to save Frederick from an act of disobedience and folly. It was then that, by the advice of Sir Robert, the king sent a message through two privy councillors to his son, with whom he was already at variance, proposing to him the match with Augusta, daughter of Frederick II., Duke of Saxe-Gotha. The lady, as before stated, was not ill-endowed either as regards beauty or intellect. Arrangements, too, were proposed to settle the pecuniary affairs of the prince, on a more satisfactory footing;

and these things considered, Frederick consented to take Augusta with the same indifference, and for about the same reason, which influenced him in the matter of Lady Diana Spencer. When Walpole now saw him enter the state bed-room and glide through the crowd to his couch, decked in his silver-tissue dress and night-cap, he might have congratulated himself on the comedy being happily ended, and if he had only known French, he might have exultingly sung—

Allez-vous en gens de la noce.

The record of this happy event would hardly be complete were we to omit to notice that it was made the occasion of a remarkable *début* in the House of Commons. An address congratulatory of the marriage was moved by Mr. Lyttelton, and the motion was seconded by Mr. Pitt, subsequently the first Earl of Chatham, who then made his first speech in Parliament. The speech made by Lyttelton was squeaking and smart. That of Cornett Pitt, as he was called, was so favorable to the virtues of the son, and, by implication, so insulting to the person of the father, that it laid the foundation of the lasting enmity of George against Pitt;—an enmity the malevolence of which was first manifested by depriving Pitt of his cornetcy. The poets were, of course, as polite as the senators, and epithalamia rained upon the happy pair in showers of highly complimentary and very indifferent verse. The lines of Whitehead, the laureate, were tolerably good, for a laureate, and the following among them have been cited "as containing a wish which succeeding events fully gratified."

Such was the age, so calm the earth's repose,
When Maro sung and a new Pollio rose.
Oh! from such omens may again succeed
Some glorious youth to grace the nuptial bed;
Some future Scipio, good as well as great.
Some young Marcellus with a better fate:
Some infant Frederick, or some George, to grace
The rising records of the Brunswick race.

If these set ringing the most harmonious of the echoes which Parnassus could raise on the occasion, the other metrical essays must have been wretched things indeed. But the Muse at that

time was not a refined muse. If a laureate would only find rhyme—decency and logic were gladly dispensed with.

The prince was very zealous and painstaking in introducing his bride to the people. For this purpose they were often together at the theatre. On one of these occasions, the princess must have had but an indifferent idea of the civilization of the people over whom she fairly expected one day to reign as queen-consort. The occasion alluded to was on the third of May, 1736, when great numbers of footmen assembled, with weapons, in a tumultuous manner, broke open the doors of Drury Lane Theatre, and fighting their way to the stage doors, which they forced open, they prevented the Riot Act being read by Colonel De Veal, who nevertheless arrested some of the ringleaders, and committed them to Newgate. In this tumult, founded on an imaginary grievance that the footmen had been illegally excluded from the gallery, to which they claimed to go *gratis*, many persons were severely wounded, and the terrified audience hastily separated; the prince and princess, with a large number of persons of distinction, retiring when the tumult was at its highest. The Princess of Wales had never witnessed a popular tumult before, and though this was ridiculous in character, it was serious enough of aspect to disgust her with that part of "the majesty of the people" which was covered with *plush*.

The king, in spite of Sir Robert Walpole's threat, proceeded to Hanover in the month of May. Before he quitted England he sent word to his son that, wherever the Queen Regent resided, *there* would be apartments for the Prince and Princess of Wales. Frederick looked upon this measure in its true light, namely, as making him a sort of prisoner, and preventing the possibility of two separate courts, in the king's absence. The prince determined to disobey his father and thwart his mother. When the queen removed from one residence to another, he feigned preparations to follow her, and then feigned obstructions to them. He pleaded an illness of the princess which did not exist, and was surprised that his medical men declined to back up *his* lie by another of their own. The queen on her side, feigning anxious interest in her daughter-in-law, visited her in her imaginary illness, but the pa-

tient, who was first said to be suffering from measles, then from a rash, and finally was declared to be really indisposed with a cold, was kept in a darkened room, and was otherwise so trained to deceive, that Caroline left the bed-side as wise as when she went to it. In this conduct towards his mother, Frederick was chiefly influenced by his ill-humor at the queen's being appointed regent. When she opened the commission at Kensington, which she always did as soon as she received intelligence of the landing of the king in Holland, Frederick would not attend the council, but contrived to reach the palace just after the members had concluded their business.

CHAPTER VI.

AT HOME AND OVER THE WATER.

THOUGH the king delegated all royal power to the queen, as regent, during his absence, he illegally (ignorant, perhaps, that the royal prerogative was not divisible),* exercised his kingly office when in Hanover, by signing commissions for officers. The queen would not consent that objection should be taken to this course followed by her husband, or that any representation should be made to him on the subject. Such acts, indeed, did not interfere with her great power as regent—a power which she wielded in union with Walpole. These two persons governed the kingdom according to their own councils, but the minister, nevertheless, placed every conclusion at which he and the queen had arrived, before the cabinet council, by the obsequious members of which, the conclusions, whatever they were, were sanctioned, and the necessary documents signed. Thus Walpole, by the side of the queen, acted as independently as if he had been king; but of his acts he managed to make the cabinet share with him the responsibility.

The office exercised by her was very far from being a sinecure, or exempt from great anxieties; but it was hardly more onerous

* There is some doubt, however, upon this matter.

than that which she exercised during the king's residence in England. Her chief troubles, she was wont to say, were derived from the bishops.

If Caroline could not speak so harshly of the prelates, generally or individually, as her husband, she could reprove them, when occasion offered, with singular asperity. We may see an instance of this in the case of the episcopal opposition to the Mortmain and Quakers' Relief Bills; but especially to the latter. This particular bill had for its object to render more easy the recovery of tithes from quakers; the latter did not ask for exemption, but for less oppression in the method of levying. The court wished that the bill should pass into law. Sherlock, now Bishop of Salisbury, wrote a pamphlet against it; and the prelates generally, led by Gibson, Bishop of London, stirred up all the dioceses in the kingdom to oppose it, with a cry of *The Church in danger*. Sir Robert Walpole represented to the queen that all the bishops were blamable; but that the chief blame rested upon Sherlock, whose opposition was described as being as little to be justified in point of understanding and policy, as in integrity and gratitude. Sir Robert declared, that he was at once the dupe and the willing follower of the Bishop of London, and that both were guilty of endeavoring to disturb the quiet of the kingdom.

The first time Dr. Sherlock appeared at court after this, the queen chid him extremely, and asked him if he was not ashamed to be overreached in this manner by the Bishop of London. She accused him of being a second time the dupe of the latter prelate, who was charged with having misled him in a matter concerning the advancement of Dr. Rundle to an episcopal see. "How," she asked him, "could he be blind and weak enough to be running his nose into another's dirt again." As for the king, he spoke of the prelates on this occasion "with his usual softness." They were, according to the hereditary defender of the faith, "a parcel of black, canting, hypocritical rascals." They were "silly," "impertinent" fellows, presuming to dictate to the crown; as if it were not the express duty of a bishop to exercise this boldness when emergency warranted, and occasion suited.

Both bills were passed in the Commons. The Mortmain Bill

(to prevent the further alienation of lands by will in mortmain) passed the Lords; but the Quakers' Relief Bill was lost there by a majority of two.

The queen was far from desiring that the bishops should be so treated as to make them in settled antagonism with the crown. She one day ventured to say something in this spirit to the king. It was at a time when he was peevishly impatient to get away to Hanover, to the society of Madame Walmoden, and to the young son born there since his departure. He is reported to have exclaimed to Caroline, when she was gently urging a more courteous treatment of the bishops,—“I am sick to death of all this foolish stuff, and wish, with all my heart, that the devil may take all your bishops, and the devil take your minister, and the devil take the parliament, and the devil take the whole island, provided I can get out of it, and go to Hanover.”*

What Caroline meant by moderation of behavior towards the bishops, it is hard to understand; for when Drs. Sherlock and Hare complained to her that, in spite of their loyalty to the crown, they were nightly treated with great coarseness and indignity by lords closely connected with the court, Caroline spoke immediately, in the harsh tone and strong terms ordinarily employed by her consort, and said, that she could more easily excuse Lord Hervey, who was chiefly complained of as speaking sharply against them in parliament,—“I can easier excuse him,” exclaimed her majesty, “for throwing some of the Bishop of London's dirt upon you, than I can excuse *all you other fools* (who love the Bishop of London no better than he does,) for taking the Bishop of London's dirt upon yourselves.” She claimed a right to chide the prelates soundly, upon the ground that she loved them deeply—and she made very liberal use of the privilege she claimed. Bishop Hare, in replying, called Lord Hinton, one of Lord Hervey's imitators, his “ape.” The queen told this to Lord Hervey, who answered, that his ape, if he came to know that such term had been applied to him, would certainly knock down the queen's “baboon.” Caroline, with a childish spirit of mischief, communicated to Hare what

* Lord Hervey.

she had done, and what her vice-chancellor had said upon it. The terrified prelate immediately broke the third commandment, exclaiming, "Good God! madam, what have you done? As for Lord Hervey, he will satisfy himself, perhaps, with playing his wit off upon me, and calling me *Old Baboon*; but, for my Lord Hinton, who has no wit, he will knock me down." This tallied so ridiculously, we are told by the vice-chamberlain, who reports the scene, with the information given him by Caroline herself,—"This tallied so ridiculously with what Lord Hervey had said to the queen, that she burst into a fit of laughter, which lasted some minutes before she could speak; and then she told the bishop, 'That is just, my good lord, what Lord Hervey did do, and what he said the ape would do.'" The queen, however, promised that no harm should come to the prelate.

No inconsiderable amount of harm, however, was inflicted on many of the prelates, including Hare himself. Walpole was disposed to translate him, when an advantageous opportunity offered; but Hervey showed him good reason for preferring pliant Potter, then of Oxford. Gibson, the Bishop of London, had been looking to be removed to Canterbury, whenever Dr. Wake's death there should cause a vacancy. He expected, however, that, in accordance with his wish, Sherlock should succeed him in London. The queen was disposed to sanction the arrangement; but she was frightened out of it by Walpole and Hervey. She accordingly advised Sherlock "to go down to his diocese, and live quietly; to let the spirit he had raised so foolishly against him here subside; and to reproach himself only if he had failed, or should fail, of what he wished should be done, and she had wished to do for him."

During the absence of the king in 1736, in Hanover, the Queen Regent had but an uneasy time of it at home. First, there were corn riots in the west, which were caused by the attempts of the people to prevent the exportation of corn, and which could only be suppressed by aid of the military. Next, there were labor riots in the metropolis in consequence of the market being overstocked by Irish laborers, who offered to work at lower rates than the English; and which also the bayonet alone was able to suppress. Thirdly, the coasts were infested by smugglers, whom the prospect

of the hangman could not deter from their exciting vocation, and who not only killed revenue officers in very pretty battles, but were heartily assisted by the country people, who looked upon the contrabandists as most gallant and useful gentlemen. Much sedition was mixed up with the confusion which arose from these tumultuary proceedings; for whenever the people were opposed in their inclinations, they immediately took to cursing the queen especially, not, however, sparing the king: nor forgetting, in their street ovations, to invoke blessings upon James III. It was, indeed, the fashion for every aggrieved person to speak of George II. in his character of Elector of Hanover, as "a foreign prince." When this was done by a nonjuring clergyman named Dixon, who exploded an innocent infernal machine in Westminster Hall, to the great terror of judges and lawyers, and which scattered papers over the hall, denouncing various acts of parliament, first that against the sale of gin in unlicensed places: then the act for building Westminster Bridge; the one to suppress smuggling; and that which enabled "a foreign prince" to borrow 600,000*l.* of money sacredly appropriated to the payment of our debts,—the lord chancellor and the chief justice were so affrighted, that they called the *escapade* "a treason." Caroline summoned a council thereon, and having at last secured the half-mad and destitute offender, they consigned him to rot in a jail; although, as Lord Hervey says, "the lawyers *should* have sent him to Bedlam, and *would* have sent him to Tyburn."

The popular fury was sometimes so excited, that it was found necessary, as in the Michaelmas of this year, to double the guards who had the care of her sacred majesty at Kensington. The populace had determined upon being drunk when, where, and how they liked. The government had resolved that they should not get drunk upon gin at any but licensed places; and thereupon the majesty of the people became so furious, that even the person of Caroline was hardly considered safe in her own palace.

Nor were riots confined only to England. A formidable one broke out in Edinburgh,—based upon admiration for a smuggler named Wilson, who had very cleverly robbed a revenue officer, as well as defrauded the revenue. The mob thought it hard that the

poor fellow should be hanged, as he was, for such little foibles as these; and though they could not rescue him from the gallows, they raised a desperate tumult as he was swung from it. The town guard fired upon the rioters, by order of their captain, Porteous, and several individuals were slain. The captain was tried for this alleged unlawful slaying, and was condemned to die; but Caroline, who admired promptness of character, stayed the execution by sending down a reprieve. The result is well known; the mob broke open the prison and inflicted Lynch law upon the captain, hanging him in the market-place, amid a shower of curses and jeers against Caroline and her reprieve.

The indignation of the Queen Regent was almost uncontrollable. She was especially indignant against General Moyle, commander of the troops, who had refused to interfere to suppress the riot. He was tolerably well justified in his refusal; for the magistrates of Edinburgh, ever ready to invoke assistance, were given to betray them who rendered it, to the gallows, if the riot was suppressed by shedding the blood of the rioters. His conduct on this occasion was further regulated by orders from his commander-in-chief. Caroline had no regard for any of the considerations which governed the discreet general, and in the vexation of her chafed spirit, she declared that Moyle deserved to be shot by order of a court-martial. It was with great difficulty that her ministers and friends succeeded in softening the asperity of her temper; even Sir Robert Walpole, who joined in representing that it were better to hold Moyle harmless, maintained in private that the general was fool, knave, or coward. Lord Hervey says that the queen resented the conduct of the Scotch on this occasion, as showing "a tendency to shake off all government; and I believe was a little more irritated, from considering it in some degree as a personal affront to her, who had sent Captain Porteous's reprieve; and had she been told half what was reported to have been said of her by the Scotch mob on this occasion, no one could think that she had not ample cause to be provoked."

To return to the domestic affairs of Caroline; it is to be observed that the queen had not seen the king leave England, with indifference. She was aware that he was chiefly attracted to Hanover by

the unblushing rival who, on his departure thence, had drank, amid smiles and tears, to his speedy return. His departure, therefore, something affected her proud spirit, and she was for a season depressed. But business acted upon her as a tonic, and she was occupied and happy, yet not without her hours of trial and vexation, until the time approached for the king's return.

Bitter, however, were her feelings, when she found that return protracted beyond the usual period. For the king to be absent on his birthday was a most unusual occurrence, and Caroline felt that the rival must have some power indeed who could thus restrain him from indulgence in old habits. She was however, as proud as she was pained. She began to grow cool in her ceremony and attentions to the king. She abridged the ordinary length of her letters to him, and the usual four dozen pages were shortened into some seven or eight. Her immediate friends, who were aware of this circumstance, saw at once that her well-known judgment and prudence were now in default. They knew that to attempt to insinuate reproach to the king would arouse his anger, and not awaken his sleeping tenderness. They feared lest her power over him should become altogether extinct, and that his majesty would soon as little regard his wife by force of habit as he had long ceased to do by readiness of inclination. It was Walpole's conviction that the king's respect for her was too firmly based to be ever shaken. Faithless himself, he revered the fidelity and sincerity which he knew were in her; and if she could not rule by the heart, it was certain that she might still continue supreme by the head—by her superior intellect. Still, the minister recognized the delicacy and the danger of the moment, and in an interview with Caroline, he made it the subject of as extraordinary a discussion as was ever held between minister and royal mistress—between man and woman. Walpole reminded her of faded charms and growing years, and he expatiated on the impossibility of her ever being able to establish supremacy in the king's regard by power of her personal attractions! It is a trait of her character worth noticing, that she listened to these unwelcome, but almost unwarrantably expressed truths, with immovable patience. But Walpole did not stop here. He urged her to resume her long letters to the king, and to address him in

terms of humility, submissiveness, duty, and tender affection; and he set the climax on what one might almost be authorized to consider his impudence, by recommending her to invite the king to bring Madame Walmoden with him to England. At this counsel, the tears *did* spring into the eyes of Caroline. The softened feeling, however, only maintained itself for a moment. It was soon forgotten in her desire to recover or retain her power. She promised to obey the minister in all he had enjoined upon her; but Walpole, well as he knew her, very excusably conjectured that there *must* still be enough of the mere woman in her, to induce her to refuse to perform what she had promised to accomplish. He was, however, mistaken. It is true, indeed, that her heart recoiled at what the head had resolved, but she maintained her resolution. She conversed calmly with Walpole on the best means of carrying it out. But the minister put no trust in her assertions until such a letter as he had recommended had actually been dispatched by her to the king. She rallied Walpole on his doubts of her, but praised him for his abominable counsel. It was this commendation which alarmed him. He could believe in her reproof; but he affirmed that he was always afraid when Caroline "*daubed*." However, he was now obliged to believe, for the queen spoke calmly of the coming of her rival, allotted rooms for her reception, devised plans and projects for rendering her comfortable, and even expressed her willingness to take her into her own service! Walpole opposed this, but she cited the case of Lady Suffolk. Upon which the minister observed, with infinite moral discrimination, that there was a difference between the king's making a mistress of the queen's servant, and making a queen's servant of his mistress. The people might reasonably look upon the first as a very natural condition of things, while the popular virtue might feel itself outraged at the second. Caroline said nothing, but wrote certainly the most singular letter that ever wife wrote to a husband. It was replied to by a letter also the most singular that ever husband addressed to a wife.* The king's epistle was full of admiration at his consort's

* Copies of the original letters in French, will be found in Lord Hervey's admirable volumes.

as virtuous as she! "But," wrote he, in very elegant French, in which dirty passion was hidden beneath very refined sentiment; "But you know my passions, my dear Caroline; you know my weaknesses; there is nothing in my heart hidden from you; and would to God," exclaimed the mendacious, blaspheming libertine, "would to God that you could correct me with the same facility with which you apprehend me. Would to God that I could imitate you as well as I admire you, and that I could learn of you all the virtues which you make me see, feel, and love."

The figure of Louis XI., kneeling before the Virgin, and asking permission to sin once more, upon proper compensation, is dignified compared with this matter-of-fact husband who affects to revere the virtues which he cannot imitate, and who pleads, to his own wife, the strength of his unlicensed passions, which prompt him to an infidelity which she, on her side, is too prompt to further and to pardon. Some centuries more must elapse before a scene like this can seem to wear about it a halo of historical dignity. But centuries will not hide the fact that on this occasion, in the weakness of Caroline, there was an infamy as stupendous as that in the vice of her most worthless husband.

The queen then had not only to look after the affairs of the kingdom in the monarch's absence, but to assist him with her advice for the better management of his love affairs in Hanover. With all Madame Walmoden's affected fidelity towards him, he had good grounds for suspecting that his interest in her was shared by less noble rivals. The senile dupe was perplexed in the extreme. One rival named as being on too familiar terms with the lady, was a Captain von Schulemburg, a relation of the Duchess of Kendal. There was a little drama enacted by all three parties, as complicated as a Spanish comedy, and full of love-passages, rope-ladders, and lying. The closing scene exhibits the lady indignant in asserting her innocence, and the wretched monarch too happy to put faith in her assertions. When left alone, however, he addressed a letter to his wife, asking her what she thought of the matter, and amiable conduct, and of descriptions of her rival's bodily and mental features. He extolled the virtues of his wife, and then expressed a wish—the wretched little debauched hypocrite—that he could be

requesting her to consult Walpole, as a man "who has more experience in these sort of matters, my dear Caroline, than yourself, and who in the present affair must necessarily be less prejudiced than I am!" There never was an epithet of obloquy which this miserable fellow flung at his fellow-men, which might not have been more appropriately applied to himself.

Caroline, doubtless, gave the counsel that was expected from her; and then, having settled to the best of her ability this very delicate affair, she was called upon to interfere in a matter more serious. The young Princess of Wales had scandalized the whole royal family by taking the sacrament at the German Lutheran chapel. Serious remonstrance was made to her on the subject; but the young lady shed tears, and pleaded her conscience. Religious liberty, however, was not a thing to be thought of, and she must take the sacrament according to the forms prescribed by the Church of England. She resisted the compulsion, until it was intimated to her that if she persisted in the course on which she had entered, there was a possibility that she might be sent back to Saxe-Gotha. Upon that hint she at once joined the Church of England. She had no more hesitation than a Lutheran or Catholic German princess, who marries into the Czar's family, has of at once accepting all which the Greek Church enjoins, and which the lady neither cares for nor comprehends.

Nor was this the only church matter connected with the princess, which gave trouble to the queen. The case of conscience was followed by a case of courtesy, or rather perhaps of the want of it. The queen attended divine service regularly in the chapel in Kensington Palace, and set a good example of being early in her attendance, which was not followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, when they also were in residence at the palace. It was the bad habit of the latter, doubtless at the instigation of her husband, not to enter the chapel till after the service had commenced, and the queen was engaged in her devotions. The princess had then, in order to get to the seat allotted to her, to pass by the queen—a large woman in a small pew! The scene was unbecoming in the extreme, for the princess passed in front of her majesty, between her and the prayer-book, and there was much

confusion and unseemliness in consequence. When this had been repeated a few times, the queen ordered Sir William Toby, the princess's chamberlain, to introduce his royal mistress by another door than that by which the queen entered, whereby her royal highness might pass to her place without indecorously incommoding her majesty. The prince would not allow this to be done, and he only so far compromised the matter, by ordering the princess, whenever she found the queen at chapel before herself, not to enter at all, but to return to the palace.

Caroline, offended as she was with her son, would not allow him to pretend that she was as difficult to live with as his father, and so concealed her anger. Lord Hervey so well knew that the prince wished to render the queen unpopular, that he counselled his royal mistress not to let her son enjoy a grievance that he could trade upon. Lord Hervey said, "he could wish that if the prince was to sit down in her lap, that she would only say, she hoped he found it easy."

For the princess, the queen had nothing but a feeling which partook mostly of a compassionate regard. She knew her to be really harmless, and thought her very dull company; which for a woman of Caroline's intellect and power of conversation, she undoubtedly was. The woman of cultivated mind yawned wearily at the truisms of the common-place young lady, and made an assertion with respect to her which bespoke a mind more coarse than cultivated. "Poor creature," said Caroline, of her young daughter-in-law, "were she to spit in my face, I should only pity her for being under such a fool's direction, and wipe it off." The fool, of course, was the speaker's son. The young wife, it must be confessed, was something childish in her ways. Nothing pleased her better than to play half through the day with a large, jointed doll. This she would dress and undress, and nurse and fondle at the windows of Kensington Palace, to the amusement and wonder, rather than to the edification, of the servants in the palace and the sentinels beneath the windows. The Princess Caroline almost forgot her gentle character in chiding her sister-in-law, and desiring her "not to stand at the window during these operations on her baby." The Princess

Caroline did not found her reproach upon the impropriety of the action, but upon that of allowing it to be witnessed by others. The lower people, she said, thought everything ridiculous that was not customary, and the thing would draw a mob about her, and make *la canaille* talk disagreeably!

The act showed the childishness of her character at that time; a childishness on which her husband improved by getting her to apply, through the queen, for the king's consent to allow her to place Lady Archibald Hamilton upon her household. Frederick informed his young wife of the position in which the world said the lady stood with regard to him; but he assured her that it was all false. Augusta believed, or affected to believe, or was perhaps indifferent; and Lady Archibald was made lady of the bed-chamber, privy purse, and mistress of the robes to the princess, with a salary of nine hundred pounds a-year.

While the ladies of the court discussed the subject of the king, his wife, his favorite, and the favorite of the prince, and seriously canvassed the expediency of bringing Madame Walmoden to England, there were some who entertained an idea that it would be well, if the sovereign himself could be kept out of it. The people took to commiserating Caroline, and there were many who censured her husband for his infidelity, while others only reproved him because that faithlessness was made profitable to foreigners and not to fairer frailty at home. In the meantime, his double taste for his electorate and the ladies there, was caricatured in various ways. Pasquinades intimated that his Hanoverian majesty would condescend to visit his British dominions at a future stated period. A lame, blind, and aged horse, with a saddle, a pillion behind it, was sent to wander through the streets, with an inscription on his forehead, which begged that nobody would stop him, as he was "the king's Hanoverian equipage, going to fetch his majesty and his ——— to England." The most stinging satire of all was boldly affixed to the walls of St. James's Palace, and was to this effect: "Lost or strayed, out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish. Whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive *four shillings and sixpence*

reward. N.B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown."

The king himself was rather gratified than otherwise with satires which imputed to him a gallantry (as it is erroneously called) of disposition. He was only vexed when censure was gravely directed against him, which had reference to the incompatibility of his pursuits with his position, his age, and his infirmities. He preferred being reproved as a profligate, rather than being considered past the period when profligacy would be venial.

Previous to his return to England, he expressed a wish to the queen that she would remove from Kensington to St. James's, on the ground that it would be better for her health, and she would be easier of access to the ministers. The road between London and the suburban locality which may now be said to be a part of it, was, at the period alluded to, in so wretched a condition, that Kensington Palace was more remote from the metropolis, than Windsor Castle is now. Caroline understood her husband too well to obey. She continued, as regent, to live in retirement, and this affectation of disregard for the outward splendor of her office was not unfavorably looked upon by the king.

The queen's rule of conduct was not, however, that which best pleased her son. Frederick declared his intention of leaving the suburban palace for London.

Caroline was vexed at the announcement of the supposed author of an intention which amounted, in other words, to the setting up of a rival court; particularly, after the orders which had been communicated from the king to the Prince of Wales, through the Duke of Grafton. Frederick wrote a note in reply, like that of his mother's, in French, in which he intimated his willingness to remain at Kensington as long as the Queen Regent made it her residence. The note was probably written for the Prince by Lord Chesterfield. Caroline inflicted considerable annoyance on her son by refusing to consider him as the author of the note, which, by the way, Lord Hervey thought might have been written by "young Pitt," but certainly *not* by Lord Chesterfield. The note itself is only quoted from memory by Lord Hervey, who says that Lord Chesterfield would have written better French, as well as

with more turns and points. To me it appears to closely resemble the character of Lord Chesterfield's letters in French, which were never so purely French but there could be detected in them phrases which were mere translations of English idioms; and it was precisely because of such a fault that Caroline had suspected that the note was written by an Englishman born. The question, however, is not worth discussion. The fact remains to be noticed that, in spite of the promise made by the prince to remain at Kensington, he really removed to London, but, as his suite was left in the suburbs, he considered that his pledge was honorably maintained.

Frederick's conduct seems to have arisen from a fear which was as marked in him as it was in his father—a fear of its being supposed that he was governed by others. Had it been the queen's interest to rule him by letting him suppose that he was free from the influence of others, she would have done it as readily and as easily as in the case of the king. The queen considered him so far unambitious, that he did not long for his father's death, but Lord Hervey showed her that if *he* did not, the creditors who had lent him money, payable with interest at the king's decease, were less delicate in this matter; and that the demise of the king might be so profitable to many as to make the monarch's speedy death a consummation devoutly to be wished. The life of the sovereign was thus put in present peril, and Lord Hervey suggested to the queen that it would be well were a bill brought into parliament, making it a capital offence for any man to lend money for a premium at the king's death. "To be sure," replied the queen, "it ought to be so, and pray talk a little with Sir Robert Walpole about it." Meanwhile, Frederick Prince of Wales exhibited a liberality which charmed the public generally, rather than his creditors in particular, by forwarding 500*l.* to the Lord Mayor for the purpose of releasing poor freemen of the City, from prison. The act placed the prince in strong contrast with his father, who had been squandering large sums in Germany.

The king's departure from Hanover for England took place in the night of the 7th to the 8th of December, after one of those brilliant and festive farewell suppers which were now given on such occasions by the *Circe* or the *Cynthia* of the hour. Wine

and tears, no doubt, flowed abundantly; but, as soon as the scene could be decently brought to an end, the royal lover departed, and arrived on the 11th at Helvoetsluys. His daughter Anne was lying sick, almost to death, at the Hague, where her life had, with difficulty, been purchased by the sacrifice of that of the little daughter she had borne. The king, however, had not leisure for the demonstration of any parental affection, and he hurried on without even inquiring after the condition of his child. Matter-of-fact people are usually tender, and, if not tender, courteously decent people. The king was a matter-of-fact person enough, but even in this he acted like those highly refined and sentimental persons in whom affection is ever on their lips and venom in their hearts.

The wind was fair, and all London was in expectation, but without eagerness, of seeing once more their *gaillard* of a king, with his grave look, among them. But the wind veered, and a hurricane blew from the west with such violence, that every one concluded if the king had embarked he must necessarily have gone down, and the royal convoy of ships perished with him. Bets were laid upon the event, and speculation was busy in every corner. The excitement was naturally great, for the country had never been in such uncertainty about their monarch. Wagers increased. Walpole began to discuss the prospects of the royal family, the probable conduct of the possible new sovereign, the little regard he would have for his mother, the faithless guardian he would be over his brother and sisters, and the bully and dupe he would prove, by turns, of all with whom he came in contact. Lord Hervey and Queen Caroline discussed the same delicate question, and the latter, fancying that her son already assumed, in public and in her presence, the swagger of a new greatness, and that he was bidding for popularity, would not listen to Lord Hervey's assurances that she would be able to rule him as easily as she had done his father. She ridiculed his conduct, called him fool and ass, and averred that while the thought of some things he did "make her feel sick," the idea of the *popularity* of Fritz made her "vomit." As hour was added to hour, amid all this speculation and trouble, and "still Cæsar came not," reports of loss of life at sea became rife. At Harwich, guns had been heard at

night, booming over the waters; people had come to the conclusion that they were guns of distress fired from the royal fleet—the funeral dirge of itself and the monarch. Communication of this gratifying conclusion was made to Caroline. Prince Frederick kinkly prepared her for the worst; Lord Hervey added the expression of his fears that that worst was not very far off; and the Princess Caroline began meditating upon the hatred of her brother “for mama,” and the little chance there would be of her obtaining a liberal provision from the new king. The queen was more concerned than she chose to acknowledge, but when gloomy uncertainty was at its highest, a courier whose life had been risked with those of the ship’s crew with whom he came over, in order to inform Caroline that her consort had not risked his own, was flung ashore, “miraculously,” at Yarmouth, whence hastening to St. James’s, he relieved all apprehensions and crushed all aspiring hopes, by the announcement that his majesty had never embarked at all, and was still at Helvoetsluys awaiting fine weather and favoring gales.

The fine weather came, and the wind was fair for bringing the royal wanderer home. It remained so just long enough to induce all the king’s anxious subjects to conclude that he had embarked, and then wind and weather became more tempestuous and adverse than they were before. And now people set aside speculation, and confessed to a conviction that his majesty lived only in history. During the former season of doubt, Caroline had solaced herself or wiled away her time by reading *Rollin*, and affecting to make light of all the gloomy reports which were made in her hearing. There was now, however, more cause for alarm. By ones, and twos, and fours, the ships which had left Helvoetsluys with the king were flung upon the English coast, or succeeded in making separate harbors, in a miserably wrecked condition. All the intelligence they brought was, that his majesty had embarked, that they had set sail in company, that an awful hurricane had arisen, that Sir Charles Wager had made signal for every vessel to provide for its own safety, and that the last seen of the royal yacht was that she was tacking, and they only hoped that his majesty *might* have succeeded in getting back to Helvoetsluys. Some in

England echoed that loyally expressed hope; others only desired that the danger intimated by it might have been wrought out to its full end.

Christmas-day at St. James’s was the very gloomiest of festive times, and the evening was solemnly spent in round games of cards. The queen, indeed, did not know of the disasters which had happened to the royal fleet; but there was uncertainty enough touching the fate of her royal husband, to make even the reading of *Rollin* appear more decent than playing at basset and cribbage. Meanwhile, the ministers and court officials stood round the royal table, and discoursed on trivial subjects, while their thoughts were directed towards their storm-tost master. On the following morning, Sir Robert Walpole informed her majesty of the real and graver aspect of affairs. The heart of the tender woman at once melted; and Caroline burst into tears, unrestrainedly. The household of the heir-apparent, on the other hand, began to wear an aspect, as though the wished-for inheritance had at last fallen upon it.

The day was Sunday, and the queen resolved upon attending chapel as usual. Lord Hervey thought her weak in determining to sit up to be stared at. He had no idea that a higher motive might influence a wife in dread uncertainty as to the fate of her husband. Caroline, it is true, was not influenced by any such high motive. She simply did not wish that people should conclude, from her absence, that the sovereign had perished, and she would neglect no duty belonging to her position till she was relieved from it by law. She accordingly appeared at chapel as usual, and in the very midst of the service a letter was delivered to her from the king, in which the much-vexed monarch told her how he had set sail, how the fleet had been scattered, how he had been driven back to Helvoetsluys after beating about for some twenty hours, and how it was all the fault of Sir Charles Wager, who had hurried him on board, on assurance of wind and tide being favorable, and of there being no time to be lost.

The joy of Caroline was honest and unfeigned. She declared that her heart had been heavier that day than ever it had been before; that she was still, indeed, anxious touching the fate of one

whose life was so precious not merely to his family, but to all Europe; and that but for the impatience and indiscretion of Sir Charles Wager, the past great peril would never have been incurred.

The admiral was entirely blameless. The king had deliberately misrepresented the circumstances. It was the royal impatience that had caused all the subsequent peril. The sovereign, weary of waiting for a wind, declared that if the admiral would not sail, he would go over in a packet-boat. Sir Charles maintained he could not. "Be the weather what it may," said the king, "I am not afraid." "*I am*," was the laconic remark of the seaman. George remarked that he wanted to see a storm, and would sooner be twelve hours in one, than be shut up for twenty-four hours more at Helvoetsluys. "Twelve hours in a storm!" cried Sir Charles, "four hours would do your business for you." The admiral would not sail till the wind was fair; and he remarked to the king that although his majesty could compel him to go, "I" said Sir Charles, "can make you come back again." The storm which arose after they *did* set sail, was most terrific in character, and the escape of the voyagers was of the narrowest. The run back to the Dutch coast was not effected without difficulty. On landing, Sir Charles observed, "Sir, you wished to see a storm; how does your majesty like it?" "So well," said the king, "that I never wish to see another." The admiral remarked, in one of his private letters, giving a description of the event, "that his majesty was at present as *tame* as any about him; "an epithet," says Lord Hervey, "that his majesty, had he known it, would, I fancy, have liked, next to the storm, the least of anything that happened to him."

"How is the wind for the king?" was the popular query at the time of this voyage, and the popular answer was, "Like the nation—against him." And when men who disliked him because of his vices, or of their political hopes, remarked that the sovereign had been saved from drowning, they generally added the comment that "it was God's mercy, and a thousand pities!" The anxiety of Caroline for the king's safety had, no doubt, been very great—so great, that in it she had forgotten sympathy for her daughter in

her hour of trial. Lord Hervey will not allow that the queen had any worthier motive for her anxiety, than her apprehension "of her son's ascending the throne, as there were no lengths she did not think him capable of going to pursue and ruin her."

She comforted herself by declaring that had the worst happened, she still would have retained Lord Hervey in her service, and have given him an apartment in her jointure house, (old Somerset House. She added, too, that she would have gone down on her knees to beg Sir Robert Walpole to continue to serve the son, as he had done the father. All this is not so self-denying as it seems. In retaining Lord Hervey, whom her son hated, she was securing one of her highest pleasures; and by keeping Sir Robert in the service of the prince, she would have governed the latter as she had done his father.

Gross as the king was in his acts, he was choice and refined, when he chose, in his letters. The epistle which he wrote in reply to the congratulations of the queen on his safety, is elegant, touching, warm, and apparently sincere. "In spite of all the danger I have incurred in this tempest, my dear Caroline, and notwithstanding all I have suffered, having been ill to an excess, which I thought the human body could not bear, I assure you that I would expose myself to it again and again, to have the pleasure of hearing the testimonies of your affection with which my position inspired you. This affection which you testify for me, this friendship, this fidelity, the inexhaustible goodness which you show for me; and the indulgence which you have for all my weaknesses; are so many obligations which I can never sufficiently recompense, can never sufficiently merit, but which I also can never forget." The original French runs more prettily than this, and adapts itself well to the phrases which praised the queen's charms and attractions with all the ardor of youthful swain for blushing nymph. The queen showed the letter to Walpole and Hervey, with the remark that she was reasonably pleased with, but not unreasonably proud of it. The gentlemen came to the conclusion that the master whom they served was the most incomprehensible master to whom service was ever rendered. He was a mere old cajoler, deceiving the woman whom he affected to praise, and only praising her because she

let him have an unconstrained course in vice, while she enjoyed one in power.

At length, after a detention of five weeks at Helvoetsluys, the king arrived at Lowestoffe. The queen received information of his coming, at four o'clock in the morning, after a sleepless night, caused by illness both of mind and body. When Walpole repaired to her at nine the next morning, she was still in bed, and the good Princess Caroline was at her side, trying to read her to sleep. Walpole waited until her majesty had taken some repose; and meanwhile the Prince of Wales and the Princess Amelia (who was distrusted by her brother and by her mother, because she affected to serve each, while she betrayed both), entered into a gossiping sort of conference with him in the antechamber. The prince was all praise, the minister all counsel. Walpole perhaps felt that the heir-apparent, who boasted that when he appeared in public, the people shouted, "*Crown him! Crown him!*" was engaging him to lead the first administration under a new reign. The recent prospect of such a reign being near at hand, had been a source of deep alarm to Caroline, and also of distaste. She would have infinitely preferred that Frederick should have been disinherited, and his brother William advanced to his position as heir-apparent.

The king arrived in town on the 15th of January, 1737. He came in sovereign good-humor; greeted all kindly, was warmly received, and was never tired of expatiating on the admirable qualities of his consort. An observer, indifferently instructed, would not have thought that this contemptible personage had a mistress, who was the object of more ardent homage than he ever paid to that wife, whom he declared to be superior to all the women in the world. He was fervent in his eulogy of her, not only to herself but to Sir Robert Walpole; and indeed was only peevish with those who presumed to inquire after his health. The storm had something shaken him, and he was not able to open parliament in person; but nothing more sorely chafed him than an air of solicitude and inquiry after his condition by loyal servitors,—who got nothing for their pains but the appellation of "puppies." He soon, however, had more serious provocation to contend with.

The friends of the Prince of Wales compelled him, little reluctant, to bring the question of his income before parliament. The threat to take this step alarmed Walpole, by whose advice a message was sent from the king, and delivered by the lords of the council to the prince, whereby the proposal was made to settle upon him the 50,000*l.* a-year which he now received in monthly payments at the king's pleasure, and also to settle a jointure, the amount of which was not named, upon the princess.

Both their majesties were very unwilling to make this proposition, but Walpole assured them that the submitting it to the prince would place his royal highness in considerable difficulty. If he accepted it, the king would get credit for generosity; and if he rejected it, the prince would incur the blame of undutifulness and ingratitude.

The offer was made, but it was neither accepted nor refused. The prince expressed great gratitude, but declared his inability to decide, as the conduct of the measure was in the hands of others, and he could not prevent them from bringing the consideration of it before parliament. The prince's friends, and indeed others besides his friends, saw clearly enough that the king offered no boon. His majesty simply proposed to settle upon his son an annual income amounting to only half of what parliament had granted on the understanding of its being allotted to the prince. The king and queen maintained with equal energy, and not always in the most delicate manner, that the parliament had no more right to interfere with the appropriation of this money than that body had with the allowances made by any father to his son. The rage of the queen was more unrestrained than that of her husband, and she was especially indignant against Walpole for having counselled that an offer should be made, which had failed in its object, and had not prevented the matter being brought before parliament.

The making of it, however, had doubtless some influence upon the members, and helped in a small way to increase the majority in favor of the government. The excitement in the court circle was very great when an address to the king was moved for by Pulteney, suggesting the desirableness of the prince's income being increased. The consequent debate was one of considerable

interest, and was skilfully maintained by the respective adversaries. The prince's advocates were broadly accused of lying, and Caroline, at all times and seasons, in her dressing-room with Lord Hervey, and in the drawing-room with a crowded circle around her, openly and coarsely stigmatized her son as a liar, and his friends as "nasty" Whigs. Great was her joy when, by a majority of 234 to 204, the motion for the address was defeated. There was even congratulation that the victory had cost the king so little in bribes, only 900*l.*, in divisions of 500*l.* to one member and 400*l.* to another. And even this sum was not positive purchase-money of votes for this especial occasion, but money promised to be paid at the end of the session for general service, and only advanced now because of the present particular and well-appreciated assistance rendered.

Let us do the prince the justice to say, that in asking that his income might be doubled, he did not ask that the money should be drawn from the public purse. When Bubb Dodington first advised him to apply to parliament for a grant, his answer was spirited enough. "The people have done quite enough for my family already, and I would rather beg my bread from door to door than be a charge to them." What he asked for was, that out of his father's civil list of nearly a million sterling per annum, he might be provided with a more decent revenue than a beggarly fifty thousand a year, paid at his father's pleasure. Pulteney's motion was denounced by ministers as an infraction of the king's prerogative. Well, Frederick could not get the cash he coveted from the king, and he would not take it from the public. Bubb Dodington had advised him to apply to parliament, and he rewarded Bubb for the hint by easing him occasionally of a few thousands at play. He exulted in winning. "I have just nicked Dodington," said he on one occasion, "out of 5000*l.*, and Bubb has no chance of ever getting it again!"

The battle, however, was not yet concluded. The prince's party resolved to make the same motion in the Lords which had been made in the Commons. The king and queen meanwhile considered that they were released from their engagement, where-by the prince's revenue was to be placed entirely in his own

power. They were also anxious to eject their son from St. James's. Good counsel, nevertheless, prevailed over them to some extent, and they did not proceed to any of the extremities threatened by them. In the meantime, the scene within the palace was one to make a very stoic sigh. The son had daily intercourse with one or both of his parents. He led the queen by the hand to dinner, and she could have stabbed him on the way; for her wrath was more bitter than ever against him, for the reason that he had introduced her name, through his friends, in the parliamentary debate, in a way which she considered must compromise her reputation with the people of England. He had himself declared to the councillors who had brought him the terms of the king's offer, that he had frequently applied through the queen for an interview with the king, at which an amicable arrangement of their differences might be made, but that she had prevented such an interview, by neglecting to make the prince's wishes known to his father. This story was repeated by the prince's friends in parliament, and Caroline called Heaven and earth to witness that her son had grossly and deliberately lied. In this temper the two often sat down to dinner at the same table. As for the king, although Frederick attended the royal levees, and stood near his royal sire, the latter never affected to behold or to consider him as present, and he invariably spoke of him as a brainless, impertinent puppy and scoundrel.*

The motion for the address to the king praying him to confer a jointure on the princess, and to settle 100,000*l.* a-year out of the civil list on the prince, was brought before the House of Peers by Lord Carteret. That nobleman so well served his royal client that, before bringing forward the motion, he made an apology to the queen, declaring that office had been forced on him. The exercise thereof was a decided failure. The Lords rejected the motion, on a division of 103 to 40, the majority making strong protest against the division of the house, and in very remarkable language. The latter did not trouble their majesties, and this

* These matters will be found detailed at great length, in Lord Hervey's Memoirs.

settling of the question even helped to restore Sir Robert Walpole to the royal favor, from which he had temporarily fallen.

There was another public affair which gave the queen as much perplexity as any of her domestic troubles. This was the investigation into the matter of the Porteous riot at Edinburgh, with the object of punishing those who were most to blame. It is not necessary to detail this matter at any length, or indeed further than the queen was personally connected with it. She was exceedingly desirous that it should be decided on its merits, and that it should not be made a national matter of. On this account, she was especially angry with the Duke of Newcastle, on whom she laid the blame of having very unnecessarily dragged up to London such respectable men as the Scotch judges; and she asked him "What the devil he meant by it?" While the affair was still pending, but after the judges had been permitted to go back again, the queen remarked to Lord Hervey, "she should be glad to know the truth, but believed she should never come at it—whether the Scotch judges had been really to blame or not in the trial of Captain Porteous: for, between you and the Bishop of Salisbury" (Sherlock), said she, "who each of you convinced me by turns, I am as much in the dark as if I knew nothing at all of the matter. He comes and tells me that they are all as black as devils; you, that they are as white as snow; and whoever speaks last, I believe. I am like that judge you talk of so often in the play (Gripus,* I think you call him), that after one side had spoken begged t'others might hold their tongue, for fear of puzzling what was clear to him. I am Queen Gripus; and since the more I hear the more I am puzzled, I am resolved I will hear no more about it; but let them be in the right or the wrong, I own to you I am glad they are gone." The city of Edinburgh was ultimately punished by the deposition of its provost, Mr. Wilson, who was declared incapable of ever serving his majesty; and by the imposition of a fine of two thousand pounds—not "Scots," but sterling. The "mulet" was to go the "cook-maid widow of Captain Porteous, and make, her with most unconjugal joy, bless the hour in which her husband was hanged."†

* In "Amphitryon"

† Lord Hervey.

The conduct of Caroline, when Sir John Bernard proposed to reduce the interest on the National Debt from four to three per cent., again presents her to us in a very unfavorable light. Not only the queen, but the king also was most energetically opposed to the passing of the bill. People conjectured that their majesties were large fundholders, and were reluctant to lose a quarter of the income thence arising for the good of the nation. The bill was ultimately thrown out, chiefly through the opposition of Walpole. By this decision, the House stultified its own previously accorded permission (by 220 to 157) for the introduction of the bill. Horace Walpole, the brother of Sir Robert, was one of those who voted first for and then against the bill—or first against, and then for his brother. We must once more draw from Lord Hervey's graphic pages to show what followed at Court upon such a course:—"Horace Walpole, though his brother made him vote against the three per cent., did it with so ill a grace, and talked against his own conduct so strongly and so frequently to the queen, that her majesty held him at present in little more esteem or favor than the Duke of Newcastle. She told him that because he had some practice in treaties, and was employed in foreign affairs, that he began to think he understood everything better than anybody else; and that it was really quite new his setting himself up to understand the revenue, money matters, and the House of Commons better than his brother! 'Oh, what are you all but a rope of sand that would crumble away in little grains, one after another, if it was not for him?' And whenever Horace had been with her, speaking on these subjects, besides telling Lord Hervey when he came to see her, how like an opinionated fool Horace had talked before them, she used to complain of his silly laugh hurting her ears, and his dirty, sweaty body offending her nose, as if she had never had the two senses of hearing and smelling in all her acquaintance with poor Horace, till he had talked for three per cent. Sometimes she used to cough and pretend to retch, as if she were ready to vomit with talking of his dirt; and would often bid Lord Hervey open the window, to purify the room of the stink Horace had left behind him, and call pages to burn sweets to get it out of the hangings. She told Lord Hervey she believed Horace had a hand in the

'Craftsman,' for that once, warmed in disputing on this three per cent affair, he had more than hinted to her that he guessed her reason for being so zealous against this scheme was her having money in the stocks."

When such coarseness was common at court, we need not be surprised that dramatic authors, whose office it is to hold the mirror up to nature, should have attempted to make some reflection thereon, or to take license therefrom, and give additional coarseness to the stage. Walpole's virtuous indignation was excited at this liberty—a liberty taken only because people in his station, and far above his station, by their vices and coarseness, justified the license. It was this vice, and not the vices of dramatic authors, which first fettered the drama, and established a censorship. The latter was set up, not because the stage was wicked, but in order that it should not satirize the wickedness of those in high station. The queen was exceedingly delighted to see a gag put upon both Thalia and Melpomene.

The vice was hideous. They who care to stir the offensive mass will find proof enough of this hideousness in the account given by Lady Deloraine, the wife of Mr. Windham, of the king's courtship of her, and his consequent temporary oblivion of Madame Walmoden. This new rival of the queen, a charming doll thirty-five years of age, was wooed by the king in a strain which the stage would hardly have reproduced; and his suit was commented upon by the lady, in common conversation with lords and ladies, with an unctuousness of phrase, a licentiousness of manner, and a coolness of calculation, such as would have disgraced the most immodest of women. This coarseness of sentiment and expression was equally common. When it was said that Lord Cartaret was writing a history of his times; and that noble author himself alleged that he was engaged in "giving fame to the queen," the latter, one morning, noticed the alleged fact to Lord Hervey. The king was present, and his majesty remarked:—"I dare say, he will paint you in fine colors, the dirty liar." "Why not?" asked Caroline, "good things come out of dirt sometimes. I have ate very good asparagus raised out of dung?" When it was said that not only Lord Cartaret, but that Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield were

also engaged in writing the history of their times, the queen critically anticipated, "that all the three histories would be three heaps of lies; but lies of very different kinds; she said Bolingbroke's would be great lies; Chesterfield's little lies; and Cartaret's lies of both sorts."* It may be added, that where there were vice and coarseness, there was little respect for justice, or for independence of conduct. The placemen who voted according to his conscience, when he found his conscience in antagonism against the court, was invariably removed from his place.

In concluding this chapter, it may be stated that when Frederick was about to bring forward the question of his revenue, the queen would fain have had an interview with the son she alternately despised and feared, to persuade him against pursuing this measure,—the carrying out of which she dreaded as prejudicial to the king's health in his present enfeebled state. Caroline, however, would not see her son, for the reason, as the mother alleged, that he was such an incorrigible liar that he was capable of making any mendacious report of the interview, even of her designing to murder him. She had, in an interview with him, at the time of the agitation connected with the Excise Bill, been compelled to place the Princess Caroline, concealed, within hearing, that she might be a witness in case of the prince, her brother, misrepresenting what had really taken place.

When the king learned the prince's intentions, he took the matter much more coolly than the queen. Several messengers, however, passed between the principal parties, but nothing was done in the way of turning the prince from his purpose. It was an innocent purpose enough, indeed, as he represented it. The parliament had intrusted to the king 100,000*l.* a year for the prince's use. The king and queen did not so understand it, and he simply applied to parliament to solicit that august body to put an interpretation on its own act.

The supposed debilitated condition of the king's health gave increased hopes to the prince's party. The queen, therefore, induced him to hold levees and appear more frequently in public. His

* Lord Hervey.

improvement in health and good humor was a matter of disappointment to those who wished him dying, and feared to see him grow popular.

The animosity of the queen and her daughter, the Princess Caroline, was almost unnaturally ferocious.* The mother cursed the day on which she had borne the son who was for ever destroying her peace, and would end, she said, by destroying her life. There was no opprobrious epithet which she did not cast at him, and they who surrounded the queen and princess had the honor of daily hearing them hope that God would strike the son and brother dead with apoplexy. Such enmity seems to us now incredible, and even in the days here treated of, it could not have been common, nor agreeable to those who witnessed it. The gentle princess Caroline's gentlest name for her brother was "that nauseous beast," and in running over the catalogue of crimes of which she declared him capable, if not actually guilty, she did not hesitate to say that he was capable of murdering even those whom he caressed. Never was family circle so blasted by dissension as this royal circle, in which the parents hated the son, the son the parents; the parents deceived one another, the husband betrayed the wife, the wife deceived the husband, the children were at mutual antagonism, and truth was a stranger to all.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BIRTH OF AN HEIRESS.

THE parliament having passed a land tax bill of two shillings in the pound, exempted the Prince of Wales from contributing even the usual sixpence in the pound on his civil list revenue, and settled a dowry on his wife of 50,000*l.* per annum, peremptorily

* To what extent it was so, can only be understood by those who peruse the memoirs of this Court by Lord Hervey. What we have said can but convey a faint idea of the reality, as described in the volumes of the queen's vice-chamberlain.

rejected Sir John Barnard's motion for decreasing the taxation which weighed most heavily on the poor.* The public found matter for much speculation in these circumstances, and they alternately discussed them with the subject of the aggressive ambition of Russia. The latter power was then invading the Crimea with two armies under Munich and Lasci. Then as now, the occupier of the Muscovite throne stooped to mendacity to veil the real object of the war; and then as now, there were Russian officers not ashamed to be assassins,—murdering the wounded foe whom they found lying helpless on their path.†

The interest in all home and foreign matters, however, was speedily lost in that which the public took in the matter, which soon presented itself, of the accession of an heir in the direct hereditary line of Brunswick.

The prospect of the birth of a lineal heir to the throne ought to have been one of general joy in a family whose own possession of the crown was contested by the disinherited heir of the Stuart line. The prospect brought no joy with it on the present occasion. It was not till within a month of the time for the event, that the Prince of Wales officially announced to his father, on the best possible authority, the probability of the event itself. Caroline appears at once to have disbelieved the announcement. She was so desirous of the succession falling to her second son William, that she made no scruple of expressing her disbelief of what, to most other observers, was apparent enough. She questioned the princess herself, with more closeness than even the position of a mother-in-law could justify, but for every query the well-trained Augusta had one stereotyped reply, "I don't know." Caroline, on her side, resolved to be better instructed. "I will positively be present," she exclaimed, "when the promised event takes place;" adding with her usual broadness of illustration, "It can't be got through so soon as one can blow one's nose; and I am resolved to be satisfied that the child is hers."

Salmon's Chronological Historian.

† Suwarrow's Military Catechism contains the atrocious hint, that a wounded foe may become a dangerous enemy.

These suspicions, of which the queen made no secret, were of course well known to her son. He was offended by them; offended, too, at a peremptory order that the birth of the expected heir should take place in Hampton Court Palace; and he was, moreover, stirred up by his political friends to exhibit his own independence, and to oppose the royal wish, in order to show that he had a proper spirit of freedom.

Accordingly, twice he brought the princess to London, and twice returned with her to Hampton Court. Each time the journey had been undertaken on symptoms of indisposition coming on, which, however, passed away. At length one evening, the prince and princess, after dining in public with the king and queen, took leave of them for the night, and withdrew to their apartments. Up to this hour the princess had appeared to be in her ordinary health. Tokens of a supervening change came on, and the prince at once prepared for action. The night (the 31st of July,) was now considerably advanced, and the Princess of Wales, who had been hitherto eager to obey her husband's wishes in all things, was now too ill to do anything but pray against them. He would not listen to such petitions. He ordered his "coach" to be got ready and brought round to a side entrance of the palace. The lights in the apartment were in the meantime extinguished. He consigned his wife to the strong arms of Desnoyers, the dancing-master, and Bloodworth an attendant, who dragged, rather than carried, her down stairs. In the meantime, the poor lady, whose life was in very present peril, and sufferings extreme, prayed earnestly to be permitted to remain where she was. Subsequently, she protested to the queen that all that had been done had taken place at her own express desire! However this may be, the prince answered her prayers and moans by calling on her to have courage; upbraiding her for her folly; and assuring her, with a very manly complacency, that it was nothing, and would soon be over! At length, the coach was reached. It was the usually capacious vehicle of the time, and into it got not only the prince and princess, but Lady Archibald Hamilton, and two female attendants. Vriard, who was not only a valet-de-chambre, but a surgeon and *accoucheur*, mounted the box. Bloodworth, the dancing-master, and two or

three more, got up behind. The prince enjoined the strictest silence on such of his household as remained at Hampton Court, and therewith the coach set off, at a gallop, not for the prince's own residence at Kew, but for St. James's Palace, which was at twice the distance.

At the palace nothing was prepared for them. There was not a couch ready for the exhausted lady, who had more than once on the road been, as it seemed, upon the point of expiring,—there was not even a bed ready for her to lie down and repose upon. There were no sheets to be found in the whole palace,—or at least in that part of it over which the prince had any authority. For lack of them, Frederick and Lady Hamilton aired a couple of table-cloths, and these did the service required of them.

In the meantime, notice had been sent to several officers of state, and to the more necessary assistants required, to be present at the imminent event. The most of the great officers were out of the way. In lieu of them arrived the Lord President, Wilmington; and the Lord Privy Seal, Godolphin. In their presence was born a daughter whom Lord Hervey designated as "a little rat," and described as being "no bigger than a tooth-pick case."

Perhaps it was the confusion which reigned before and at her birth, which had some influence on her intellects in after life. She was an extremely pretty child, not without some mental qualifications, but she became remarkable for making observations which inflicted pain or embarrassment on those to whom they were addressed. In after years, she also became the mother of that Caroline of Brunswick who herself made confusion worse confounded in the family into which she was received as a member;—that Caroline whom we recollect as the consort of George IV. and the protectress of Baron Bergami.

But this is once more anticipating events. Let us return to Hampton Court, where the king and queen, concluding that their dear son and heir had, with his consort, relieved his illustrious parents of his undesired presence for the night, thought of nothing so little as of that son having taken it into his head to perform a trick which might have been fittingly accompanied by the Beggars' Opera chorus of "Hurrah for the Road!"

No comedy has such a scene as that enacted at Hampton Court on this night. While the prince was carrying off the princess, despite all her agonizing entreaties, the whole royal family were quietly amusing themselves in another part of the palace, unconscious of what was passing. The king and the Princess Amelia were at *commerce*, below stairs: the queen, in another apartment, was at quadrille; and the Princess Caroline and Lord Hervey were soberly playing at cribbage. They separated at ten, and were all in bed by eleven, perfectly ignorant of what had been going on so near them.

At a little before two o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Tichborne entered the royal bed-chamber, when the queen waking in alarm, asked her if the palace was on fire. The faithful servant intimated that the prince had just sent word that her royal highness was on the point of becoming a mother. A courier had just arrived, in fact, with the intelligence. The queen leaped out of bed and called for her "morning gown," wherein to hurry to the room of her daughter-in-law. When Tichborne intimated that she would need a coach as well as a gown, for that her royal highness had been carried off to St. James's, the queen's astonishment and indignation were equally great. On the news being communicated to the king, his surprise and wrath were not less than the queen's, but he did not fail to blame his consort as well as his son. She had allowed herself to be out-witted, he said; a false child would despoil her own offspring of their rights; and this was the end of all her boasted care and management for the interests of her son William! He hoped that Anne would come from Holland and scold her. "You deserve," he exclaimed, "anything she can say to you." The queen answered little, lest it should impede her in her haste to reach London. In half an hour she had left the palace accompanied by her two daughters, and attended by two ladies and three noblemen. The party reached St. James's by four o'clock.

As they ascended the staircase, Lord Hervey invited her majesty to take chocolate in his apartments, after she had visited the princess. The queen replied to the invitation "with a wink," and a significant intimation that she certainly would refuse to

accept of any refreshment at the hands of her son. One would almost suppose that she expected to be poisoned by him.

The prince attired, according to the hour, in nightgown and cap, met his august mother as she approached his apartments, and kissed her hand and cheek, according to the mode of his country and times. He then entered garrulously into details that would have shocked the delicacy of a monthly-nurse, but as Caroline remarked, she knew a good many of them to be "lies." She was cold and reserved to the prince, but when she approached the bedside of the princess, she spoke to her gently and kindly,—womanly in short; and concluded by expressing a fear that her royal highness had suffered extremely, and a hope that she was now doing well. The lady so sympathizingly addressed, answered somewhat flippantly, that she had scarcely suffered anything, and that the matter in question was almost nothing at all. Caroline transferred her sympathy from the young mother to her new-born child. The latter was put into the queen's arms. She looked upon it silently for a moment, and then exclaimed in French, her ordinary language, "May the good God bless you, poor little creature; here you are arrived in a most disagreeable world." The wish failed, but the assertion was true. The "poor little creature" was cursed with a long tenure of life, during which she saw her husband deprived of his inheritance, heard of his violent death, and participated in family sorrow, heavy and undeserved.

After pitying the daughter thus born, and commiserating the mother who bore her, Caroline was condemned to listen to the too minute details of the journey and its incidents, made by her son. She turned from these to shower her indignation upon those who had aided in the flight, and without whose succor the flight itself could hardly have been accomplished. She directed her indignation by turns upon all, but she let it descend with peculiar heaviness upon Lady Archibald Hamilton, and made it all the more pungent by the comment, that, considering Lady Archibald's mature age, and her having been the mother of ten children, she had years enough, and experience enough, and offspring enough, to have taught her better things, and greater wisdom. To all these winged words, the lady attacked answered no further than

by turning to the prince, and repeating, "You see, sir!" as though she would intimate that she had done all she could to turn him from the evil of his ways, and had gained only unmerited reproach for the exercise of a virtue, which, in this case, was likely to be its own and its only reward!

The prince was again inclined to become gossiping and offensive in his details, but his royal mother cut him short by bidding him get to bed; and with this message by way of farewell, she left the room, descended the staircase, crossed the court on foot, and proceeded to Lord Hervey's apartments, where there awaited her gossip more welcome, and very superior chocolate.

Over their "cups," right merry were the queen and her gallant vice-chamberlain, at the extreme folly of the royal son. They were too merry for Caroline to be indignant, further than her indignation could be shown by designating her son by the very rudest possible of names, and showing her contempt for all who had helped him in the night's escapade. She acknowledged her belief that no foul play had taken place, chiefly because the child was a daughter. This circumstance was in itself no proof of the genuineness of the little lady, for if Frederick had been desirous of setting aside his brother William, his mother's favorite, from all hope of succeeding to the throne, the birth of a daughter was quite as sufficient for the purpose as that of a son.* The queen comforted herself by remarking that, at all events, the trouble she had taken that night was not gratuitous. It would at least, as she delicately remarked, be a "good grimace for the public," who would contrast her parental anxiety with the marital cruelty and the filial undutifulness of the Prince of Wales.

While this genial pair were thus enjoying their chocolate and gossip, the two princesses, and two or three of the noblemen in attendance, were doing the same in an adjoining apartment. Meanwhile Walpole had arrived, and had been closeted with the prince, who had again had the supreme felicity of narrating to the unwilling listener all the incidents of the journey, in telling which he, in fact, gave to the minister the opportunity which Gyges was

* Hervey makes this remark, but it was originally made by Walpole.

afforded by Candaules, or something very like it, and for which Frederick merited, if not the fate of the heathen husband, at least the next severe penalty short of it.

The sun was up long before the royal and illustrious party dispersed. The busy children of industry, who saw the queen and her equipage sweep by them along the Western Road, must have been perplexed with attempts at guessing at the causes of her majesty being so early abroad, in so way-worn a guise. The last thing they could then have conjectured was the adventure of the night;—the scene at Hampton Court, the flight of the son with his wife, the pursuit of the royal mother with her two daughters, the occurrence at St. James's—or, indeed, any of the incidents of the stirring drama that had been played out.

From the hour when royalty had been suddenly aroused, to that at which the queen arrived at Hampton Court Palace, eight in the morning, George II. had troubled himself as little with conjecturing, as his subjects. When the queen detailed to him all that had passed, he poured out the usual amount of paternal wrath;—and of the usual quality. He never was nice of epithet, and least of all when he had any to bestow upon his son. It was not spared now, and what was most liberally given was most bitter of quality.

Meanwhile, both prince and princess addressed to their majesties explanatory notes in French, which explained nothing, and which, as far as regards the prince's notes, were in poor French, and worse spelling. Everything, of course, had been done for the best; and the sole regret of the younger couple was, that they had somehow, they could not devise how, or wherefore, incurred the displeasure of the king and queen. To be restored to the good opinion of the latter, was of course the one object of the involuntary offenders' lives. In short, they had had their way, and having enjoyed that exquisite felicity, they were not reluctant to pretend that they were extremely penitent for what had passed.

The displeasure of Caroline and her consort at the unfeeling conduct of Frederick, was made known to him neither in a sudden nor an undignified way. It was not till the 10th of September that it may be said to have been officially conveyed to him. On

that day the king and queen sent a message to him from Hampton Court, by the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond, and the Earl of Pembroke, who faithfully acquitted themselves of their unwelcome commission at St. James's. The message was to the effect, that "the whole tenor of the prince's conduct for a considerable time had been so entirely void of all real duty, that their majesties had long had reason to be highly offended with him; and, until he withdrew his regard and confidence from those by whose instigation and advice he was directed and encouraged in his unwarrantable behavior to his majesty and the queen; and until he should return to his duty, he should not reside in a palace belonging to the king, which his majesty would not suffer to be the resort of those who, under the appearance of an attachment to the prince, fomented the divisions which he had made in his family, and thereby weakened the common interest of the whole." Their majesties further made known their pleasure, that "the prince should leave St. James's, with all his family when it could be done without prejudice or inconvenience to the princess." His majesty added, that "he should, for the present, leave the care of his granddaughter until a proper time called upon him to consider of her education." In consequence of this message, the prince removed to Kew on the 14th September.

The king and queen, now, not only treated their son with extraordinary severity, and spoke of him in the coarsest possible language, but they treated in like manner all who were suspected of aiding and counselling him. Their wrath was especially directed against Lord Carteret, who had at first deceived them. That noble lord censured, in their hearing, a course of conduct in the prince which he had himself suggested, and, in the hearing of the heir-apparent, never failed to praise. When their majesties discovered this double dealing, and that an attempt was being made to convince the people that in the matter of the birth of the princess-royal, the queen alone was to blame for all the disagreeable incidents attending it, their anger was extreme. The feeling for Lord Carteret was shown when Lord Hervey one day spoke of him with some commiseration,—his son having run away from school, and there being no intelligence of him, except that he had formed a

very improper marriage. "Why do you pity him?" said the king to Lord Hervey; "I think it is a very just punishment, that, while he is acting the villanous part he does in debauching the minds of other people's children, he should feel a little what it is to have an undutiful puppy of a son himself!"

Fierce, indeed, was the family feud, and undignified as fierce. The princess Amelia is said to have taken as double-sided a line of conduct as Lord Carteret himself; for which she incurred the ill will of both parties. The prince declared not only that he never would trust her again, but that, should he ever be reconciled with the king and queen, his first care should be to inform them that she had never said so much harm of him to them, as she had of them to him. The Princess Caroline was the more fierce a partisan of the mother whom she loved, from the fact that she saw how her brother was endeavoring to direct the public feeling against the queen. She was, however, as little dignified in her fierceness as the rest of her family. On one occasion, as Desnoyers the dancing master had concluded his lesson to the young princesses, and was about to return to the prince, who made of him a constant companion, the Princess Caroline bade him inform his patron, if the latter should ever ask him what was thought of his conduct by her, that it was her opinion that he and all who were with him, except the Princess of Wales, deserved hanging. Desnoyers delivered the message, with the assurances of respect given by one who acquits himself of a disagreeable commission to one whom he regards. "How did the prince take it?" asked Caroline, when next Desnoyers appeared at Hampton Court. "Well, madam," said the dancing master, "he first spat in the fire, and then observed, 'Ah, ah! Desnoyers; you know the way of that Caroline. That is just like her. She is always like that!'" "Well, M. Desnoyers," remarked the princess, "when next you see him again, tell him that I think his observation is as foolish as his conduct." *

The exception made by the Princess Caroline of the Princess of Wales, in the censure distributed by the former, was not unde-

* Those who are fond of further, and of fuller, details of domestic broils, like the above, are referred, once more, to the pages of Hervey.

served. She was the mere tool of her husband, who made no confidante of her, had not yet appreciated her, and kept her in the most complete ignorance of all that was happening around her, and much of which immediately concerned her. He used to speak of the office of wife in the very coarsest terms; and did not scruple to declare that he would not be such a fool as his father was, who allowed himself to be ruled and deceived by his consort.

In the meantime, he treated his mother with mingled contempt and hypocrisy. When, nine days after the birth of the little Princess Augusta, the queen and her two daughters again visited the Princess of Wales, the prince, who met her at the door of the bed-chamber, never uttered a single word during the period his mother remained in the room.

He was as silent to his sisters; but he was "the agreeable Rattle" with the members of the royal suite. The queen remained an hour; and when she remarked that she was afraid she was troublesome, no word fell from the prince or princess to persuade her to the contrary. When the royal carriage had arrived to conduct her away, her son led her down stairs, and at the coach door, "to make the mob believe that he was never wanting in any respect, he kneeled down in the dirty street, and kissed her hand. As soon as this operation was over, he put her majesty into the coach, and then returned to the steps of his own door, leaving his sisters to get through the dirt and the mob by themselves as they could. Nor did there come to the queen any message, either from the prince or princess, to thank her afterwards for the trouble she had taken, or for the honor she had done them in this visit." This was the last time the mother and son met in this world. Horace Walpole has committed a slight anachronism in antedating the scene, but of it he well observes, that it must have caused the queen's indignation to shrink into mere contempt.*

The queen's wrath never subsided beyond a cold expression of forgiveness to the prince, when she was on her death-bed. But she resolutely refused to see him when that solemn hour arrived, a few months subsequently. She was blamed for this; but her

* Reminiscences of the Courts of George the First and Second.

contempt was too deeply rooted to allow her to act otherwise to one who had done all he could to embitter the peace of his father. She sent to him, it is said, her blessing and pardon;—"but conceiving the extreme distress it would lay on the king, should he thus be forced to forgive so impenitent a son, or to banish him if once recalled, she heroically preferred a meritorious husband, to a worthless child."*

Had the prince been sincere in his expressions when addressing either of his parents, by letter, after the delivery of his wife, it is not impossible but that a reconciliation might have followed. His studied disrespect towards the queen was, however, too strongly marked to allow of this conclusion to the quarrel. He invariably omitted to speak of her as "your majesty;" *Madam*, and *you*, were the simple and familiar terms employed by him. Indeed, he had once told her that he considered that the Prince of Wales took precedence of the queen-consort; at which Caroline would contemptuously laugh, and assure her "dear Fritz" that he need not press the point, for even if she were to die, the king could not marry *him*!

It was for mere annoyance' sake that he declared, at the end of August, after the christening of his daughter, that she should not be called the "Princess Augusta," but the "Lady Augusta," according to the old English fashion. At the same time he declared that she should be styled "Your Royal Highness," although such style had never been used towards his own sisters, before their father's accession to the crown.

It will hardly be thought necessary to go through the documentary history of what passed between the sovereigns and their son, before he was finally ejected from St. James's Palace. Wrong as he was in this quarrel, "Fritz" kept a better temper, though with as bitter a spirit as his parents. On the 13th of September, the day before that fixed on for the prince's departure, "the queen, at breakfast, every now and then repeated, *I hope in God I shall never see him again*; and the king, among many other paternal douceurs in his valediction to his son, said: Thank God, to-morrow

* Lord Hervey.

night the puppy will be out of my house." The queen thought her son would rather like, than otherwise, the being made a martyr of; but it was represented to her, that however much it might have suited him to be made one politically, there was more disgrace to him personally in the present expulsion than he would like to digest. The king maintained that his son had not sense of his own to find this out; and that as he listened only to boobies, fools, and madmen, he was not likely to have his case truly represented to him. And then the king ran through the list of his son's household; and Lord Carnarvon was set down as being as coxcombical and irate a fool as his master; Lord Townshend, for a proud, surly booby; Lord North, as a poor creature; Lord Baltimore, as a trimmer; and "Johnny Lumley," (the brother of Lord Scarborough,) as, if nothing else, at least "a stuttering puppy." Such, it is said, were the followers of a prince, of whom his royal mother remarked, that he was "a mean fool," and "a poor-spirited beast."

While this discussion was at its hottest, the queen fell ill of the gout. She was so unwell, so weary of being in bed, and so desirous of chatting with Lord Hervey, that she now for the first time broke through the court etiquette, which would not admit a man, save the sovereign, into the royal bed-chamber. The noble lord was with her there, during the whole day of each day that her confinement lasted. She was too old, she said, to have the honor of being talked of for it; and so, to suit her humor, the old ceremony was dispensed with. Lord Hervey sate by her bed-side, gossiped the live-long day; and on one occasion, when the Prince of Wales sent Lord North with a message of inquiry after her health, he amused the queen by turning the message into very slipshod verse, the point of which is at once obscure and ill-natured, but which seems to imply that the prince would have been well content, had the gout, instead of being in her foot, attacked her stomach.

The prince had been guilty of no such indecency as this; but there was no lack of provocation to make him commit himself. When he was turned out of St. James's, he was not permitted to take with him a single article of furniture. The royal excuse was, that the furniture had been purchased, on the prince's marriage, at the king's cost, and was his majesty's property. It was suggested,

that sheets ought not to be considered as furniture; and that the prince and princess could not be expected to carry away their dirty linen in baskets. "Why not?" asked the king, "it is good enough for them!"

Such were the petty circumstances with which Caroline and her consort troubled themselves at the period in question. They at once hurt their own dignity, and made their son look ridiculous. The great partisan of the latter (Lord Baltimore) did not rescue his master from ridicule by comparing his conduct to that of the heroic Charles XII. of Sweden. But the comparison was one to be expected from a man whom the king had declared to be in a great degree, a booby, and in a trifling degree, mad.

As soon as the prince had established himself at Kew, he was waited on by Lord Cartaret, Sir William Wyndham, and Mr. Pulteney. The king could not conceal his anger under an affected contempt of these persons or of their master. He endeavored to satisfy himself by abusing the latter, and by remarking that "they would be soon tired of the puppy, who was, moreover, a scoundrel and a fool; and who would talk more fiddle-faddle to them in a day than any old woman talks in a week."

The prince continued to address letters both to the king and queen, full of affected concern, expressed in rather impertinent phrases. The princess addressed others, in which she sought to justify her husband's conduct; but as in all these notes there was a studied disrespect of Caroline, the king would neither consent to grant an audience to the offenders, nor would the queen interfere to induce him to relent.

The queen, indeed, did not scruple to visit with her displeasure all those courtiers who showed themselves inclined to bring about a reconciliation; and yet she manifested some leaning towards Lord Cartaret, the chief agent of her son. This disposition alarmed Walpole, who took upon himself to remind her, that *her* minister could serve her purpose better than her son's, and that it was of the utmost importance that she should conquer in this strife. "Is your son to be bought?" said Walpole. "If you will buy him, I will get him cheaper than Cartaret." Caroline answered only with "a flood of grace, good words, favor, and professions," of having

full confidence in her own minister, that is, Walpole himself, who had served her so long and so faithfully.

A trait of Caroline's character may here be mentioned, as indicative of how she could help to build up her own reputation for shrewdness by using the materials of others. Sir Robert Walpole, in conversation with Lord Hervey, gave him some account of an interview he had had with the queen. The last-named gentleman believed all the great minister had told him, because the queen herself had, in speaking of the subject to Lord Hervey, used the precise terms now employed by Walpole. The subject was the lukewarmness of some of the noblemen about court to serve the king: the expression used was,—“People who keep hounds must not hang every one that runs a little slower than the rest, provided, in the main, they will go with the pack: one must not expect them all to run just alike, and to be equally good.” Hervey told Walpole of the use made by the queen of this phrase, and Sir Robert naturally enough remarked, “He was always glad when he heard she repeated as her own any notion he had endeavored to infuse, because it was a sign what he had labored had taken place.”

Meanwhile the prince was of himself doing little that could tend to any thing else than widen the breach already existing between him and his family. He spoke aloud of what he would do when he came to be king. His intentions, as reported by Caroline, were, that she, when she was queen-dowager, should be “fleece, flayed, and minced.” The Princess Amelia was to be kept in strict confinement; the Princess Caroline left to starve; of the little princesses, Mary and Louisa, then about fourteen and thirteen years of age, he made no mention; and of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, he always spoke “with great affectation of kindness.”

Despite this imprudent conduct, endeavors continued to be made by the prince and his friends, in order to bring about the reconciliation which nobody seemed very sincere in desiring. The Duke of Newcastle had implored the Princess Amelia, “For God's sake!” to do her utmost “to persuade the queen to make things up with the prince, before this affair was pushed to an extremity that might make the wound incurable.” The queen is said to have been exceedingly displeased with the Duke of Newcastle for thus interfering

in the matter. The Princess of Wales, however, continued to write hurried, and apparently earnest, notes to the queen, thanking her for her kindness in standing godmother to her daughter, treating her with “your majesty,” and especially defending her own husband, while affecting to deplore that his conduct, misrepresented, had incurred the displeasure of their majesties:—“I am deeply afflicted,” so runs a note of the 17th of September, “at the manner in which the prince's conduct has been represented to your majesties, especially with regard to the two journeys which we made from Hampton Court to London, the week previous to my confinement. I dare assure your majesties, that the medical man, and midwife, were then of opinion, that I should not be confined before the month of September, and that the indisposition of which I complained was nothing more than the colic. And besides, madam, is it credible, that if I had gone twice to London, with the design, and in the expectation, of being confined there, I should have returned to Hampton Court. I flatter myself that time, and the good offices of your majesty, will bring about a happy change in a situation of affairs, the more deplorable for me, inasmuch as I am the innocent cause of it.” &c. &c.

This letter, delivered as the king and queen were going to chapel, was sent by the latter to Walpole, who repaired to the royal closet, in the chapel, where Caroline asked him what he thought of this last performance? The answer was very much to the purpose. Sir Robert said, he detected, “you lie, you lie, you lie, from one end of it to the other.” Caroline agreed that the lie was flung at her by the writer.

There was as much discussion touching the reply, which should be sent to this grievously offending note, as if it had been a protocol of the very first importance. One was for having it smart, another formal, another so shaped that it should kindly treat the princess as blameless, and put an end to further correspondence, with some general wishes as to the future conduct of “Fritz.” This was done, and the letter was dispatched. What effect it had upon the conduct and person alluded to, may be discerned in the fact, that when, on Thursday, the 22d of September, the prince and princess received at Carlton House, the lord mayor and corpo-

poration of London, with an address of congratulation on the birth of the Princess Augusta, the lords of the prince's present council distributed to every body in the room copies of the king's message to the prince, ordering him to quit St. James's, and containing reflections against all persons who might even visit the prince. The lords, particularly the Duke of Marlborough, and Lords Chesterfield and Cartaret, deplored the oppression under which the Prince of Wales struggled. His Highness also spoke to the citizens in terms calculated, certainly intended to win their favor.

He did not acquire all the popular favor he expected. Thus when, during the repairs at Carlton House, he occupied the residence of the Duke of Norfolk, in St. James's-square—a residence which the duke and duchess refused to let to him, until they had obtained the sanction of the king and queen—"he reduced the number of his inferior servants, which made him many enemies among the lower sort of people." He also diminished his stud, and "farmed all his tables, even that of the princess and himself." In other words, his tables were supplied by a cook at so much per head. This fashion was common enough with several of the Russian Czars.

His position was one, however, which was sure to procure for him a degree of popularity, irrespective of his real merits. The latter, however, were not great nor numerous, and even his own officers considered their interests far before those of him they served—or deserted. At the theatre, however, he was the popular hero of the hour, and when once, on being present at the representation of "Cato,"* the words—

When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station,—

were received with loud huzzas, the prince joined in the applause, to show how he appreciated, and perhaps applied, the lines.

Although the king's alleged oppression towards his son was publicly canvassed by the latter, the prince and his followers invariably named the queen as the true author of it. The latter, in

* Quin played the hero.

commenting on this filial course, constantly sacrificed her dignity. "My dear lord," said Caroline, once to Lord Hervey, "I will give it you under my hand, if you have any fear of my relapsing, that my dear first-born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast, in the whole world, and that I most heartily wish he was out of it!" The king continued to treat him in much the same strain, adding courteously, that he had often asked the queen, if the beast were his son. "The queen was a great while," said he, "before her maternal affection would give him up for a fool, and yet I told her so before he had been acting as if he had no common sense." While so hard upon the conduct of their son, an entry from Lord Hervey's diary will show us what was their own: the king's with regard to decency, the queen's with respect to truth.

While the queen was talking one morning, touching George the First's will, and other family matters, with Lord Hervey, "The king opened her door at the further end of the gallery; upon which the queen chid Lord Hervey for coming so late, saying, that she had several things to say to him, and that he was always so long in coming, after he was sent for, that she never had any time to talk with him. To which Lord Hervey replied, that it was not his fault, for that he always came the moment he was called; that he wished, with all his heart, the king had more love, or Lady Deloraine more wit, that he might have more time with her majesty; but that he thought it very hard that he should be snubbed and reproved because the king was old and Lady Deloraine a fool. This made the queen laugh, and the king asking, when he came up to her, what it was at, she said it was at a conversation Lord Hervey was reporting between the prince and Mr. Lyttelton, on his being made secretary; and left Lord Hervey, on the king's desiring him to repeat it, telling Lord Hervey, the next time she saw him, 'I think I was one with you for your impertinence.' To which Lord Hervey replied, 'The next time you serve me so, madam, perhaps I may be even with you, and desire your majesty to repeat as well as report.'"

* Lord Hervey's Memoirs.

It may be noticed here, that both Frederick and the queen's party published copies of the French correspondence which had passed between the two branches of the family at feud, and that in the translations appended to the letters, each party was equally unscrupulous in giving such turns to the phrases as should serve only one side, and injure the adverse faction. Bishop Sherlock, who set the good fashion of residing much within his own diocese, once ventured to give an opinion upon the prince's conduct, which, at least, served to show that the prelate was not a very finished courtier. Bishops who reside within their dioceses, and trouble themselves little with what takes place beyond it, seldom are. The bishop said that the prince had lacked able counsellors, had weakly played his game into the king's hands, and made a blunder which he would never retrieve. This remark provoked Caroline to say,—“I hope, my lord, this is not the way you intend to speak your disapprobation of my son's measures anywhere else; for your saying that, by his conduct lately, he has played his game into the king's hands, one would imagine you thought the game had been before in his own; and though he has made his game still worse than it was, I am far from thinking it ever was a good one, or that he had ever much chance to win.”

Caroline, and indeed her consort also, conjectured that the public voice and opinion were expressed in favor of the occupants of the throne from the fact, that the birth-day drawing-room of the 30th of October was the most splendid and crowded that had ever been known since the king's accession. That king himself probably little cared whether he were popular or not. He was at this time buying hundreds of lottery-tickets, out of the secret service money, and making presents of them to Madame Walmoden. A few fell, perhaps, to the share of Lady Deloraine: “He'll give her a couple of tickets,” said Walpole, “and think her generously used.” His majesty would have rejoiced if he could have divided so easily his double possession of England and Hanover. He had long entertained a wish to give the electorate to his second son, William of Cumberland, and entertained a very erroneous idea that the English parliament would assist him in altering the law of succession in the electorate. Caroline had, perhaps, not a much

more correctly formed idea. She had a conviction, however, touching her son, which was probably better founded. “I knew,” she said, “he would sell not only his reversion in the electorate, but even in this kingdom, if the pretender would give him five or six hundred thousand pounds in present; but, thank God! he has neither right nor power to sell his family,—though his folly and his knavery may sometimes distress them.”*

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF CAROLINE.

AFTER the birth of the Princess Louisa, on the 12th of December, 1724, Caroline, then Princess of Wales, was more than ordinarily indisposed. Her indisposition was of such a nature that, though she had made no allusion to it herself, her husband spoke to her on the subject. The princess avoided entering upon a discussion, and sought to satisfy the prince by remarking that her indisposition was nothing more than what was common to her health, position, and circumstances. For some years, although the symptoms were neglected, the disease was not aggravated. At length more serious indications were so perceptible to George, who was now king, that he did not conceal his opinion that she was suffering from rupture. This opinion she combated with energy, for she had a rooted aversion to its being supposed that she was afflicted with any complaint. She feared lest the fact, being known, might lose her some of her husband's regard, or lead people to think that with personal infirmity her power over him had been weakened. The king again and again urged her to acknowledge that she suffered from the complaint he had named, and to have medical advice on the subject. Again and again she refused, and each time with renewed expressions of displeasure, until at last, the king, contenting himself with expressing a hope

* This matter, only alluded to by Lord Chesterfield, is treated at very great length by Lord Hervey.

that she would not have to repent of her obstinacy, made her a promise never to allude to the subject again, without her consent. The secret, however, was necessarily known to others also; and we can only wonder that, being so known, more active and effective measures were not taken to remedy an evil which, in our days, at least, formidable as it may appear in name, is so successfully treated as almost to deserve no more serious appellation than a mere inconvenience.

Under an appearance of, at least, fair health, Queen Caroline may be said to have been gradually decaying for years. Her pride and her courage would not, however, allow of this being seen, and when she rose, as was her custom, to curtsy to the king, not even George himself was aware of the pain the effort cost her. Sir Robert Walpole was long aware that she suffered greatly from some secret malady, and it was not till after a long period of observation that he succeeded in discovering her majesty's secret. He was often closeted with her, arranging business that they were afterwards to nominally transact in presence of the king, and to settle, as *he* imagined, according to *his* will and pleasure. It was on some such occasion that Sir Robert made the discovery in question. The minister's wife had just died; she was about the same age as Caroline, and the queen put to the minister such close, physical questions, and adverted so frequently to the subject of rupture, of which Sir Robert's wife did not die, that the minister at once came to the conclusion that her majesty was herself suffering from that complaint.* This was the case: but the fact was only known to the king himself, her German nurse (Mrs. Mailborne), and one other person. A curious scene often occurred in her dressing-room and the adjoining apartment. During the process of the morning toilette, prayers were read in the outer room by her majesty's chaplain, the latter kneeling the while beneath the painting of a nude Venus—which, as Dr. Madox, a royal chaplain on service, once observed, was a "very proper altar-piece." On these occasions, Walpole tells us that, "to prevent all suspicion, her majesty would frequently stand some minutes in her shift talking to

* Horace Walpole.

her ladies, and, though laboring with so dangerous a complaint, she made it so invariable a rule never to refuse a desire of the king, that every morning, at Richmond, she walked several miles with him; and more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exercise, threw her into such fits of perspiration as routed the gout; but those exertions hastened the crisis of her distemper."

In the summer of 1737 she suffered so seriously, that at length, on the 26th of August, a report spread over the town that the queen was dead.* The whole city at once assumed a guise of mourning—gay summer or cheerful autumn dresses were withdrawn from the shop windows, and nothing was to be seen in their place but "sables." The report, however, was unfounded. Her majesty had been ill, but one of her violent remedies had restored her for the moment. She was thereby enabled to walk about Hampton Court with the king, but she was not equal to the task of coming to London on the 29th of the same month, when her grand-daughter Augusta was christened, and king, queen, and Duchess of Saxe-Gotha stood sponsors, by their proxies, to the future mother of a future queen of England.

At length, in November, 1737, the crisis above alluded to occurred, and Caroline's illness soon assumed a very grave character. Her danger, of which she was well aware, did not cause her to lose her presence of mind, nor her dignity, nor to sacrifice any characteristic of her disposition or reigning passion.

It was on Wednesday morning, the 9th of November, that the queen was seized with the illness which ultimately proved fatal to her. She was distressed with violent internal pains, which Daffy's Elixir, administered to her by Dr. Tessier, could not allay. The violence of the attack compelled her to return to bed early in the morning; but her courage was great and the king's pity small, and consequently she rose, after resting for some hours, in order to preside at the usual Wednesday's drawing-room. The king had great dislike to see her absent from this ceremony; without her,

* Salmon's Chronological Historian.

he used to say, there was neither grace, gaiety, nor dignity; and, accordingly, she went to this last duty with the spirit of a wounded knight who returns to the field and dies in harness. She was not able long to endure the fatigue. Lord Hervey was so struck by her appearance of weakness and suffering, that he urged her, with friendly peremptoriness, to retire from a scene for which she was evidently unfitted. The queen acknowledged her inability to continue any longer in the room, but she could not well break up the assembly without the king, who was in another part of the room discussing the mirth and merits of the last uproarious burlesque extravaganza, "The Dragon of Wantley." All London was then flocking to Covent Garden to hear Lampe's music and Carey's light nonsense; and Ryan's Hamlet was not half so much cared for as Reinhold's Dragon, nor Mrs. Vincent's Ophelia so much esteemed as the Margery and Mauxalinda of the two Miss Youngs.*

At length his majesty having been informed of the queen's serious indisposition, and her desire to withdraw, took her by the hand to lead her away, roughly noticing, at the same time, that she had "passed over" the Duchess of Norfolk. Caroline immediately repaired her fault by addressing a few condescending words to that old well-wisher of her family. They were the last words she ever uttered on the public scene of her grandeur. All that followed was the undressing after the great drama was over.

In the evening, Lord Hervey again saw her. He had been dining with the French ambassador, and he returned *from* the dinner at an hour at which people now dress before they go to such a ceremony. He was again at the palace by seven o'clock. His duty authorized him, and his inclination prompted him, to see the queen. He found her suffering from increase of internal pains, violent sickness, and progressive weakness. Cordials and various calming remedies were prescribed, and while they were being prepared, a little "usquebaugh" was administered to her; but neither whisky, nor cordials, nor calming draughts could be retained. Her pains increased, and therewith her strength diminished. She was throughout this day and night affectionately attended by the

* Geneste's History of the Drama.

Princess Caroline, who was herself in extremely weak health, but who would not leave her mother's bedside till two o'clock in the morning. The king then relieved her, after his fashion, which brought relief to no one. He did not sit up to watch the sufferer, but, in his morning-gown, lay outside the bed by the queen's side. Her restlessness was very great, but the king did not leave her space enough even to turn in bed; and *he* was so uncomfortable that he was kept awake and ill-tempered throughout the night.

On the following day the queen was bled, but without producing any good effect. Her illness visibly increased, and George was as visibly affected by it. Not so much so, however, as not to be concerned about matters of dress. With the sight of the queen's suffering before his eyes, he remembered that he had to meet the foreign ministers that day, and he was exceedingly particular in directing the pages to see that new ruffles were sewn to his old shirt-sleeves, whereby he might wear a decent air in the eyes of the representatives of foreign majesty. The Princess Caroline continued to exhibit unabated sympathy for the mother who had perhaps loved her better than any other of her daughters. The princess was in tears and suffering throughout the day, and almost needed as much care as the royal patient herself; especially after losing much blood by the sudden breaking of one of the small vessels in the nose. It was on this day that, to aid Broxholm, who had hitherto prescribed for the queen, Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Hulse were called in. They prescribed for an obstinate internal obstruction which could not be overcome, and applied blisters to the legs—a remedy for which both king and queen had a sovereign and silly disgust.

On the 11th, the quiet of the palace was disturbed by a message from the Prince of Wales, making inquiry after the condition of his mother. His declared filial affection roused the king to a pitch of almost ungovernable fury. The royal father flung at the son every missile in his well-stored vocabulary of abuse. There really seemed something devilish in this spirit, at such a time. In truth, however, the king had good ground for knowing that the assurances of the prince were based upon the most patent hypocrisy. The spirit of the dying queen was nothing less fierce and bitter

against the prince and his adherents, that "Cartouche gang," as she was wont to designate them. There was no touch of mercy in her, as regarded her feelings or expressions towards him; and her epithets were not less degrading to the utterer and to the object against whom they were directed, than the king's. She begged her husband to keep her son from her presence. She had no faith, she said, in his assertions of concern, respect, or sympathy. She knew he would approach her with an assumption of grief; would listen dutifully, as it might seem, to her laments; would "blubber like a calf" at her condition; and laugh at her, outright, as soon as he had left her presence.

It seems infinitely strange that it was not until the 12th of the month that the king hinted to the queen the propriety of her physicians knowing that she was suffering from rupture. Caroline listened to the suggestion with aversion and displeasure; she earnestly entreated that what had hitherto been kept secret should remain so. The king apparently acquiesced, but there is little doubt of his having communicated a knowledge of the fact to Ranby the surgeon, who was now in attendance. When the queen next complained of violent internal pain, Ranby approached her, and she directed his hand to the spot where she said she suffered most. Like the skilful man that he was, Ranby contrived at the same moment to satisfy himself as to the existence of the more serious complaint; and having done so, went up to the king, and spoke to him in a subdued tone of voice. The queen immediately suspected what had taken place, and ill as she was, she railed at Ranby for "a blockhead." The surgeon, however, made no mystery of the matter; but declared, on the contrary, that there was no time to be lost, and that active treatment must at once be resorted to. The discovery of the real malady which was threatening the queen's life, and which would not have been perilous had it not been so strangely neglected, cost Caroline the only tears she shed throughout her trying illness.

Shipton and the able and octogenarian Bussier were now called in to confer with the other medical men. It was at first proposed to operate with the knife, but ultimately it was agreed that an attempt should be made to reduce the tumor by less extreme

means. The queen bore the necessary treatment patiently. Her chief watcher and nurse was still the gentle Princess Caroline. The latter, however, became so ill, that the medical men insisted on bleeding her. She would not keep her room, but lay dressed on a couch in an apartment next to that in which lay her dying mother. Lord Hervey, when tired with watching—and his post was one of extreme fatigue and anxiety—slept on a mattress, at the foot of the couch of the Princess Caroline. The king retired to his own bed, and on this night the Princess Amelia waited on her mother.

The following day, Sunday the 13th, was a day of much solemnity. The medical men announced that the wound from which the queen suffered had begun to mortify, and that death must speedily supervene. The danger was made known to all; and of all, Caroline exhibited the least concern. She took a solemn and dignified leave of her children, always excepting the Prince of Wales. Her parting with her favorite son, the young Duke of Cumberland, was touching, and showed the depth of her love for him. Considering her avowed partiality, there was some show of justice in her concluding counsel to him that, should his brother Frederick ever be king, he should never seek to mortify him, but simply try to manifest a superiority over him only by good actions and merit. She spoke kindly to her daughter Amelia, but much more than kindly to the gentle Caroline, to whose care she consigned her two youngest daughters, Louisa and Mary. She appears to have felt as little inclination to see her daughter Anne, as she had to see her son Frederick. Indeed, intimation had been given to the Prince of Orange to the effect that not only was the company of the princess not required, but that should she feel disposed to leave Holland for St. James's, he was to restrain her, by power of his marital authority.

The parting scene with the king was one of mingled dignity and farce, touching incident and crapulousness. Caroline took from her finger a ruby ring, and put it on a finger of the king. She tenderly declared that whatever greatness or happiness had fallen to her share, she had owed it all to him; adding, with something very like profanity and general unseemliness, that naked she had

come to him and naked she would depart from him ; for that all she had was his, and she had so disposed of her own that he should be her heir. The singular man to whom she thus addressed herself, acted singularly ; and for that matter, so also did his dying consort. Among her last recommendations made on this day, was one enjoining him to marry. The king overcome, or seemingly overcome, at the idea of becoming a widower, burst into a flood of tears. The queen renewed her injunctions that after her decease he should take a second wife. He sobbed aloud, but amid his sobbing he suggested an opinion, that he thought that rather than take another wife, he would maintain a mistress or two. "Eh, mon dieu," exclaimed Caroline, "the one does not prevent the other. *Cela n'empêche pas !*"

A dying wife might have shown more decency, but she could hardly have been more complacent. Accordingly, when, after the above dignified scene had been brought to a close, the queen fell into a profound sleep, George kissed her unconscious cheeks a hundred times over, expressed an opinion that she would never wake to recognition again, and gave evidence, by his words and actions, how deeply he really regarded the dying woman before him. It happened, however, that she *did* wake to consciousness again ; and then, with his usual inconsistency of temper, he snubbed as much as he soothed her, yet without any deliberate intention of being unkind. She expressed her conviction that she should survive till the Wednesday. It was her peculiar day, she said. She had been born on a Wednesday, was married on a Wednesday, first became a mother on a Wednesday, was crowned on a Wednesday, and she was convinced she should die on a Wednesday.

Her expressed indifference as to seeing Walpole is in strong contrast with the serious way in which she *did* hold converse with him on his being admitted to a parting interview. Her feeling of mental superiority over the king was exhibited in her dying recommendation to the minister to be careful of the sovereign. This recommendation being made in the sovereign's presence, was but little relished by the minister, who feared that such a bequest, with the queen no longer alive to afford him protection, might ultimately work his own downfall. George, however, was rather grateful

than angry at the queen's commission to Walpole, and subsequently reminded him with grave good-humor, that *he*, the minister, required no protection, inasmuch as the queen had rather consigned the king to the protection of the minister ; and, "his kindness to the minister seemed to increase for the queen's sake."

The day which opened with a sort of despair, closed with a faint prospect of hope. The surgeons declared that the mortification had not progressed, and Lord Hervey does not scruple to infer that it had never begun, and that the medical men employed were, like most of their colleagues, profoundly ignorant of that with which they professed to be most deeply acquainted. The fairer prospect was made known to the queen, in order to encourage her, but Caroline was not to be deceived. At twenty-five, she remarked, she might have dragged through it, but at fifty-five, it was not to be thought of. She still superstitiously looked to the Wednesday as the term of her career.

All access to the palace had been denied alike to the Prince of Wales, and to those who frequented his court ; but in the confusion which reigned at St. James's, some members of the prince's family, or following, *did* penetrate to the rooms adjacent to that in which lay the royal sufferer, under pretence of an anxiety to learn the condition of her health. Caroline knew of this vicinity, called them "ravens," waiting to see the breath depart from her body, and insisted that they should not be allowed to approach her nearer. There is ample evidence that the conduct of the Prince of Wales was most unseemly at this solemn juncture. "We shall have good news soon," he was heard to say, at Carlton House, "we shall have good news soon ; she can't hold out much longer !" There were people who were slow to believe that a son could exult at the idea of the death of his mother. These persons questioned his "favorite," Lady Archibald Hamilton, as to the actual conduct and language adopted by him, and at such questions the mature mistress would significantly smile, as she discreetly answered :—"Oh, he is very decent !"

The prospect of the queen's recovery was quite illusory, and short-lived. She grew so rapidly worse, that even the voices of those around her appeared to disturb her, and a notice was pinned

to the curtain of her bed, enjoining all present to speak only in the lowest possible tones. Her patience, however, was very great; she took all that was offered to her, however strong her own distaste, and when operations were proposed to her, she submitted at once, on assurance from the king that he sanctioned what the medical men proposed. She did not lose her sprightly humor even when under the knife, and she once remarked to Ranby when she was thus at his mercy, that she dared say he was half sorry it was not his own old wife, he was thus cutting about. But the flesh will quiver where the pincers tear; and even from Caroline, terrible anguish would now and then extort a groan. She bade the surgeons nevertheless not to heed her silly complaints, but to do their duty irrespective of her grumbling.

All this time there does not appear to have been the slightest idea in the mind either of the sufferer, or of those about her, that it would be well were Caroline enabled to make her peace with God. The matter, however, *did* occupy the public thought; and public opinion pressed so strongly, that rather than offend it, Walpole himself recommended that a priest should be sent for. The recommendation was made to the Princess Amelia, and in the obese minister's usual coarse fashion. "It will be quite as well," he said, "that the farce should be played. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Potter) would perform it decently; and the princess might bid him to be as short as she liked. It would do the queen neither harm nor good; and it would satisfy all the fools who called them atheists, if they affected to be as great fools as they who called them so!"

Dr. Potter accordingly was summoned. He attended morning and evening. The king, to show his estimation of the person and his sacred office, invariably kept out of his wife's apartment, while the archbishop was present. What passed is not known; but it is clear that the primate, if he prayed with the queen, never administered the sacrament to her. Was this caused by her irreconcilable hatred against her son?

It is said that her majesty's mistress of the robes, Lady Sundon, had influenced the queen to countenance none but the heterodox clergy. Her conduct in her last moments was consequently watched

with mingled anxiety and curiosity by more than those who surrounded her. The public generally were desirous of being enlightened on the subject. The public soon learned, indirectly, at least, that the archbishop had not administered to the queen the solemn rite. On the last time of his issuing from the royal bedchamber, he was assailed by the courtiers with questions like this:—"My lord, has the queen received?" All the answer given by the primate was, "Gentlemen, her majesty is in a most heavenly frame of mind." This was an oracular sort of response; and it may be said that if the queen was in a heavenly frame of mind, she must have been at peace with her son, as well as with all men, and, therefore, in a condition to receive the administration of the rite, with profit and thankfulness. It was known, moreover, that the queen was *not* at peace with her son, and that she had not "received;" she, therefore, could not have been as the archbishop described her, "in a most heavenly state of mind." All that the public knew of her practical piety was, that the queen had been accustomed, or said she had been accustomed, to read a portion of Butler's Analogy, every morning at breakfast. It was of this book that Bishop Hoadly remarked, that he could never even look at it without getting a headache.

Meanwhile, the king, who kept close in the palace, not stirring abroad, and assembling around him a circle of hearers, expatiated at immense length upon the virtues and excellencies of the companion who was on the eve of departure from him. There was no known or discoverable good quality which he did not acknowledge in her; not only the qualities which dignify woman, but those which elevate men. With the courage and intellectual strength of the latter, she had the beauty and virtue of the former. He never tired of this theme, told it over again and again, and ever at an interminable length. The most singular item in his monster dissertation was his cool assurance to his children and friends that she was the only woman in the world who suited him for a wife, and that if she had not been his wife, he would rather have had her for his mistress than any other woman he had ever seen, or heard of.

This was the highest possible praise *such* a husband could

bestow; and he doubtless loved his wife as well as a husband, so trained, could love a consort. His own sharp words to her, even in her illness, were no proof to the contrary; and amid tokens of his uncouth tenderness, observing her restless from pain, and yet desirous of sleep, he would exclaim, "How the devil can you expect to sleep when you never lie still a moment?" This was meant for affection; so, too, was the remark made to her one morning when, on entering her room, he saw her gazing, as invalids are wont to gaze, idly on vacancy, "with lack-lustre eye." He roughly desired her to cease staring in that disagreeable way, which made her look, he said with refined gallantry, just like a calf with its throat cut!

His praise of her, as Lord Hervey acutely suggested, had much of self-eulogy in view; and when he lauded her excellent sense, it had especial reference to that exemplification of it when she was wise enough to accept *him* for a husband. He wearied all hearers with the long stories which he recounted both of Caroline and himself, as he sat at night, with his feet on a stool, pouring out prosily his never-ending narrative. The Princess Amelia used to endeavor to escape from the tediousness of listening, by pretending to be asleep, and to avenge herself for being compelled to listen, by gross abuse of her royal father when he left the room—calling him old fool, liar, coward, and a driveller, of whose stories she was most heartily sick.

And so matters went on, progressively worse, until Sunday the 20th—the last day which Caroline was permitted to see upon earth. The circumstances attending the queen's death were not without a certain dignity. "How long can this last?" said she to her physician Tessier. "It will not be long," was the reply, "before your majesty will be relieved from this suffering." "The sooner the better," said Caroline. And then she began to pray aloud; and her prayer was not a formal one, fixed in her memory by repeating it from the Book of Common Prayer, but a spontaneous and extemporary effusion, so eloquent, so appropriate, and so touching, that all the listeners were struck with admiration at this last effort of a mind ever remarkable for its vigor and ability. She herself manifested great anxiety to depart in a manner be-

coming a great queen; and as her last moment approached, her anxiety in this respect appeared to increase. She requested to be raised in bed, and asked all present to kneel and offer up a prayer in her behalf. While this was going on, she grew gradually fainter, but, at her desire, water was sprinkled upon her so that she might revive, and listen to, or join in, the petitions which her family (all but her eldest son, who was not present) put up to Heaven in her behalf. "Louder!" she murmured more than once, as some one read or prayed. "Louder, that I may hear." Her request was complied with, and then one of her children repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer. In this Caroline joined, repeating the words as distinctly as failing nature would allow her. The prayer was just concluded when she looked fixedly for a moment at those who stood weeping around her, and then uttered a long-drawn "So——!" It was her last word. As it fell from her lips the dial on the chimney-piece struck eleven. She calmly waved her hand—a farewell to all present and to the world; and then tranquilly composing herself upon her bed, she breathed a sigh, and so expired. Thus died Caroline; and few queens of England have passed away to their account with more of mingled dignity and indecorum.

To this account of the queen's illness, chiefly compiled, and very closely condensed, from Hervey's diffuse, but interesting narrative, it may be added that Nichols, in his "Reminiscences," says that Dr. Sands suggested that a cure might be effected by injecting warm water, and that Dr. Hulse approved of the remedy and method. It was applied, with no one present but the medical men just named; and though it signally failed, they pronounced it as having succeeded. Their terror was great; and when they passed through the outer apartments, where the Duke of Newcastle congratulatingly hugged Hulse, on his having saved the queen's life, the doctor struggled with all his might to get away, lest he should be questioned upon a matter which involved, perhaps, more serious consequences than he could in his bewilderment then accurately calculate.

The Princess Caroline, as soon as the queen had apparently passed away, put a looking-glass to her lips, and finding it un-

sullied by any breath, calmly remarked, "'Tis over," and thenceforward ceased to weep as she had done while her mother was dying. The king kissed the face and hands of his departed consort, with unaffected fervor. His conduct continued to be as singular as ever. He was superstitious and afraid of ghosts, and it was remarked on this occasion, that he would have people with him in his bed-room, as if their presence could have saved him from the visitation of a spirit. In private, the sole subject of his conversation was "Caroline." He loved to narrate the whole history of her early life and his own: their wooing and their wedding, their joys and vexations. In these conversations, he introduced something about every person with whom he had ever been in anything like close connection. It was observed, however, that he never once mentioned the name of his mother, Sophia Dorothea, or in any way alluded to her. He purposely avoided the subject, but he frequently named the father of Sophia, the Duke of Zell, who, he said, was so desirous of seeing his grandson grow up into an upright man, that the duke declared he would shoot him if George Augustus should prove a dishonest one!

Amid all these anecdotes, and tales, and reminiscences, and praises, there was a constant flow of tears shed for her who was gone. They seemed, however, to come and go at pleasure, for in the very height of his mourning and depth of his sorrow, he happened to see Horace, the brother of Sir Robert Walpole, who was weeping for fashion's sake, but in so grotesque a manner, that when the king beheld it, he ceased to cry, and burst into a roar of laughter.

Lord Hervey foretold that his grief was not of a lasting quality; and, in some degree, he was correct. It must be confessed, however, that the king never ceased to respect the memory of his wife. Walpole only thought of how George might be ruled now that the queen was gone, and he speedily fixed upon a plan. He had been accustomed, he said, to side with the mother against the mistress. He would now, he said, side with the mistress against the children. He it was, who proposed that Madame Walmoden should now be brought to England; and, in a revoltingly coarse observation to the Princess Caroline, he recommended her, if she

would have any influence with her father, to surround him with women, and govern him through them!

But other parties had been on the watch to lay hold of the power which had now fallen from the hand of the dead Caroline.

The discussion in the royal family, which was caused by the conduct of the Prince of Wales, at the period of the birth of his eldest daughter Augusta, was, of course, turned to political account. It was made even of more account in that way, when the condition of Caroline became known. Lord Chesterfield, writing to Mr. Lyttelton, from Bath, on the 12th of November, 1737, says: "As I suppose the queen will be dead or out of danger before you receive this, my advice to his royal highness (of Wales) will come full late; but in all events it is my opinion, he cannot take too many and too respectful measures towards the queen, if alive, and towards the king, if she is dead; but then that respect should be absolutely personal, and care should be taken that the ministers shall not have the least share of it."

At the time when Caroline's indignation had been aroused by the course adopted by the prince, when his wife was brought from Hampton Court to St. James's for her confinement, his royal highness had made a statement to Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Harrington, which they were subsequently required to put down in writing as corroborative evidence of what the prince had said to the queen. In reference to the inditers of these "minutes of conversation," Lord Chesterfield advises that the disrespect which he recommends the prince to exhibit towards the ministry, shall be more marked, "if in the course of these transactions the *two evidences* should be sent to, or of themselves presume to approach the prince; in which case (says the writer) he ought to show them personal resentment; and if they bring any message from the king or queen which he cannot refuse receiving, he should ask for it in writing, and give his answer in writing; alleging publicly for his reason, that he cannot venture anything with people who have grossly both betrayed and misrepresented private conversation."*

Through the anticipated natural death of the queen, the opposi-

* Lord Chesterfield's Life and Letters. Edited by Lord Mahon.

tion hoped to effect the political death of Walpole. "In case the queen dies," writes Chesterfield, "I think Walpole should be looked upon as gone too, whether he be really so or no, which will be the most likely way to weaken him; for if he be supposed to inherit the queen's power over the king, it will in some degree give it him; and if the opposition are wise, instead of treating with him, they should attack him most vigorously and personally, as a person who has lost his chief support. Which is indeed true; for though he may have more power with the king than any other body, yet he will never have that kind of power which he had by her means; and he will not even dare to mention many things to the king, which he could without difficulty have brought about by her means. Pray present my most humble duty to his royal highness," concludes the writer, "and tell him that upon principles of personal duty and respect to the king and queen (if alive), he cannot go too far; as, on the other hand, with relation to the ministers, after what has passed, he cannot carry his dignity too high." The same strain is continued in a second letter, wherein it is stated with respect to the anticipated death of the queen: "It is most certain that Sir Robert must be in the utmost distress, and can never hope to govern the king as the queen governed him;" and he adds, in a postscript: "We have a prospect of the Claude Lorraine kind before us, while Sir Robert's has all the horrors of Salvator Rosa. If the prince would play the rising sun, he would gild it finely; if not, he will be under a cloud, which he will never be able hereafter to shine through." Finally, exclaims the eager writer: "Instil this into the *Woman*,"—meaning by the latter the Prince of Wales's "favorite," Lady Archibald Hamilton,—who "had filled," says Lord Mahon, "the whole of his little court with her kindred." According to Horace Walpole, "whenever Sir William Stanhope met anybody at Carlton House whom he did not know, he always said, 'your humble servant, Mr. or Mrs. Hamilton.'"

A fortnight after Chesterfield contemptuously calls Lady Archibald "the *Woman*," he begins to see the possibility of her rising to the possession of political influence, and he says to Mr. Lyttelton: "Pray, when you see Lady Archibald, assure her of my re-

spects, and tell her that I would trouble her with a letter myself, to have acknowledged her goodness to me, if I could have expressed those acknowledgments to my own satisfaction; but not being able to do that, I only desire she would be persuaded that my sentiments with regard to her are what they ought to be."* In such wise, did great men counsel and intrigue for the sake of a little pre-eminence, which never yet purchased, or brought with it, the boon of happiness.

CHAPTER IX.

CAROLINE, HER TIMES AND CONTEMPORARIES.

MUCH has been said, and many opposite conclusions drawn, as to the religious character of Caroline. In *our* days, such a woman would not be allowed to wear the reputation of being religious. In *her* days, she may with more justice have been considered so. And yet she was far below a standard of much elevation. When we hear her boasting,—or rather asserting, as convinced of the fact, that "she had made it the business of her life to discharge her duty to God and man in the best manner she was able," we have no very favorable picture of her humility; though at the same time we may acquit her of hypocrisy.

Her patronage of the well-meaning, but mischievous, the learned but unwise Whiston, is quite sufficient to condemn her in the opinion of many people. Here was a man who had not yet, indeed, left the Church of England for a Baptist meeting, because the Athanasian creed was an offence to him, but he had pronounced Prince Eugene to be the man foretold in the Apocalypse as the destroyer of the Turkish Empire, had declared that the children of Joseph and Mary were the natural brothers and sisters of Christ, set up a heresy in his "Primitive Christianity revived," made open profession of Arianism, boldly made religious prophecies that

* Lord Chesterfield's Life and Letters; *ut supra*.

were falsified as soon as made, and, more innocently, translated *Josephus*, and tried to discover the longitude. Caroline showed her admiration of heterodox Whiston by conferring on him a pension of fifty pounds a year; and as she had a regard for the mad scholar, she paid him with her own hand, and had him as a frequent visitor at the palace. The king was more guarded in his patronage of Whiston, and one day said to him as king, queen and preacher were walking together in Hampton Court gardens, that his opinions against Athanasianism might certainly be true, but perhaps it would have been better, if he had kept them to himself. Now Whiston was remarkable for his wit and his fearlessness, and looking straight in the face of the man who was king by right of the Reformation, and who was the temporal head of the Church, and *ex-officio*, Defender of the Faith, he said,—“If Luther had followed such advice, I should like to know where your majesty would have been at the present moment.” “Well, Mr. Whiston,” said Caroline, “you are, as I have heard it said you were, a very free speaker. Are you bold enough to tell me my faults?” “Certainly,” was Whiston’s reply. “There are many people who come every year from the country to London upon business. Their chief, loyal, and natural desire is to see their king and queen. This desire they can nowhere so conveniently gratify as at the Chapel Royal. But what they see there does not edify them. They behold your majesty talking during nearly the whole time of service, with the king,—and talking loudly. This scandalizes them; they go into the country with false impressions, spread false reports, and effect no little mischief.” The queen pleaded that the king *would* talk to her, acknowledged that it was wrong, promised amendment, and asked what was the next fault he deserved in her. “Nay, madam,” said he, “it will be time enough to go to the second, when your majesty has corrected the first.”

What Caroline said of her consort was true enough. At chapel, the king, when not sleeping, *would* be talking; Dr. Young thought, by power of his preaching, to keep him awake, but the king, on finding that the new chaplain was not giving him what he loved, “a short, good sermon,” soon began to exhibit signs of somnolency. Young exerted himself in vain, and when his majesty at length

broke forth with a snore, the poet-preacher felt his vanity so wounded, that he burst into tears. Where kings and queens so behaved, no wonder that young ensigns flirted openly with maids of honor, and that Lady Wortley Montague should have reason to write to the Countess of Bute:—“I confess, I remember to have dressed for St. James’s Chapel with the same thoughts your daughters will have at the opera.”

It is not likely that Archbishop Potter was sent for by Caroline herself in her last illness, for she liked the prelate as little as Whiston himself did. But Potter, the first of scholars, in spite of the sneers of academical Parr, was, although a stanch Whig, and esteemed by Caroline and her consort for his sermon preached before them at their coronation, yet a very high churchman, one who put the throne infinitely below the altar, and thought kings very far indeed below priests. This last opinion, however, was very much modified when the haughty prelate, son of a Wakefield linen-draper, had to petition for a favor. His practice, certainly, was not perfect, for he disinherited one son, who married a dowerless maiden, out of pure love, and he left his fortune to the other who was a profligate, and squandered it.

But even Caroline could not but respect Potter for his jealousy with respect to the worldly supplying of Church benefices. Just after the queen had congratulated him on being elected to the highest position in the Church of England, Potter called on a clerical relative, to announce to him the intention of his kinsman to confer on him a valuable living. The archbishop unfortunately found his reverend cousin busily engaged at skittles, and the prelate came upon him just as the apostolic player was aiming at the centre-pin, with the remark, “Now for a sly at the head of the Church!” He missed his pin, and also lost his preferment. Neither of their majesties, however, thought Potter justified in withholding a benefice on such slight grounds of offence. Neither George nor Caroline approved of clergymen of any rank inveighing against amusements. I may cite, as a case in point, the anger with which the king at heart visited Gibson, Bishop of London, for denouncing masquerades, and for getting up an episcopal address to the throne, praying “for the entire abolition of such pernicious

diversions." The son of Sophia Dorothea was especially fond of masquerades, and his indignation was great at hearing them denounced by Gibson. This boldness shut the latter out from all chance of succeeding to Canterbury. Caroline looked with some favor, however, on this zealous and upright prelate; and her minister, Walpole, did nothing to obstruct the exercise of his great ecclesiastical power. "Gibson is a Pope!" once exclaimed one of the low church courtiers of Caroline's coterie. "True!" was Walpole's reply, "and a very good Pope too!"

It must be confessed, nevertheless, that the Church and religion were equally in a deplorable state, just previous to the demise of Caroline. That ingenious and learned Northumbrian, Edward Grey, published anonymously, the year before the queen's death, a work upon "The Miserable and Distracted state of Religion in England, upon the downfall of the Church Established." A work, however, published the same year, and which much more interested the queen, was Warburton's famous "Alliance between Church and State." This book brought again into public notice, its author, that William Warburton, the son of a Newark attorney, who himself had been a lawyer, and usher, had denounced Pope as an incapable poet, and had sunk into temporary oblivion in his Lincolnshire rectory at Brand Broughton. But his "Alliance between Church and State" brought him to the notice of Queen Caroline, to whom his book and his name were introduced by Dr. Hare, the Bishop of Chichester. Caroline liked the book, and desired to see the author, but her last fatal illness was upon her before he could be introduced, and Warburton had to write many books, and wait many years before he found a patron in Murray (Lord Mansfield) who could help him to preferment.

It is said, as I have previously observed, that Queen Caroline made of Butler's "Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," a sort of light-reading book, which was the ordinary companion of her breakfast table. Caroline may possibly have liked to dip into such profound fountains, but I doubt whether she often looked into the Analogy, as it was not published till 1736, when her malady was increasing, and her power to study a work so abstruse must have been much

diminished. Still she admired the learned divine, who was the son of a Wantage shopkeeper, and who was originally a presbyterian dissenter,—a community for which German protestant princes and princesses have always entertained a considerable regard. Caroline did not merely admire Butler because High Churchmen looked upon him, even after his ordination, as half a dissenter; she had admired his Rolls Sermons, and when Secker, another ex-presbyterian whom Butler had induced to enter the church, introduced and recommended him to Queen Caroline, she immediately appointed him Clerk of the Closet. It could have been very little before this, that Secker himself, who had been a presbyterian, a doctor, a sort of sentimental vagabond on the Continent, and a free-thinker to boot,—had been, after due probation and regular progress, appointed Rector of St. James's. Walpole declares that Secker owed this preferment to the favor of the queen, and Secker's biographers cannot prove much to the contrary. At the period of Caroline's death, he was Bishop of Bristol, and that high dignity he is also said to have owed to the friendship of Caroline. I wish it were only as true, that when the Prince of Wales was at enmity with the king and queen, and used to attend St. James's Church, his place of residence being at Norfolk House, in the adjacent square, I wish, I say, it were true that Secker once preached to the prince on the text, "Honor thy father and mother." The tale, however, is apocryphal; but it is true that the prince, himself, at the period of the family quarrel, was startled, on entering the church, at hearing Mr. Bonny, the clerk in orders, rather pointedly beginning the service with "I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned," &c.

But perhaps of all the members of the Church, Caroline felt regard for none more than for Berkely. He had been an active divine, long indeed before the queen visited him with her favor. His progress had been checked by his sermons in favor of passive obedience and non-resistance,—sermons which were considered not so much inculcating loyalty to Brunswick as defending the revolution which opened to that house the way to the throne. Berkely had also incurred no little public wrath by destroying the letters which Swift's Vanessa had bequeathed to his care, with a sum of

money, for the express purpose of their being published. But, on the other hand, he had manifested in various ways the true spirit of a Christian and a philosopher, and had earned immortal honor by his noble attempt to convert the American savages to Christianity. But it was his *Minute Philosopher*,—his celebrated work, the object of which was to refute skepticism, that gained for him the distinction of the approval of Caroline. The expression of such approval is warrant for the queen's sincerity in the cause of true religion. So delighted was the queen with this work, that she procured for its author his nomination to the Bishopric of Cloyne. Never was reward more nobly earned, more worthily bestowed, or more gracefully conferred. It did honor alike to the queen and to Berkely, and it raised the hopes of those who were ready to almost despair of Christianity itself, when they saw that religion yet had its great champions to uphold her cause, and that, however indifferent the king might be to the merits of such champions, the queen herself was ever eager to acknowledge their services, and to recompense them largely, as they merited.

In controversial works, however, Caroline always delighted. She had no greater joy in this way than setting Clarke and Leibnitz at intellectual struggle, watching the turns of the contest with interest, suggesting, amending, adding, or diminishing, and advising every well-laid blow, by whichever antagonist it was delivered. It may be asked, was there not in all this rather more love of intellectual than of religious pursuits. The reader must judge. Meanwhile, let us turn from the consideration of her religious to that of her personal character; from religion to morals, from the "most religious" sovereign to the queen as woman, to her personal merits, and how others accounted of them.

Lord Chesterfield says of her, in his "lively pretty" way, that "she was a woman of lively, pretty parts." She merits, however, a better epitaph, and a more sagacious chronicler. "Her death," adds the noble *roué*, "was regretted by none but the king. She died meditating projects which must have ended either in her own ruin, or that of the country." Dismissing, for the present, the last part of this paragraph, we will say that Caroline was mourned by more than by the king, but by none so deeply, so deservedly,

so naturally as by him. He had not, out of affection for her, been less selfish or less vicious than his inclinations induced him to be. He was faithless to her, but he never ceased to respect her; and in those days a husband of whom nothing worse could be said, was rather exemplary of conduct than otherwise. It was a sort of decorum that was by no means common. One could have almost thought him uxorious, for he not only allowed himself to be directed, in all important matters requiring judgment and discretion, by the guidance of her more enlightened mind, but he never drew a picture of beauty and propriety in woman, but all the hearers felt that the original of the picture was the queen herself. It is strange, setting aside more grave considerations for the rule of conduct, that, with such a wife, he should have hampered himself with "favorites." These he neither loved nor respected. A transitory liking and the evil fashion of the day had something to do with it; and besides, he had a certain feeling of attachment for women who were obsequious and serviceable. These he could rule, but his wife ruled *him*. Nor could the women be compared. Sir Robert Walpole, an unexceptionable witness in this case, asserts that the king loved his wife's little finger better than he did Lady Suffolk's whole body. For that reason it was that Walpole himself so respectfully kissed the small, plump, and graceful hand of the queen rather than propitiate the good-will of the favorite.

Our great-grandfathers and grandmothers must have been a terribly wicked race, for I hold it impossible for a people generally to be virtuous when the court and nobility set them an example of vice. Such vices are often the seed out of which spring republics; and the lust of Tarquin built the Commonwealth of Rome. Nor must it be set down that Caroline was blameless. She shared the vices in which her husband indulged, by favoring the indulgence. She was not the more excusable for this because Archdeacon Blackburn and other churchmen praised her for encouraging the king in his wickedness. Her ground of action was not founded on virtuous principle. She sanctioned, nay promoted, the vicious way of life followed by her consort, merely that she might exercise more power politically and personally. She depreciated her own worth and attractions in order to heighten those of the favorites

whom the king most affected, and by way of apologizing for his being attracted from her to them. Actually, she had as little regard for married faith as the king himself. They were both very coarse people, and Caroline understood as little as did her lord, the refinement and fidelity of affection, which, like the ivy, at once warms and protects the dear ruin to which it clings. The result was, that the king was the head of a household, and yet of such uncleanness and infamy, as would make of a man now an outcast from society. The queen endured it all, and lived among it all with such complacency, as to have given rise to a belief that she had never cared for the king, and was therefore jealousylessly indifferent as to the disgraceful tenor of his life. An allusion was once made in her presence, when the Duke of Grafton was by, to her having in former times not been unaffected by the suit of a German prince. "G—d, madam," said the duke, in the fashionable blasphemous style of the period, "G—d, madam, I should like to be the man you could love!" "See him?" said the queen, laughing; "do you not then think that I love the king?" "G—d, madam," exclaimed the ostentatious blasphemer, "I only wish I were King of France, and I would soon be sure whether you did or did not."

The king, however,—to return to that royal widower,—indubitably mourned over his loss, and regarded with some rag, as it were, of the dignity of affection, her memory, and with a tearful respect. He was forever talking of her, even to his mistress; and Lady Yarmouth (as Madame Walmoden was called) as well as others, had to listen to the well-conned roll of her queenly virtues, and to the royal conjectures as to what the advice of Caroline would have been in certain supervening contingencies. There was something noble in his remark, on ordering the payment to be continued of all salaries to her officers and servants, and all her benefactions to benevolent institutions, that, if possible, nobody should suffer by her death but himself. We almost pity the wretched but imbecile old man, too, when we see him bursting into tears at the sight of Walpole, and confessing to him, with a helpless shaking of the hands, that he had lost the rock of his support, his warmest friend, his wisest counsellor, and that henceforth he must be dreary, dis-

consolate, and succorless, utterly ignorant whither to turn for succor or for sympathy.

This feeling never entirely deserted him; albeit, he continued to find much consolation where he had done better not to have sought it. Still the old memory would not entirely fade, the old fire would not entirely be quenched. "I hear," said he, once to Baron Brinkman, as he lay sleepless, at early morn, on his couch, "I hear you have a portrait of my wife, which was a present from her to you, and that it is a better likeness than any I have got. Let me look at it." The portrait was brought, and so placed before the king that he could contemplate it leisurely at his ease. "It is like her," he murmured. "Place it nearer to me, and leave me till I ring." For two whole hours the baron remained in attendance in an adjoining room, before he was again summoned to his master's presence. At the end of that time, he entered the king's bedroom, on being called. George looked up at him with eyes full of tears, and muttered, pointing to the portrait:—"Take it away; take it away! I never yet saw the woman worthy to buckle her shoe." And thence he arose, and went and breakfasted with Lady Yarmouth.

A score of years after Caroline's death, he continued to speak of her only with emotion. His vanity, however, disposed him to be considered gallant to the last. In 1755, being at Hanover, he was waited upon by the Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel and all her unmarried daughters. The provident and maternal duchess had an object, and she was not very far from accomplishing it. The king considered all these young ladies with the speculative look of both a connoisseur and an amateur. He was especially struck by the beauty of the eldest, and he lost no time in proposing her as a match to his grandson and heir-apparent, George Prince of Wales, then in his minority. The prince, at the prompting of his mother, very peremptorily declined the honor which had been submitted for his acceptance, and the young princess, her mother, and King George were all alike profoundly indignant. "Oh!" exclaimed the latter with ardent eagerness, to Lord Waldegrave, "Oh, that I were but a score of years younger, this young lady should not then have been exposed to the indignity of being refused by the

Prince of Wales, for I would then myself have made her Queen of England!" That is to say, that if the young Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel could only have been introduced to him while he was sitting under the shadow of the great sorrow which had fallen upon him by the death of Caroline, he would have found solace for his grief, by offering her his hand. However, it was now too late, and the gay old monarch, taking his amber-headed cane, feebly picked his way to Lady Yarmouth and a game at ombre.

Lord Chesterfield allowed Caroline some degree of female knowledge. If by this he would infer that she had only a portion of the knowledge which was commonly possessed by the ladies her contemporaries, his lordship does her great injustice. There were few women of her time who were so well instructed; and she was not the less well-taught, for being in a great degree self-taught. She may have been but superficially endowed in matters of theology and in ancient history; but, what compensated at least for the latter, she was well acquainted with what more immediately concerned her, the history of her own times. Lord Chesterfield further remarks that Caroline would have been an agreeable woman in social life, if she had not aimed at being a great one in public life. This would imply that she had doubly failed, where, in truth, she had doubly succeeded. She *was* agreeable in the circle of social, and she not only aimed at but achieved greatness in public life. She was as great a queen as queen could become in England, under the circumstances in which she was placed. Without any constitutional right, she ruled the country with such wisdom that her right always seemed to rest on a constitutional basis. There was that in her, that had her destiny taken her to Russia instead of England, she would have been as Catherine was in all but her uncleanness;—not that, in purity of mind, she was very superior to Catherine the Unclean.

The following paragraph in Lord Chesterfield's character of Caroline is less to be contested than others in which the noble author has essayed to portray the queen. "She professed wit, instead of concealing it; and valued herself in her skill in simulation and dissimulation, by which she made herself many enemies, and not one friend, even among the women the nearest to her person." It

may very well be doubted, however, whether any sovereign ever had a "friend" in the true acceptation of that term. It is much if they acquire an associate whose interest or inclination it is to be faithful; but such a person is not a friend.

Lord Chesterfield seems to warm against her as he proceeds in his picture. "Cunning and perfidy," he says, "were the means she made use of in business, as all women do for want of a better." This blow is dealt at one poor woman merely for the purpose of smiting all. Caroline, no doubt, was full of art, and on the stage of public life was a mere, but most accomplished, actress. It must be remembered, too, that she was surrounded by cunning and perfidious people. Society was never so unprincipled as it was during her time; and yet amid its unutterable corruption, *all* women were not crafty and treacherous. There were some noble exceptions,—but these did not lie much in the way of the deaf and dis-solute earl's acquaintance.

"She had a dangerous ambition," continues the same author, "for it was attended with courage, and if she had lived much longer, might have proved fatal either to herself or the constitution." It is courage, like Caroline's, which plucks peril from ambition, but does not indeed make the latter less dangerous to the people, which is, perhaps, what Chesterfield means. With respect to the queen's religion, he says:—"After puzzling herself in all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in Deism, believing a future state." In this he merely repeats a story, which, probably, originated with those whose views on Church questions were of a "higher" tendency than those of her majesty. And after repeating others, he contradicts himself, for he has no sooner stated that the queen was not an agreeable woman, because she aimed at being a great one, than he adds, "Upon the whole, the *agreeable woman* was liked by most people—but the *queen* was neither esteemed, beloved, nor trusted, by anybody but the king." At least, she was not despised by everybody; and *that*, considering the times in which she lived, and the discordant parties over whom she really reigned, is no slight commendation. It is a praise which cannot be awarded to the king.

Let us add, that not only has Chesterfield said of Caroline that

she settled down to Deism, "believing in a future state," but he has said the same, and in precisely the same terms, of Pope, and upon Pope's authority, of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. Here is at least a double, and, perhaps, as we should hope, a triple error.

The popular standard of morality was deplorably low throughout the reigns of the first two Georges, and decorous as was the deportment of Caroline, her toleration of what would now be regarded as infamous, only gave her quiet at home to afford an apology for vice abroad.

To prove that the popular standard was low, it is only necessary to point to the scorn which has clung, like ivy, to the towering reputation of Marlborough. At the court of Caroline, while that great man was complacently allowed to be unsurpassed as commander and statesman, his weaknesses, "which leaned to virtue's side," were condemned with more energy than if they had really been vices. He was ridiculed for the unwavering fidelity and affection which he manifested towards his wife. There were few husbands like him, at the time, in either respect. He was satirized for being superior to almost irresistible temptations; he was laughed at for having prayers in his camp, for turning reverently to God, before he turned fiercely against his foes; the epigrammatists were particularly severe against him, because he was honest enough to pay his debts and live within his income. But "his meanness?" well, his meanness might rather be called prudence, and if his censors had nourished in themselves something of the same quality, it would have been the better for themselves and their contemporaries, and, indeed, none the worse for their descendants. One of the alleged instances of Marlborough's meanness is cited, in his having once played at whist with Dean Jones, at which he left off, the winner of sixpence. The dean delayed to pay the stake, and the duke asked for it, stating that he wanted the sixpence for a chair to go home in. It seems to me that the meanness rested with the rich dean in not paying, and not with the millionaire duke in requiring to be paid.

No man ever spoke more disparagingly of Marlborough, than his enemy Lord Peterborough, though even he did justice to Marlborough's abilities; but Lord Peterborough was especially severe

on the duke's love of money. The latter spent wisely, the former squandered profusely, and cheated his heirs. The duke in the Bath-rooms, dunning a dean for sixpence, is not so degrading a picture as Peterborough, in the Bath market, cheapening commodities, and walking about in his blue ribbon and star, with a fowl in his hand, and a cabbage or a cauliflower under either arm. Peterborough was lewd and sensual, vain, passionate, and inconstant, a mocker of Christianity, and a remorseless transgressor of the laws of God and man. He was superior to Marlborough only in one thing—in spelling. A poor boast. Compare the duke, leading a well-regulated life, and walking daily with his God, to Peterborough, whose only approaches to religion consisted in his once going to hear Penn preach, because he "liked to be civil to all religions," and in his saying of Fenelon, that he was a delicious creature, but dangerous, because acquaintance with him was apt to make men pious!

Marlborough's favorite general, Cadogan, was one of the ornaments of the court of George and Caroline, down to 1726. They had reason to regard him, for he was a staunch Whig, but rather, as a diplomatist, perilling what he was commissioned to preserve. *His* morality is evidenced in his remark made when some one inquired, on the committal of Atterbury to the Tower, for Jacobite dealings, what should be done with the bishop? "Done with him!" roared Cadogan: "throw him to the lions!" Atterbury, on hearing of this meek suggestion, burst out with an explosion of alliterative fierceness, and denounced the earl to Pope, "as bold, bad, blundering, blustering, bloody, bully!" The episcopal sense of forgiveness was on a par with the sentiment of mercy which influenced the bosom of the soldier.

But Marlborough's social, severe, and domestic virtues were not asked for in the commanders of following years. Thus Macartney, despite the blood upon his hand, stained in the duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, was made colonel of the twenty-first regiment, six years previous to the queen's death. General Webb, who died two years previously, was thought nothing the worse for his Thrasonic propensity, and was forever boasting of his courage, and alluding to the four wounds he had received

in the battle of Wynendael. "My dear general," said the Duke of Argyle, on one of these occasions, "I wish you had received a fifth—in your tongue; for then everybody else would have talked of your deeds!"

Still more unfavorably shines another of the generals of this reign. I allude to Lord Cobham, who did not lack bravery, and who owes most of his celebrity to Pope. He did not care how wicked a man was, provided only he were a gentleman in his vices; and he was guilty of an act which Marlborough would have contemplated with horror—namely, tried hard to make infidels of two promising young gentlemen—Gilbert West and George, subsequently Lord, Lyttelton.

Marlborough, too, was vastly superior in morality to Blakeney, that brave soldier and admirable dancer of Irish jigs; but who was so given to amiable excesses, of which court and courtiers thought little at this liberal period, that he drank punch till he was paralyzed. And surely it was better, like Marlborough, to play for sixpences, than, like Wade, to built up and throw down fortunes, night after night, at the gaming-table. But there was a more celebrated general at the court of the second George than the road-constructing Wade. John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, was one of those men in high station whose acts tend to the weal or woe of inferior men who imitate them. Stair was forever gaily allowing his expenditure to exceed his income. His sense of honor was not so keen but that he would go in disguise among the Jacobites, profess to be of them, and betray their confidence. This dishonorable course of proceeding is now unknown at every court in the world save that of St. Petersburg. There, noblemen very unconcernedly accept the offices of spies, and officers bearing commissions kiss the hand of their exemplary master on taking leave to visit foreign arsenals, as friends, but with a very hostile end in view. Nay, it is said, that some of the ladies even of the imperial family are made serviceable for the same end, and as interesting invalids, sojourn on the sea-coasts of foreign lands, and make notes of all they observe, a knowledge of which may prove of value in some future emergency. This immorality has gone out of fashion with us for more than a century, but Lord

Stair, and the court of George the Second generally, would have looked upon it rather as a virtue. And yet, even Lord Stair could act with honest independence. He voted against Walpole's excise scheme, in 1733, although he knew that such a vote would cost him all his honors. He *was* accordingly turned out from his post of lord high admiral for Scotland. Caroline was angry at his vote, yet sorry for its consequences. "Why," said she to him, "why were you so silly as to thwart Walpole's views?" "Because, madam," was the reply, "I wished you and your family better than to support such a project." Stair merits, too, a word of commendation for his protesting against the merciless conduct of the government with respect to the captive Jacobites; and, like Marlborough, he was of praiseworthy conduct in private life, zealous for Presbyterianism, yet tolerant of all other denominations, and by his intense attachment to a Protestant succession, one of the most valuable supporters of the throne of George and Caroline. Both the men were consistent; but equal praise cannot be awarded to another good soldier of the period. The Duke of Argyle, who, when out of office, declared that a standing army, in time of peace, was ever fatal either to prince or nation; subsequently, when in office, as deliberately maintained that a standing army never had in any country the chief hand in destroying the liberties of the State. This sort of disgraceful versatility marked his entire political career; and it is further said of him that he "was meanly ambitious of emolument as a politician, and contemptibly mercenary as a patron." He had, however, one rare, and, by no means, unimportant virtue. "The strictest economy was enforced in his household, and his tradesmen were punctually paid once a month." This virtue was quite enough to purchase sneers for him in the cabinet of King George and the court of Queen Caroline. In the last year of the reign of that king died General Hawley, whose severity to his soldiers, agreeable as it was to George and to his son, the Duke of Cumberland, acquired for him in the ranks the title of lord chief-justice. An extract from his will may serve to show that the "lord chief-justice" had little in him of the Christian soldier. "I direct and order that, as there's now a peace, and I may die the common way, my carcase

may be put anywhere, 'tis equal to me; but I will have no more expense or ridiculous show than if a poor soldier, who is as good a man, were to be buried from the hospital. The priest, I conclude, will have his fee, let the puppy take it. Pay the carpenter for the carcase-box. I give to my sister 5000*l*. As to my other relations, I have none who want, and as I never was married, I have no heirs; I have, therefore, long since taken it into my head to adopt one son and heir, after the manner of the Romans; who I hereafter name, &c. . . . I have written all this," he adds, "with my own hand, and this I do because I hate all priests of all professions, and have the worst opinion of all members of the bar."

Having glanced at these social traits of men who were among the foremost of those who were above the rank of mere courtiers around the throne of the husband of Caroline, let us quit the palace, and seek for other samples of the people and the times, in the prisons, the private houses, and the public streets.

With regard to the prisons, it is easier to tell than to conceive the horrors even of the debtors' prisons of those days. Out of them, curiously enough, arose the colonization of the State of Georgia. General Oglethorpe having heard that a friend named Castle, an architect by profession, had died in consequence of the hardships inflicted on him in the Fleet Prison, instituted an inquiry by which discovery was made of some iniquitous proceedings. The unfortunate debtors, unable to pay their fees to the jailors, who had no salary, and lived upon what they could extort from the prisoners and their friends, were subjected to torture, chains, and starvation. The authorities of the prison were prosecuted, and penalties of fine and imprisonment laid upon them. A better result was, a parliamentary grant, with a public subscription, and private donations, whereby Oglethorpe was enabled to found a colony of liberated insolvents in Georgia. The half of the settlers were either insolvent simply because their richer and extravagant debtors neglected to pay their bills; the other half were the victims of their own extravagance.

There was, at the same time, some outward show of zeal for the cause of religion. Thus, the Rev. John Woolston, being prosecuted for writing four treatises on the birth and miracles of our

Saviour, and treating the subject so as to tend to the subversion of the Christian religion, was found guilty, was sentenced to be fined and imprisoned, and to give security for his future good behavior, himself in 100*l*, and his sureties in like sum. I mention this case, because similar offence is committed in the days of Queen Victoria, as it was in the time of Queen Caroline. The only difference is that we seldom put the blasphemers to any other bar but that of public opinion, and we leave to Mr. Henry Rogers, and the like gifted champions, to smite the offenders with the tomahawk of argument and proof.

Bad roads and ill-lighted ways are said to be proofs of indifferent civilization, when they are to be found in the neighborhood of great cities. If this be so, then civilization was not greatly advanced among us in this respect, a century and a quarter ago. Thus we read that on the 21st of November, 1780, "the king and queen coming from Kew Queen to St. James's, were overturned in their coach, near Lord Peterborough's, at Parson's Green, about six in the evening, the wind having blown out the flambeaux, so that the coachman could not see his way. But their majesties received no hurt, nor the two ladies who were in the coach with them."

If here was want of civilization, there was positive barbarity in other matters. For instance, here is a paragraph from the news of the day, under date, June 10th, 1731. "Joseph Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, for forging a deed, and after he had stood an hour, a chair was brought to the pillory scaffold, in which he was placed, and the hangman, with a pruning-knife, cut off both his ears, and with a pair of scissors slit both his nostrils, all which he bore with much patience; but when his right nostril was seared with a hot iron, the pain was so violent he could not bear it; whereupon his left nostril was not seared, but he was carried bleeding to a neighboring tavern, where he was as merry at dinner with his friends, after a surgeon had dressed his wounds, as if nothing of the kind had happened. He was afterwards imprisoned for life in the King's Bench, and the issues and profits of his lands were confiscated for his life, according to his sentence."

It was the period when savage punishment was very arbitrarily administered; and shortly after Sir Peter was mangled, without detriment to his gaiety, at Charing Cross, the gallant Captain Petre had very nearly got hanged at Constantinople. That gallant sailor and notable courtier had entertained our ambassador, Lord Kinneal, on board his ship, and honored him, on leaving the vessel at nine o'clock at night, with a salute of fifteen guns. The sultan happened to have gone to bed, and was aroused from his early slumbers by the report. He was so enraged, that he ordered the captain to be seized, bastinadoed, and hanged; and so little were King George and Queen Caroline, and England to boot, thought of in Turkey at that day, that it was with the greatest difficulty that the British ambassador could prevail on the sultan to pardon the offender. The court laughed at the incident. Cromwell would have avenged the affront.

But we must not fancy that we were much less savage in idea or in action at home. There was one John Waller, in 1732, who stood in the pillory in Seven Dials, for falsely swearing against persons whom he accused as highway robbers. The culprit was dreadfully pelted during the hour he stood exposed, but at the end of that time the mob tore him down and trampled him to death. Whether this too was considered a laughable matter at court, is not so certain. Even if so, the courtiers were soon made serious by the universal sickness which prevailed in London in the beginning of the year 1732. Headache and fever were the common symptoms, very few escaped, and a vast number died. In the last week of January, not less than fifteen hundred perished of the epidemic within the bills of mortality. There had not been so severe a visitation since the period of the plague. But our wonder may cease that headache and fever prevailed, when we recollect that gin was being sold, contrary to law, in not less than eight thousand different places in the metropolis, and that drunkenness was not the vice of the lower orders only.

I have here noticed a few of the social traits of the times down to the period of the death of Queen Caroline. To return finally to that queen, it has been truly said of her, that with all her opportunities, she never abused the power which she held over

the king's mind, by employing it for the promotion of her own friends and favorites. This, however, is but negative, or questionable praise. There is, too, an anecdote extant, the tendency of which is to show that she was somewhat given to the enjoyment of uncontrolledly exercising the power she had attained, for her personal purposes. Thus, she had prepared plans for enclosing St. James's Park, shutting out the public, and keeping it for the exclusive pleasure of herself and the royal family. It was by mere chance, when she had matured her plans, that she asked a nobleman connected with the board which then attended to what our board of Woods and Forests neglects, what the carrying out of such a plan might cost. "Madam," said the witty and right-seeing functionary, "such a plan *might* cost three crowns." Caroline was as ready of wit as he, and not only understood the hint, but showed she could apply it, by abandoning her intention.

And yet, she doubtless did so with regret, for gardens and their arrangements were her especial delight; and she *did* succeed in taking a portion of Hyde Park from the public, and throwing the same into Kensington Gardens. The queen thought she compensated for depriving the public of land by giving them more water. There was a rivulet which ran through the park, and this she converted, by help from Hampstead streams and land drainage near at hand, into what is so magniloquently styled the Serpentine River. It is not a river, nor is it serpentine, except by a slight twist of the imagination. It remains an ornament of the park, and a peril to all who linger on its banks. The public health is the last thing cared for by the Board which is supposed to be most concerned with it. Were it otherwise, we might hope that a suggestion in the right direction would be productive of good results; but he who submits to a government office any project tending to promote the welfare, honor, and glory of England, is received with as much cordiality as a wasp in a bee-hive; and so Caroline's Serpentine will continue to stand, stink, and slay.

This queen was equally busy with her garden at Richmond and at Kew. The king used to praise her for effecting great wonders at little cost; but the fact is, that she contrived to squeeze con-

tributions from the ministry, of which the monarch knew nothing. She had a fondness too, rather than a taste, for garden architecture, and was given to build grottoes and crowd them with statues. A chapter might be written upon the droll juxtaposition to which she brought the counterfeit presentments of defunct sages, warriors, and heroes; but space, happily for the reader, fails to admit of that chapter being written.

I will only add here, that there was one child of George and Caroline more especially anxious than any other to afford her widowed father consolation, on the death of the queen. That child was the haughty Anne, Princess of Orange. She had strong, but most unreasonable, hopes of succeeding to the influence which had so long been enjoyed by her royal mother, and she came over in hot haste from Holland, on the plea of benefiting her health, which was then in a precarious state. The king, however, was quite a match for his ambitious and presuming child, and peremptorily rejected her proffered condolence. This was done with such prompt decision, that the princess was compelled to return to Holland immediately. The king would not allow her, it is said, to pass a second night in the metropolis. He probably remembered her squabbles with his father's "favorite," Miss Brett; and the disconsolate man was not desirous of having his peace disturbed by the renewal of similar scenes with his own "favorite," Lady Yarmouth. It was an exemplary and edifying family!

Of all the eulogies passed upon Caroline, few, if any, were so profuse in their laudation as that contained in a sermon preached before the council at Boston, in America, by the Rev. Samuel Mather. There was not a virtue known which the transatlantic chaplain did not attribute to her. As woman, the minister pronounced her perfect; as queen, she was that and sublime to boot. As regent, she possessed, for the time, the king's wisdom added to her own. Good Mr. Mather too is warrant for the soundness of her faith; and he applied to her the words of Judith: "There was none that gave her an ill word, for she feared God greatly."

William III. is recorded as having said of his consort Mary, that if he could believe any mortal was born without the contagion

of sin, he would believe it of the queen. Upon citing which passage, the Bostonian exclaims: "And oh, gracious Caroline, thy respected consort was ready to make the same observation of thee; so pure, so chaste, so religious wast thou, and so in all good things exemplary, amidst the excesses of a magnificent court, and in an age of luxury and wantonness." And he thus proceeds: "The pious queen was constant at her secret devotions; and she loved the habitation of God's house; and from regard to the divine institutions, with delight and steadiness attended on them. And as she esteemed and practised every duty of piety towards the Almighty, so she detested and frowned on every person and thing that made but an appearance of what was wicked and impious. As she performed every duty incumbent on her towards her beloved subjects, so she deeply revered the king; and while his majesty honors her and will grieve for her to his last moments, her royal offspring rise up and call her blessed." And this incidental mention of the royal offspring induces the preacher to grow artistical, and he forthwith paints the following family picture:—

"Seven are the children which she has left behind her. These, like the noble Roman Cornelia, she took to be her chief ornaments. Accordingly, it was both her care and her pleasure to improve their minds and form their manners, that so they might hereafter prove blessings to the nation and the world. What a lovely, heavenly sight must it have been to behold the majestic royal matron, with her faithful and obsequious offspring around her! So the planetary orbs about the sun gravitate towards it, keep their proper distance from it, and receive from it the measures of light and influence respectively belonging to them. Such was—oh, fatal grief!—such was the late most excellent queen."

The issue of the marriage of Caroline and George II. comprised four sons and five daughters—namely, Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, born January 20th, 1706; Anne, Princess of Orange, born October 22, 1709; Caroline Elizabeth, born May 31, 1713; William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, born April 15th, 1721; the Princess Mary, born February 22, 1723; the Princess Louisa, born December 7, 1724. All these survived the queen. There

was also a prince born in November, 1716, who did not survive his birth; and George William, Duke of Gloucester, born November 2, 1717, who died in February of the year following.

It is only necessary to add further, that at the funeral of Caroline, which was called "decently private," but which was, in truth, marked by much of splendor and ceremony, not the king, but the Princess Amelia, acted as chief mourner, and that the anthem, "The Ways of Zion do mourn," was "set to Musick by Mr. Handell." Of all the verses poured out on the occasion of her death, two specimens are subjoined. They show how the queen was respectively dealt with by the Democritus and Heraclitus of her subjects:—

"Here lies, lamented by the poor and great—
(Prop of the Church, and glory of the State)—
A woman, late a mighty monarch's queen,
Above all flattery, and above all spleen;
Loved by the good, and hated by the evil,
Pursued, now dead, by satire and the devil.
With steadfast zeal (which kindled in her youth)
A foe to bigotry, a friend to truth;
Too generous for the lust of lawless rule,
Nor Persecution's nor Oppression's tool:
In Locke's, in Clarke's in Hoadley's paths she trod,
Nor fear'd to follow where *they* follow'd God.
To all obliging and to all sincere,
Wise to choose friendships, firm to persevere.
Free without rudeness; great without disdain;
An hypocrite in naught but *hiding pain*.
To courts she taught the rules of just expense,
Join'd with economy, magnificence;
Attention to a kingdom's vast affairs,
Attention to the meanest mortal's cares;
Profusion might consume, or avarice hoard,
'Twas hers to feed, unknown, the scanty board.
Thus of each human excellence possess'd,
With as few faults as e'er attend the best;
Dear to her lord, to all her children dear,
And (to the last her thought, her conscience clear)
Forgiving all, forgiven and approved,
To peaceful worlds her peaceful soul removed."

The above panegyric was drawn up as a reply to an epitaph of

another character, which was then in circulation, from the pen of a writer who contemplated his subject in another point of view. It was to this effect:—

"Here lies unpitied, both by Church and State,
The subject of their flattery and hate;
Flatter'd by those on whom her favors flow'd,
Hated for favors impiously bestow'd;
Who aim'd the Church by Churchmen to betray,
And hoped to share in arbitrary sway.
In Tindal's and in Hoadley's paths she trod,
An hypocrite in all but disbelief in God.
Promoted luxury, encouraged vice,
Herself a sordid slave to avarice.
True friendship's tender love ne'er touch'd her heart,
Falsehood appear'd in vice disguised by art.
Fawning and haughty; when familiar, rude;
And never civil seem'd but to delude.
Inquisitive in trifling, mean affairs,
Heedless of public good or orphan's tears;
To her own offspring mercy she denied,
And, unforgiving, unforgiven died."

CHAPTER X.

THE REIGN OF THE WIDOWER.

THE era of peace ended with Caroline. Walpole endeavored to prolong the era, but Spanish aggression against the English flag in South America drove the ministry into a war. The success of Vernon at Porto Bello rendered the war highly popular. The public enthusiasm was sustained by Anson, but it was materially lowered by our defeat at Carthage, which prepared the way for the downfall of the minister of Caroline. Numerous and powerful were the opponents of Walpole, and no section of them exhibited more fierceness or better organization than that of which the elder son of Caroline was the founder and great captain.

Frederick, however, was versatile enough to be able to devote as much time to pleasure as to politics.

As the *roué* Duke of Orleans, when Regent, and indeed before he exercised that responsible office, was given to stroll with his witty but graceless followers, and a band of graceful but witless ladies, through the fairs of St. Laurent and St. Germain, tarrying there till midnight to see and hear the drolleries of "Punch" and the plays of the puppets, so the princes of the royal blood of England condescended, with much alacrity, to perambulate Bartholomew Fair, and to enjoy the delicate amusements then and there provided. An anonymous writer, some thirty years ago, inserted in the "New European Magazine," from an older publication, an account of a royal visit, in 1740, to the ancient revels of St. Bartholomew. In this amusing record we are told, that "the multitude behind was impelled violently forwards, a broad blaze of red light issuing from a score of flambeaux, streamed into the air; several voices were loudly shouting, 'Room there for Prince Frederick! make way for the prince!' and there was that long sweep heard to pass over the ground, which indicates the approach of a grand and ceremonious train. Presently the pressure became much greater, the voices louder, the light stronger, and, as the train came onward, it might be seen that it consisted, firstly of a party of yeomen of the guards clearing the way; then several more of them bearing flambeaux, and flanking the procession: while in the midst of all appeared a tall, fair, and handsome young man, having something of a plump foreign visage, seemingly about four-and-thirty years of age, dressed in a ruby-colored frock-coat, very richly guarded with gold lace, and having his long flowing hair curiously curled over his forehead and at the sides, and finished with a very large bag and courtly queue behind. The air of dignity with which he walked; the blue ribbon and star-and-garter with which he was decorated; the small, three-cornered, silk court-hat, which he wore while all around him were uncovered; the numerous suite, as well of gentlemen as of guards, which marshalled him along; the obsequious attention of a short, stout person who, by his flourishing manner, seemed to be a player;—all these particulars indicated that the amiable Frederick, Prince of Wales, was visiting Bartholomew Fair by torch-light, and that manager Rich was introducing his royal guest to

all the amusements of the place. However strange," adds the author, "this circumstance may appear to the present generation, yet it is nevertheless strictly true; for about 1740, when the revels of Smithfield were extended to three weeks and a month, it was not considered derogatory to persons of the first rank and fashion to partake in the broad humor and theatrical entertainments of the place."

In the following year the divisions between the king and the prince made party-spirit run high, and he who followed the sire very uncereimoniously denounced the son. To such a one there was a court at St. James's, but none at Carlton House. Walpole tells a story which illustrates at once this feeling, and the sort of wit possessed by the courtiers of the day. "Somebody that belonged to the Prince of Wales said they were going to court. It was objected, that they ought to say 'going to Carlton House;' that the only *court* is where the king resides. Lady Pomfret, with her paltry air of learning and absurdity, said, 'Oh, Lord! is there no *court* in England but the king's? sure, there are many more! There is the *Court* of Chancery, the *Court* of Exchequer, the *Court* of King's Bench, &c.' Don't you love her? Lord Lincoln does her daughter." Lord Lincoln, the nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, the minister, was a frequenter of St. James's, and, says Horace, "not only his uncle-duke, but even majesty is fallen in love with him. He talked to the king at his levée without being spoken to. That was always thought high treason, but I don't know how the gruff gentleman liked it." The gruff gentleman was the king, and the phrase paints him at a stroke, like one of Cruikshank's lines, by which not only is a figure drawn, but expression given to it.

The greatest oddities of the time were not to be found exclusively in the court circle. The mad Duchess of Buckingham, who claimed to have a good right to the privileges of the park, as George I. himself, was still alive, and of note, during part of the reign of George II. Her pride rendered her mad, or rather such pride as hers was, in itself, madness. Proud of being even an illegitimate daughter of James II. forgetting that such pride was only perpetuating the memory of the infamy of her mother, Lady

Dorchester, she looked upon George and Caroline with contempt, and upon herself as the true head of the Jacobite party in England. On one occasion she even went to the Opera *en princesse*, in robes, red velvet, and ermine. When her son, the second Duke of Buckingham, died, she requested the old Duchess of Marlborough to lend her the stately hearse on which the body of the Warrior-Duke had been carried to the grave. The request was tartly, but naturally, declined by the indignant Sarah; whereupon the daughter of James declared she could get as good a hearse for twenty pounds. If the mad duchess could not establish a court, she at least maintained a sort of royal state, and was especially royal and stately in her manners. "I must tell you a story of her," says Walpole. "Last week she sent for Cori, to pay him for her opera-ticket. He was not at home, but went in an hour afterwards. She said, 'Did he treat her like a tradeswoman?' She would teach him to respect women of her birth, and bade him come next morning at nine." He came, and she made him wait till eight at night, only sending him an omelet and a bottle of wine. "As it was Friday, and he a Catholic, she supposed he did not eat meat." At length she received him in all the form of a princess giving audience to an ambassador. "Now," she said, "she had punished him." After all, if her conduct wore an insane complexion, it was neither so senseless nor so dishonest as that of Lord Brooke, a wavering courtier of the day, who, in the House of Peers, voted one day on one side, the second on the opposite, and the third not at all; thus endeavoring to please king, prince, and himself, and not succeeding with either party.

The prince's party, however, combined with other opponents, effected the overthrow of Caroline's favorite minister, Walpole, in 1742. The succeeding Cabinet, at the head of which was Lord Wilmington, did not very materially differ in principles and measures from that of their predecessors. In the same year died Caroline's other favorite, Lady Sundon, mistress of the robes.

"Lord Sundon is in great grief," says Walpole. "I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the queen. She had great power with her, though the queen affected to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power by, some secret. I was

saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure, she is dead very rich.' She replied with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home I mentioned this to Sir Robert. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels. Lord Pomfret's place of master of the horse to the queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value.' One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?' 'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?' Sir Robert told me that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite and govern the kingdom together; he bowed, begged her patronage, but, he said, he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom but the king and queen." That king, unsustained now by his consort, appears to have become anxious to be reconciled with his son the Prince of Wales, at this time, when reports of a Stuart rebellion began to be rife, and when theatrical audiences applied passages in plays, in a favorable sense, to the prince. The reconciliation was effected; but it was clumsily contrived, and was coldly and awkwardly concluded. An agent from the king induced the prince to open the way by writing to his father. This was a step which the prince was reluctant to take, and which he only took at last with the worst possible grace. The letter reached the king late at night, and on reading it he appointed the following day for the reception of Frederick, who, with five gentlemen of his court, repaired to St. James's, where he was received by "the gruff gentleman," in the drawing-room. The yielding sire simply asked him, "How does the princess do? I hope she is well." The dutiful son answered the query, kissed the paternal hand, and respectfully, as far as outward demonstration could evidence it, took his leave. He did not depart, however, until he had distinguished those courtiers present whom he held to be his friends, by speaking to them; the rest he passed coldly by. As the reconciliation was accounted of as an accomplished fact, and as the king had condescended to speak a word or two to some of the most intimate friends of his son; and finally, as the entire royal family went together to the Duchess of

Norfolk's, where "the streets were illuminated and bonfired;" there was a great passing to and fro of courtiers, of either faction, between St. James's and Carlton House. Secker, who went to the latter residence with Benton, Bishop of Gloucester, to pay his respects, says that the prince and princess were *civil* to both of them.

The reconciliation was worth an additional fifty thousand pounds a year to the prince, so that obedience to a father could hardly be more munificently rewarded. "He will have money now," says Walpole, "to tune up Glover, and Thomson, and Dodsley again:—

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum."

There was much outward show of gladness at this court, pageants and "reviews to gladden the heart of David and triumphs of Absalom," as Walpole profanely styles his majesty and the heir-apparent. The latter, with the princess, went "in great parade through the city and the dust to dine at Greenwich." They took water at the Tower, and trumpeting away to Grace Tosi—

Like Cimon, trampled over land and wave.

In another direction there were some lively proceedings, which would have amused Caroline herself. Tranquil and dull as Kensington Palace looks, its apartments were occasionally the scene of more rude than royal *fracas*. Thus we are told of one of the daughters of the king pulling a chair from under the Countess Deloraine, just as that not too exemplary lady was about to sit down to cards. His majesty laughed at the lady's tumble, at which she was so doubly pained, that watching for revenge and opportunity, she contrived to give the sovereign just such another fall. The sacred person of the king was considerably bruised, and the trick procured nothing more for the countess than exclusion from court, where her place of favor was exclusively occupied by Madame Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, who had been brought over to England immediately after the death of Caroline.

We often hear of the wits of one era becoming the butts of the next, and without wit enough left to escape the shafts let fly at them. Walpole thus describes a drawing-room held at St. James's

to which some courtiers resorted in the dresses they had worn under Queen Anne. "There were so many new faces," says Horace, "that I scarce knew where I was; I should have taken it for Carlton House, or my Lady Mayoress's visiting day, only the people did not seem enough at home, but rather, as admitted, to see the king dine in public. It is quite ridiculous to see the number of old ladies, who, from having been wives of patriots, have not been dressed these twenty years; out they come with all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days. Then the joy and awkward jollity of them is inexpressible; they titter, and wherever you meet them, they are always going to court, and looking at their watches an hour before the time. I met several at the birth-day, and they were dressed in all the colors of the rainbow; they seem to have said to themselves twenty years ago: 'Well! if I ever do go to court again, I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver,' and they kept their resolutions."

The English people had now been long looking towards that great battle-field of Europe, Flanders, mingling memories of past triumphs with hopes of future victories. George II. went heartily into the cause of Maria Theresa, when the French sought to deprive her of her imperial inheritance. In the campaign which ensued was fought that battle of Dettingen which Lord Stair so nearly lost, where George behaved so bravely, mounted or a-foot, and where the Scots Greys enacted their bloody and triumphant duel with the *gens-d'armes* of France.

Meanwhile, Frederick was unemployed. When the king and the Duke of Cumberland proceeded to the army in Flanders, a regency was formed, of which Walpole says, "I think the prince might have been of it when Lord Gower is. I don't think the latter more Jacobite than his royal highness."

When the king and the duke returned from their triumphs on the continent, the former younger for his achievements, the latter older by the gout and an accompanying limp, London gave them a reception worthy of the most renowned of heroes. In proportion as the king saw himself popular with the citizens, did he cool towards the Prince of Wales. The latter, with his two sisters, stood on the stairs of St. James's Palace to receive the chief hero;

but though the princess was only confined the day before, and Prince George lay ill of the small-pox, the king passed by his son without offering him a word or otherwise noticing him. This rendered the king unpopular, without turning the popular affection towards the eldest son of Caroline. Nor was that son deserving of such affection. His heart had few sympathies for England, nor was he elated by her victories or made sad by her defeats. On the contrary, in 1745, when the news arrived in England of the "tristis gloria," the illustrious disaster at Fontenoy, which made so many hearts in England desolate, Frederick went to the theatre in the evening, and two days after he wrote a French ballad, "Bacchic, Anacreontic, and Erotic," addressed to those ladies with whom he was going to act in Congreve's masque of "The Judgment of Paris." It was full of praise of late and deep drinking, of intercourse with the fair, of stoical contempt for misfortune, of expressed indifference whether Europe had one or many tyrants, and of a pococurantism for all things and forms except his *chère Sylvie*, by whom he was good-naturedly supposed to mean his wife. But this solitary civility cannot induce us to change our self-gratulation at the fact that a man with such a heart was not permitted to ascend the throne of Great Britain. In the year after he wrote the ballad alluded to, he created a new opposition against the crown, by the counsels of Lord Bath, "who got him from Lord Granville: the latter and his faction acted with the court." Of the princess, Walpole says, "I firmly believe, by all her quiet sense, she will turn out a Caroline."

The princess had a rather precocious daughter in the "Lady Augusta." In this year, 1743, at a reception at Leicester House, the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the circle. The little Lady Augusta, future mother of a Queen of England, whose life we shall have to narrate, exhibited herself in a light that lends but a sad aspect to the royal education imparted in those times. The little princess heard some one call Sir Robert Reed by his knightly title and his christian name. She at once concluded that he was Sir Robert Walpole (then, indeed, Lord Orford), and she "went staring up to him, and said, 'Pray, where is your blue string?'—and, pray, what has become of your

fat belly?" It is a pity that a child quick enough to take popular impressions of caricatured statesmen, had not had her faculties employed to better purpose. She never was much wiser, and poor Caroline of Brunswick was not unlike her mother.

While precocious young ladies were growing up, celebrated old ones were passing away. In this year died that favorite of George I. who more than any other woman had enjoyed in his household and heart the place which should have belonged to his wife, Sophia Dorothea. This Mademoiselle von Schulemberg, of the days of the Electorate, died Duchess of Kendal by favor of the King of England, and Princess of Eberstein by favor of the Emperor of Germany. So had earthly potentates delighted to honor earthly infamy. She died at the age of eighty-five, immensely rich. Her wealth was inherited by her so-called "niece," Lady Walsingham, who married Lord Chesterfield. "But I believe," says Walpole, "that he will get nothing by the duchess's death—but his wife. She lived in the house with the duchess, where he had played away all his credit."

George loved to hear his Dettingen glories eulogized in annual odes sung before him. But brave as he was, he had not much cause for boasting. The Dettingen laurels were changed into cypress at Fontenoy by the Duke of Cumberland in 1744, whose suppression of the Scottish rebellion in 1745 gained for him more credit than he deserved. The treaty of Aix-la-Capelle, by which our continental war was concluded in 1748, gave peace to England, but little or no glory.

The intervening years were years of interest to some of the children of Caroline. Thus, in June, 1746, the Prince of Hesse came over to England to marry the second daughter of Caroline, the Princess Mary. He was royally entertained, but on one occasion he met with an accident which Walpole calls "a most ridiculous tumble t'other night at the opera. They had not pegged up his box tight after the ridotto, and down he came on all fours. George Selwyn says he carried it off with an *unembarrassed* countenance."

In a year Mary was glad to escape from the brutality of her husband, and repair to England, under pretext of being obliged

to drink the Bath waters. She was an especial favorite with her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, and with the Princess Caroline.

The result of this marriage gave little trouble to the king. He was much more annoyed when the Prince of Wales formerly declared a new opposition (in 1747), which was never to subside till he was on the throne. "He began it pretty handsomely, the other day," says Walpole, "with 143 to 184, which has frightened the ministry like a bomb. This new party wants nothing but heads; though not having any," says Horace, wittily, "to be sure the struggle is fairer." It was led by Lord Baltimore, a man with "a good deal of jumbled knowledge." The spirit of the father certainly dwelt in some of his children. The king, we are told, sent Steinberg, on one occasion, to examine the prince's children in their learning. The boy acquitted himself well in his Latin grammar, but Steinberg told him it would please his majesty and profit the prince, if the latter would attend more to attaining proficiency in the German language. "German, German!" said the boy, "any dull child can learn that!" The prince, as he said it, "squinted" at the baron, and the baron was doubtless but little flattered by the remark, or the look, of the boy. The king was probably as surprised, and as little pleased to hear the remark, as he was a few months later to discover that the Prince of Wales and the Jacobite party had united in a combined parliamentary opposition against the government. However, Prince Edward's remark and the Prince of Wales's opposition did not prevent the king from conferring the Order of the Garter on the little Prince George, in 1749. The youthful knight, afterwards King of England, was carried in his father's arms to the door of the king's closet. There the Duke of Dorset received him, and carried him to the king. The boy then commenced a speech, which had been taught him by his tutor, Ayscough, Dean of Bristol. His father no sooner heard the oration commenced, than he interrupted its progress, by a vehement "No, no!" The boy, embarrassed, stopped short, then after a moment of hesitation, recommenced his complimentary harangue; but with the opening words, again came the prohibitory "No, no!" from the prince, and thus was the eloquence of the young chevalier rudely silenced.

But it was not only the peace of the king, his very palaces were put in peril at this time. The installation of Lady Yarmouth at Kensington, after the fracas occasioned by Lady Deloraine, had nearly resulted in the destruction of the palace. Lady Yarmouth resided in the room which had been occupied by Lady Suffolk, who disregarded damp and cared nothing for the crop of fungi raised by it in her room. Not so Lady Yarmouth, at least after she had contracted an ague. She then kept up such a fire that the woodwork caught, and destruction to the edifice was near upon following. There were vacant chambers enough, and sufficiently comfortable, but the king would not allow them to be inhabited even by his favorite. "The king hoards all he can," writes Walpole, "and has locked up half the palace since the queen's death; so he does at St. James's, and I believe would put the rooms out at interest if he could get a closet a year for them."

The division which had again sprung up between sire and son daily widened until death relieved the former of his permanent source of vexation. This event took place in 1751. Some few years previous to that period, the Prince of Wales, when playing at tennis or cricket, at Cliefden, received a blow from a ball, which gave him some pain, but of which he thought little. It was neglected, and one result of such neglect was a permanent weakness of the lungs. In the early part of this year, he had suffered from pleurisy, but had recovered—at least, partially recovered. A previous fall from his horse had rendered him more than usually delicate. Early in March he had been in attendance at the House of Lords, on occasion of the king, his father, giving his royal sanction to some bills. This done, the prince returned, much heated, in a chair, with the windows down, to Carlton House. He changed his dress, put on light, unaired clothing, and as if that had not been perilous enough, he had the madness, after hurrying to Kew, and walking about the gardens there in very inclement weather, to lie down for three hours after his return to Carlton House, upon a couch in a very cold room that opened upon the gardens. Lord Egmont suggested the danger of such a course; the prince laughed at the thought. He was as obstinate as his father, to whom Sir Robert Walpole once observed, on

finding him equally intractable during a fit of illness, "Sir, do you know what your father died of? Of thinking he could not die." The prince, in like manner, ridiculed good counsel, and before the next morning his life was in danger. He rallied, and during one of his hours of least suffering he sent for his eldest son, and embracing him with unaffected tenderness, remarked, "Come, George, let us be good friends while we are permitted to be so." Three physicians, with Wilmot and Hawkins, the surgeons, were in constant attendance upon him, and, curiously enough, their united wisdom pronounced that the prince was out of danger, only the day before he died. Then came a relapse, an eruption of the skin, a marked difficulty of breathing, and an increase of cough. Still he was not considered in danger. Some members of his family were at cards in the adjacent room, and Desnoyers, the celebrated dancing-master, who, like St. Leon, was as good a violinist as he was a dancer, was playing the violin at the prince's bedside, when the latter was seized with a violent fit of coughing. When this had ceased, Wilmot expressed a hope that his royal patient would be better, and would pass a quiet night. Hawkins detected symptoms which he thought of great gravity. The cough returned with increased violence, and Frederick, placing his hand upon his stomach, murmured feebly: "*Je sens la mort!*" ("I feel death!") Desnoyers held him up, and feeling him shiver, exclaimed: "The prince is going!" At that moment, the Princess of Wales was at the foot of the bed; she caught up a candle, rushed to the head of the bed, and, bending down over her husband's face, she saw that he was dead.

So ended the wayward life of the eldest son of Caroline; so terminated the married life of him which began so gaily when he was gliding about the crowd in his nuptial chamber, in a gown and night-cap of silver tissue. The bursting of an imposthume between the pericardium and diaphragm, the matter of which fell upon the lungs, suddenly killed him whom the heralds called "high and mighty prince," and the heir to a throne lay dead in the arms of a French fiddler. *Les extrêmes se touchent!*—though Desnoyers, be it said, was quite as honest a man as his master.

Intelligence of the death of his son was immediately conveyed to

George the Second, by Lord North. The king was at Kensington, and when the messenger stood at his side and communicated in a whisper the doleful news, his majesty was looking over a card-table, at which the players were the Princess Amelia, the Duchess of Dorset, the Duke of Grafton, and the Countess of Yarmouth. He turned to the messenger, and merely remarked in a low voice: "Dead, is he? Why, they told me he was better;" and then, going round to his mistress, the Countess of Yarmouth, he very calmly observed to her: "Countess, Fred is gone!" And that was all the sorrow expressed by a father at the loss of a first-born boy who had outlived his father's love. The king, however, sent kind messages to the widow, who exhibited on the occasion much courage and sense.

As the prince died without priestly aid, so was his funeral unattended by a single bishop to do him honor or pay him respect. With the exception of Frederick's own household and the lords appointed to hold the pall, "there was not present one English lord, not one bishop, and only one Irish peer (Limerick), two sons of dukes, one baron's son, and two privy councillors." It was not that want of respect was intentional, but that no due notice was issued from any office as to the arrangements of the funeral. The body was carried from the House of Lords to Westminster Abbey, but without a canopy, and the funeral service was performed undignified by either anthem or organ.

But the prince's friend, Bubb Dodington, poured out a sufficient quantity of expressed grief to serve the entire nation, and make up for all lack of ceremony or of sorrow elsewhere. In a letter to Mann, he swore that the prince was the delight, ornament, and expectation of the world. In losing him, the wretched had lost their refuge, balm, and shelter. Art, science, and grace had to deplore the loss of a patron, and, in that loss, a remedy for the ills of society had perished also! "Bubb de Tristibus" goes on to say that he had lost more than any other man by the death of the prince, seeing that his highness had condescended to stoop to him, and be his own familiar friend. Bubb protested that if he ever allowed the wounds of his grief to heal he should be forever infamous, and finally running a muck with his figures of speech,

he declares:—"I should be unworthy of all consolation if I was not inconsolable." This is the spirit of a partisan, but, on the other side, the spirit of party was never exhibited in a more malignantly petty aspect than on the occasion of the death of the prince. The gentlemen of his bedchamber were ordered to be in attendance near the body, from ten in the morning till the conclusion of the funeral. The government, however, would order them no refreshment, and the board of green cloth would provide them with none, without such order. Even though princes die, *il faut que tout le monde vive*, and, accordingly, these poor gentlemen sent to a neighboring tavern, and gave orders for a cold dinner to be furnished them. The authorities were too tardily ashamed of thus insulting faithful servants of rank and distinction, and commanded the necessary refreshments to be provided. They were accepted, but the tavern dinner was paid for and given to the poor.

The widowed Augusta, who had throughout her married life exhibited much mental superiority, with great kindness of disposition, and that under circumstances of great difficulty, and sometimes of a character to inflict vexation on the calmest nature, remained in the room by the side of the corpse of her husband for full four hours, unwilling to believe in the assurances given her that he was really dead. She was, then, the mother of eight children, expecting to be shortly the mother of a ninth, and she was brought reluctantly to acknowledge that their father was no more. It was six in the morning before her attendants could persuade her to retire to bed, but she rose again at eight, and then, with less thought for her grief than anxiety for the honor of him whose death was the cause of it, she proceeded to the prince's room, and burned the whole of his private papers. By this action, the world lost some rare supplementary chapters to a *Chronique Scandaleuse*.

The prince's party had been at the height, if not of power, at least of satisfaction at the prospect of it, in January, 1751, when the subsidiary treaties with Germany had rendered the king's government exceedingly unpopular. The party was further elated by the expected secession of Lord Cobham and several of his follow-

ers from the ranks of the ministry to those of the prince and opposition. But the death of Frederick disconcerted all the measures of intriguing men, and brought about a great change in the councils of the court as of the factions opposed to the court. "The death of our prince," wrote Whitfield, "has afflicted you. It has given me a shock, but the Lord reigneth, and that is my comfort." The Duchess of Somerset, writing to Dr. Doddridge, says on the same subject: "Providence seems to have directed the blow where we thought ourselves the most secure; for among the many schemes of hopes and fears which people were laying down to themselves, this was never mentioned as a supposable event. The harmony which appears to subsist between his majesty and the Princess of Wales is the best support for the spirits of the nation, under their present concern and astonishment. He died in the forty-fifth year of his age, and is generally allowed to have been a prince of amiable and generous disposition, of elegant manners, and of considerable talents."

The opposition which the prince had maintained against the government of the father who had provoked him to it, was not an undignified one. Unlike his sire, he did not "hate both bainting and boetry;" and painters and poets were welcome at his court, as were philosophers and statesmen. It was only required that they should be adverse to Walpole. Among them were the able and urbane wits, Chesterfield and Carteret, Pulteney and Sir William Wyndham; the aspiring young men, Pitt, Lyttelton, and the Grenvilles: Swift, Pope, and Thomson, lent their names and pens to the prince's service, while astute and fiery Bolingbroke aimed to govern in the circle where he affected to serve.

All the reflections made upon the death of the prince were not so simple of quality as those of the Duchess of Somerset. Horace Walpole cites a preacher at Mayfair Chapel, who "improved" the occasion after this not very satisfactory or conclusive fashion: "He had no great parts, but he had great virtues—indeed, they degenerated into vices. He was very generous; but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then, his condescension was such that he kept very bad company." Not less known, and yet claiming a place here, is the smart Jacobite epitaph, so little

flattering to the dead, that had all Spartan epitaphs been as little laudatory, the Ephori would never have issued a decree entirely prohibiting them. It was to this effect:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead !
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one could have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation :
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There is no more to be said.

I have not mentioned among those who were the frequenters of his court, the name of Lady Huntingdon. With her lord and her young and worthless kinsman, the assassin Lord Ferrars, she was often in the gay and intriguing circle, until her mind became directed in pursuit of a better object. Her withdrawal brought down upon her a shower of ridicule, and the "beast" family were as loudly unclean in their remarks upon herself and Whitfield as on a recent occasion, when those nasty, prurient people, affected to turn up their noses with a shocked sense, as by something impure, at the idea of Miss Nightingale tending the wounded and dying men in the hospital at Scutari. Frederick had the good sense to appreciate Lady Huntingdon, and he did not despise her because of a little misdirected enthusiasm. On missing her from his circle, he inquired of the gay, but subsequently the godly, Lady Charlotte Edwin, where Lady Huntingdon could be, that he no longer saw her at his court. "Oh, I dare say," exclaimed the unconcerned Lady Charlotte—"I dare say she is praying with her beggars." Frederick had the good sense and the courage to turn sharply round upon her, and say: "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to lift me up to Heaven." This phrase was not forgotten

when the adapter of Cibber's "Non-juror" turned that play into the "Hypocrite," and introducing the fanatic Mawworm, put into his mouth a sentiment uttered for the sake of the laugh which it never failed to raise, but which originated, in sober sadness, with Frederick Prince of Wales.

The truth is that the character of Caroline's son was full of contradictions; contrarieties would be, perhaps, a better word. He had low tastes, but he also possessed those of a gentleman and a prince. When the *Rambler* first appeared, he so enjoyed its stately wisdom, that he sought after the author, in order to serve him, if he needed service. His method of "serving" an author was not mere lip compliment. Pope, indeed, might be satisfied with receiving from him a complimentary visit at Twickenham. The poet there was on equal terms with the prince; and when the latter asked how it was that the author who hurled his shafts against kings could be so friendly towards the son of a king—Pope somewhat pertly answered, that he who dreaded the lion might safely enough fondle the cub. But Frederick could really be princely to authors; and what is even more, he could do a good action gracefully, an immense point when there is a good action to be done. Thus to Tindal, he sent a gold medal worth forty guineas; and to dry and dusty Glover, for whose *Leonidas* he had as much respect as Montgomery had for the poem of *Alfred*, he sent a note for 500*l.*, when the poet was in difficulties. This handsome gift, too, was sent unasked. The son of song was honored and not humiliated by the gift. It does not matter whether Lyttelton, or any one else, taught him to be the patron of literature and literary men; it is to his credit that he recognized them, acknowledged their services, and saw them with pleasure at his little court, often giving them precedence over those whose greatness was the mere result of the accident of birth. Like the King of Prussia, he not only protected poets, but he wooed the muse. Those shy ladies, however, loved him none the better for being a benefactor to their acknowledged children. The rhymes of Frederick were generally devoted to the ecstatic praises of his wife. The matter was good, but the manner was execrable. The lady deserved all that was said, but her virtues merited a more gracefully skilful eulogist.

The reasoning was perfect, but the rhymes halted abominably. But how could it be otherwise? Apollo himself would not stoop to inspire a writer who, while piling up poetical compliments above the head of his blameless wife, was paying adoration, at all events not less sincere, to most worthless ladies of the court. The apparently exemplary father, within the circle of home, where presided a beautiful mother, over a bright young family, was a wretched libertine outside of that circle. His sin was great, and his taste of the vilest. His "favorites" had nothing of youth, beauty, or intellect to distinguish them, or to serve for the poor apology of infidelity. Lady Archibald Hamilton was plain and in years when she enjoyed her bad pre-eminence. Miss Vane was impudent and a maid of honor, by office; nothing else: while Lady Middlesex was "short and dark, like a cold winter's night," and as yellow as a November morning. Notwithstanding this, he played the father and husband well, and in some respects, sincerely well—if I may use such a term. He loved to have his children with him, always appeared most happy when in the bosom of his family: left them with regret, and met them again with smiles, kisses, and tears. He walked the streets unattended, to the great delight of the people; was the presiding Apollo at great festivals, conferred the prizes at rowings and racings, and talked familiarly with Thames fishermen on the mysteries of their craft. He would enter the cottages of the poor, listen with patience to their twice-told tales, and partake with relish of the humble fare presented to him. So did the old soldier find in him a ready listener to the story of his campaigns, and the subject of his petitions; and never did the illustriously maimed appeal to him in vain. He was a man to be loved in spite of all his vices. He would have been adored had his virtues been more, or more real. But his virtue was too often only like his love for popular and parliamentary liberty, rather affected than real; and, at all events, not to be relied upon. When a deputation of Quakers waited on him to solicit him to support by himself and friends a clause of the Tything bill, in their favor, he replied: "As I am a friend to liberty in general, and to toleration in particular, I wish you may meet with all proper favor; but, for myself, I never gave my vote in parliament, and

to influence my friends, or direct my servants in theirs, does not become my station. To leave them entirely to their own consciences and understandings, is a rule I have hitherto prescribed to myself, and purpose through life to observe." Andrew Pitt, who was at the head of the deputation, replied, "May it please the Prince of Wales, I am greatly affected with thy excellent notions of liberty, and am more pleased with the answer thou hast given us than if thou hadst granted our request." But the answer was *not* a sincere one, and the parliamentary friends and servants of the prince were expected to hold their consciences at his direction. Once, Lord Doneraile ventured to disregard this influence; upon which the prince observed, "Does he think that I will support him unless he will do as I would have him? Does he not consider that whoever may be my ministers, I must be king?" Of such a man Walpole's remark was not far wide of truth, when he said that Frederick resembled the Black Prince only in one circumstance—in dying before his father!

He certainly exhibited little of the chivalrous spirit of the Black Prince. In 1745, vexed at not being promoted to the command of the army raised to crush the rebellion, and especially annoyed that it was given to his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, who had less vanity and more courage, he ridiculed all the strategic dispositions of the authorities, and when Carlisle was being besieged by the rebels, a representation in paste of the citadel was served up at his table, at dessert, which, at the head of the maids of honor, he bombarded with sugar-plums.

The young Prince George, afterwards George III., "behaved excessively well on his father's death." The words are Walpole's; and he establishes his attestation by recording, that when he was informed of his father's decease; he turned pale and laid his hand on his breast. Upon which his reverend tutor, Ayscough, said, very much like a simpleton, and not at all like a divine, "I am afraid, sir, you are not well." "I feel," said the boy, "something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew." It was not the speech of a boy of parts, nor an epitaph deeply filial in sentiment on the death of a parent, but one can see that the young prince was conscious of some painful grief,

though he hardly knew how to dress his sensations in equivalent words.

Before leaving this subject, I may notice an incident in connection with another son of Frederick, namely, Edward, Duke of York, "a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favorite. He is a sayer of things," remarks Walpole. Nine years after his father's death, he had occasion to pay as warm a compliment to Lady Huntingdon as ever had been paid her by his father. The occasion was a visit to the Magdalen, in 1760. A large party accompanied Prince Edward from Northumberland House to the evening service. They were rather wits than worshippers, for among them were Horace Walpole, Colonel Brudenell, Lord Hertford, and Lords Huntingdon and Dartmouth to keep the wits within decent limits. The ladies were all gay in silks, satins, and rose-colored taffeta; there were the Lady Northumberland herself, Ladies Chesterfield, Carlisle, Dartmouth, and Hertford, Lady Fanny Shirley, Lady Selina Hastings, Lady Gertrude Hotham, and Lady Mary Coke. Lord Hertford, at the head of the governors, met the prince and his brilliant suite at the doors, and conducted him to a sort of throne in front of the altar. The clergyman, who preached an eloquent and impressive sermon from Luke xix. 20, was, not many years after, dragged from Newgate to Tyburn, and there ignominiously hung. How witty Walpole would have been upon him, could the joker have only seen a little way into futurity! How sarcastic he would have been upon sinners in a state of suspense! As it was, he, or some other of the company, sneeringly observed that Dr. Dodd had preached a very Methodistical sort of sermon. "You are fastidious indeed," said Prince Edward to the objector. "I thought it excellent, and suitable to season and place; and in so thinking, I have the honor of being of the same opinion as Lady Huntingdon here, and I rather fancy that she is better versed in theology than any of us." This was true, and it was gracefully said. The prince, moreover, backed his opinion by leaving a fifty pound note in the plate; and I hope that when Dr. Dodd saw it, he did not break the tenth commandment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST YEARS OF A REIGN.

THE last nine years of the reign of the consort of Caroline were of a very varied character. The earliest of his acts after the death of Frederick, was one of which Caroline would certainly not have approved. In case of his demise before the next heir to the throne should be of age, he, with consent of parliament, named the widow of Frederick as regent of the kingdom. This appointment gave great umbrage to the favorite son of Caroline, William, Duke of Cumberland, and it was one to which Caroline herself would never have consented.

But George now cared little for what the opinion of Caroline *might* have been; and the remainder of his days were spent amid death, gaiety, and politics. The year in which Frederick died was marked by the decease of the husband of Caroline's eldest daughter, of whose plainness, wooing, and marriage, I have previously spoken. The Prince of Orange died on the 11th of October, 1751. He had not improved in beauty since his marriage, but, increasingly ugly as he became, his wife became also increasingly jealous of him. Importunate, however, as the jealousy was, it had the merit of being founded on honest and healthy affection. An honest affection, at all events; for to call that affection healthy, on whose beauty hangs the troublesome wen of jealousy, is perhaps going too far. Walpole says, "The prince is dead, killed by the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Princess Royal was established regent some time ago; but as her husband's authority seemed extremely tottering, it is not likely that she will be able to maintain hers. Her health is extremely bad, and her temper is neither ingratiating nor bending. It is become the peculiarity of the House of Orange to have minorities."

The immediate cause of the prince's death was an imposthume in the head. Although his health had been indifferent, his death was rather sudden and unexpected. Lord Holderness was sent over to England by the king, Walpole says, "to learn rather than to teach," but certainly with letters of condolence to Caroline's widowed daughter. She is said to have received the paternal sympathy and advice in the most haughty and insulting manner. She was proud, perhaps, of being made the *gouvernante* of her son; and she probably remembered the peremptory rejection by her father of the interested sympathy she herself had offered him on the decease of her mother, to whose credit she had hoped to succeed at St. James's. It is certain that, as has been stated, no part of her consequent conduct evinced any proof of either good sense or political wisdom.

But George himself had little sympathy to spare, and felt no immoderate grief for the death of either son or son-in-law. On the 6th of November, 1751, within a month of the prince's death, and not very many after that of his son and heir to the throne, George was at Drury Lane Theatre. The entertainment played for his especial pleasure consisted of Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem* and Fielding's *Intriguing Chambermaid*. In the former, the king was exceedingly fond of the *Foigard* of Yates, and the *Cherry* of Miss Minors. In the latter piece, Mrs. Clive played her original part of *Lettice*, a part in which she had then delighted the town—a town which could be delighted with such parts—for now seventeen years. Walpole thus relates an incident of the night. He is writing to Sir Horace Mann, from Arlington Street, under the date of November 22, 1751. "A certain king, that, whatever airs you may give yourself, you are not at all like, was last week at the play. The intriguing chambermaid in the farce, says to the old gentleman, 'You are villanously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years.' The old gentleman in the stage box turned about in a passion, and said, 'This is d—d stuff!'"

George was right in his criticism, but rather coarse than king-like in expressing it. Walpole too, it may be noticed, misquotes what his friend Mrs. Clive said in her character of *Lettice*, and he

misquotes evidently for the purpose of making the story more pointed against the king, who was as sensitive upon the point of age as Louis XIV. himself. Lettice does not say to Oldcastle "you are villanously old." She merely states the three obstacles to Oldcastle marrying her young mistress. "In the first place your great age, you are at least some sixty-six. Then there is, in the second place, your terrible ungenteel air; and thirdly, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frightened." She does, however, add a phrase which must have sounded harshly on the ear of a sensitive and sexagenarian king: though not more so than on that of any other auditor of the same age. "I think you could not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and a half at most." The royal criticism then was correct, however roughly expressed, and it was because such criticism had often to be so expressed that we wonder at Fielding's own ignorance, when he says in his dedication of this piece to Mrs. Clive: "It is your misfortune to bring the greatest genius for acting on the stage, at a time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town, to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fondness for foreign music; and when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other in distinguishing themselves in favor of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own." Fielding's own piece justifies the nobility, and the king's condemnatory criticism is only the pungent quintessence of the public opinion. At the Italian Opera there was at all events some of the "— stuff" which the king condemned, loudly enough, for all to hear, from his box in Drury Lane.

In this same year, 1751, died another of the children of George and Caroline—Louisa, Queen of Denmark. She had only reached her twenty-seventh year, and had been eight years married. Her mother loved her, and the nation admired her for her grace, amiability, and talents. Her career, in many respects, resembled her mother's. She was married to a king who kept a mistress, in order that the world should think he was independent of all influence on the part of his wife. She was basely treated by the king, but not

a word of complaint against him entered into the letters which this spirited and sensible woman addressed to her relations. Indeed, she had said at the time of her marriage—that if she should become unhappy, her family should never know anything about it. She died in the flower of her age, a terrible death, as Walpole calls it, and after an operation which lasted an hour. The cause of it was the neglect of a slight rupture, occasioned by stooping suddenly when *enceinte*, the injury resulting from which she imprudently and foolishly concealed. This is all the more strange, as her mother, on her death-bed, said to her, “Louisa, remember I die by being giddy and obstinate, in having kept my disorder a secret.” Her farewell letter to her father and family, a most touching address, and the similitude of her fate to that of her mother, sensibly affected the almost dried-up heart of the king. “This has been a fatal year to my family,” groaned the son of Sophia Dorothea. “I lost my eldest son, *but I was glad of it*. Then the Prince of Orange died, and left everything in confusion. Poor little Edward has been cut open for an imposthume in his side; and now the Queen of Denmark is gone! I know I did not love my children when they were young; I hated to have them coming into the room, but now I love them as well as most fathers.”

But while death was busy in the palace of the king as well as among the homes of the people, there was one abroad who was teaching how the sting might be taken from death, and victory won from the grave. Whitfield was then touching many a heart, though there were some who refused to heed his instruction.

The Countess of Suffolk was among the few persons whom the eloquence and fervor of Whitfield failed to touch. When this latter was chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, and in the habit of preaching in the drawing-room of that excellent and exemplary woman, there was an eager desire to be among the privileged to be admitted to hear him. This privilege was solicited of Lady Huntingdon by Lady Rockingham, for the king's ex-favorite, Lady Suffolk. The patroness of Whitfield thought of Magdalen repentant, and expressed her readiness to welcome her, an additional sheep to an increasing flock. The beauty came, and Whitfield preached neither more nor less earnestly, unconscious of her

presence. So searching, however, was his sermon, and so readily could the enraged fair one apply its terrible truths to herself, that it was only with difficulty she could sit it out with apparent calm. Inwardly, she felt that she had been the especial object at which her assailant had flung his sharpest arrows. Accordingly, when Whitfield had retired, the exquisite fury, chafed but not repentant, turned upon the meditative Lady Huntingdon, and well nigh annihilated her with the torrent and power of her invective. Her sister-in-law, Lady Betty Germain, implored her to be silent; but only the more unreservedly did she empty the vials of her wrath upon the saintly lady of the house, who was lost in astonishment, anger, and confusion. Old Lady Bertie and the Dowager Duchess of Ancaster rose to her rescue; and, by right of their relationship with the lady whom the king delighted to honor, required her to be silent or civil. It was all in vain; the irritated fair one maintained that she had been brought there to be pilloried by the preacher; and she finally swept out of the room, leaving behind her an assembly in various attitudes of wonder and alarm, some fairly deafened by the thundering echoes of her expressed wrath, others at a loss to decide whether Lady Huntingdon had or had not directed the arrows of the preacher, and all most charmingly unconscious that, be that as it might, the lady was only smarting because she had rubbed against a sermon bristling with the most stinging truths.

It is impossible to say whether Whitfield was or was not conscious of the presence of such a listener to the message which he thundered to arouse listeners, but it is certain that he made note of those of the royal household who repaired to the services over which he presided in Lady Huntingdon's house. In 1752, when he saw regularly attending among his congregation one of Queen Caroline's ladies, Mrs. Grinfield, he writes thereupon: “One of Cæsar's household hath been lately awakened by her ladyship's instrumentality, and I hope others will meet with the like blessing.” Many of Cæsar's household were among the hearers of this energetic preacher in the days when George III. was king, but whether his hearers were heeders also, I will not pretend to deter-

mine; though I may add, that Lord Dartmouth at least was ever esteemed for his piety and prudence.

In 1755, England and France were at issue touching their possessions in Canada. The dispute resulted in a war; and the war brought with it the temporary loss of the Electorate of Hanover to England, and much additional disgrace, which last was not wiped out till the great Pitt was at the helm, and by his spirited administration helped England to triumph in every quarter of the globe. Amid misfortune or victory, however, the king, as outwardly "impassible" as ever, took also less active share in public events than he did of old; and he lived with the regularity of a man who has a regard for his health. Every night, at nine o'clock, he sat down to cards. The party generally consisted of his two daughters, the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the gentlemen of the household,—whose presence there was a proof of the sovereign's personal esteem for them. Had none other been present, the party would have been one on which remark would not be called for. But at the same table with the children of good Queen Caroline, was seated their father's mistress, the naturalized German Baroness Walmoden—Countess of Yarmouth. George II. had no idea that the presence of such a woman was an outrage committed upon his own children; nor would his habitual phlegm have been much moved had he been told that his conduct in this case was unmarked by a sense of either dignity or propriety; and yet he himself feared to thus offend publicly. Every Saturday, in summer, he carried that uniform party, but *without his daughters*, to Richmond. They went in coaches-and-six, in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them;—dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe.*

He had leisure, however, to think of the establishment of the sons of Frederick; and, in 1756, George II. sent a message to his grandson, now Prince of Wales, whereby he offered him 40,000*l.* a year, and apartments at Kensington and St. James's. The

* Walpole.

prince accepted the allowance, but declined the residence, on the ground that separation from his mother would be painful to her. When this plea was made, the prince, as Dodington remarks in his Diary, did not live with his mother, either in town or country. The prince's brother Edward, afterwards created Duke of York, was furnished with a modest revenue of 5000*l.* a year. The young prince is said to have been not insensible to the attractions of Lady Essex, daughter of Sir Charles Williams. The prince, says Walpole, "has got his liberty, and seems extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good humor. She has already made a ball for him. Sir Richard Lyttelton was so wise as to make her a visit, and advise her not to meddle with politics; that the princess (Dowager of Wales) would conclude that it was a plan laid for bringing together Prince Edward and Mr. Fox. As Mr. Fox was not just the person my Lady Essex was thinking of bringing together with Prince Edward, she replied, very cleverly, 'And my dear Sir Richard, let me advise you not to meddle with politics neither.'"

From the attempt to establish the Prince of Wales under his own superintendence, the king was called to mourn over, or at least to hear of, the death of another child.

The truth-loving Caroline Elizabeth was unreservedly beloved by her parents, was worthy of the affection, and repaid it by an ardent attachment. She was fair, good, accomplished, and unhappy. The cause of her unhappiness may be, perhaps, more than guessed at in the circumstance of her retiring from the world, on the death of Lord Hervey. The sentiment with which he had, for the sake of vanity or ambition, inspired her, was developed into a sort of motherly love for his children, for whom she exhibited great and constant regard. Therewith, she was conscious of but one strong desire,—a desire to die. For many years previous to her decease, she lived in her father's palace, literally "cloistered up," inaccessible to nearly all, yet with active sympathy for the poor and suffering classes in the metropolis.

Walpole, speaking of the death of the Princess Caroline, the third daughter of George II., says, though her state of health had been so dangerous for years, and her absolute confinement for

many of them, her disorder was, in a manner, new and sudden, and her death unexpected by herself, though earnestly her wish. Her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive; in short, I, no royalist, could be lavish in her praise. What will divert you is, that the Duke of Norfolk's and Lord Northumberland's upper servants have asked leave to put themselves in mourning, not out of regard for this admirable princess, but to be more *sur le bon ton*. I told the duchess I supposed they would expect her to mourn hereafter for their relations.

The princess died in December, 1757, and early in the following year the king was seized with a serious fit of illness, which terminated in a severe attack of gout, "which had never been at court above twice in his reign," says Walpole, and the appearance of which was considered as giving the royal sufferer a chance of five or six years more of life. But it was not to be so, for the old royal lion in the Tower had just expired, and people who could "put that and that together," could not but pronounce oracularly that the royal man would follow the royal brute. Nay, says Lord Chesterfield to his son, "this extravagancy was believed by many above *people*." The fine gentleman means that it was believed by many of his own class. Below the peers he saw the *people*, just as Dangeau saw in the citizens of Paris the "*canaille*." Chesterfield, it will be remembered, was fond of citing proverbs, but he always did it with a condescending air; he used the illustrative wit, tacking on to it a sort of apologetic, as the *vulgar* say.

It was not the old king who was the first to be summoned from the royal circle, by the Inevitable Angel. A young princess passed away before the more aged sovereign. Walpole has a word or two to say upon the death of the Princess Elizabeth, the second daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, who died in the September of this year. The immediate cause of death was an inflammation of the bowels, which carried her off in two days. "Her figure," he says, "was so very unfortunate, that it would have been difficult for her to be happy, but her parts and application were extraordinary. I saw her act in 'Cato' at eight years old (when she could not stand alone, but was forced to lean

against the side-scene), better than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been so unhealthy that, at that age, she had not been taught to read, but had learned the part of Lucia by hearing the others study their parts. She went to her father and mother, and begged she might act. They put her off as gently as they could; she desired leave to repeat her part, and when she did, it was with so much sense, that there was no denying her."

Before George's hour had yet come, another child was to precede the aged father to the tomb. In 1759 the eldest daughter, least loved of the daughters of Caroline, died in Holland. At the period of her birth, the 9th of October, 1709, her godmother, Queen Anne, was occupying the throne of England; her grandfather, George, was Elector of Hanover; Sophia Dorothea was languishing in the castle of Ahlden, and her father and mother wore the style and title of Electoral Prince and Princess. She was born at Hanover, and was five years old when, with her sister Amelia Sophia, who was two years younger, her mother, the Princess Caroline, afterwards queen, arrived in this country on the 15th of October, 1714. She early exhibited a haughty and imperious disposition; possessed very little of feeling for, and exercised very little gentleness towards, those who even rendered her a willing service. Queen Caroline sharply corrected this last defect. She discovered that the princess was accustomed to make one of her ladies-in-waiting stand by her bed-side every night, and read aloud to her till she fell asleep. On one occasion, the princess kept her lady standing so long, that she at last fainted from sheer fatigue. On the following night, when Queen Caroline had retired to rest, she sent for her offending daughter, and requested her to read aloud to her for a while. The princess was about to take a chair, but the queen said she could hear her better if she read standing. Anne obeyed, and read till fatigue made her pause. "Go on," said the queen, "it entertains me." Anne went on, sulkily and wearily, till increasingly weary she once more paused for rest, and looked round for a seat. "Continue, continue," said the queen, "I am not yet tired of listening." Anne burst into tears with vexation, and confessed that she *was* tired, both of standing and reading, and was ready to sink with fatigue.

"If you feel so faint from one evening of such employment, what must your attendants feel, upon whom you force the same discipline night after night? Be less selfish, my child, in future, and do not indulge in luxuries purchased at the cost of weariness and ill-health to others." Anne did not profit by the lesson, and few people were warmly attached to the proud and egotistical lady.

The princess spent nearly twenty years in England, and a little more than a quarter of a century in Holland; the last seven years of that period she was a widow. She was ambitious to the last. Her last thoughts were for the aggrandizement of her family, and, when she was battling with death, she rallied her strength, in order to sign the contract of marriage between her daughter and the Prince Nassau Walberg, and to write a letter to the States, General, requesting them to sanction the match. Having accomplished this, the eldest daughter of Caroline laid down the pen, and calmly awaited the death which was not long in coming.

It remains for us now only to speak of the demise of the husband of Caroline. The hour of that widowed king at length had struck. On the night of Friday, the 24th of October, the king had retired to rest at an early hour, and well in health. At six he drank his usual cup of chocolate, walked to the window, looked out upon Kensington Gardens, and made some observation upon the direction of the wind, which had lately delayed the mails from Holland, and which kept from him intelligence which he was anxious to receive, and which he was saved the pain of hearing. He had said to the page in waiting, that he would take a turn in the garden; and he was on his way thither at seven o'clock, when the attendant heard the sound of a fall. He entered the room through which the king was passing on his way to the garden, and he found George the Second lying on the ground, with a wound on the right side of his face, caused by striking it in his fall against the side of a bureau. He could only say, "Send for Amelia," and then, gasping for breath, died. Whilst the sick, almost deaf, and purblind daughter of the king was sent for, the message being that her father wished to speak to her, the servants carried the body to the bed from which the king had so lately risen. They had not time to close the eyes, when the princess

entered the room. Before they could inform her of the unexpected catastrophe, she had advanced to the bed-side: she stooped over him, fancying that he was speaking to her, and that she could not hear his words. The poor lady was sensibly shocked; but she did not lose her presence of mind. She dispatched messengers for surgeons, and wrote to the Prince of Wales. The medical men were speedily in attendance; but he was beyond mortal help, and they could only conclude that the king had died of the rupture of some vessel of the heart, as he had for years been subject to palpitations of that organ. Dr. Beilby Porteus, in his panegyricizing epitaph on the monarch, considers his death as having been appropriate and necessary. He had accomplished all for which he had been commissioned by heaven, and had received all the rewards in return which heaven could give to man on earth:—

"No further blessing could on earth be given,
The next degree of happiness—was Heaven."

George II. died possessed of considerable personal property. Of this he bequeathed fifty thousand pounds between the Duke of Cumberland and the Princesses Amelia and Mary. The share received by his daughters did not equal what he left to his last "favorite"—Lady Yarmouth. The legacy to that German lady, of whom he used to write to Queen Caroline from Hanover, "You must love the Walmoden, for she loves *me*," consisted of a cabinet and "contents," valued, it is said, at eleven thousand pounds. His son, the Duke of Cumberland, further received from him a bequest of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds, placed on mortgages not immediately recoverable. The testator had originally bequeathed twice that amount to his son; but he revoked half, on the ground of the expenses of the war. He describes him as the best son that ever lived, and declares that he had never given him cause to be offended: "A pretty strong comment," as Horace Walpole remarks, when detailing the incidents of the king's decease, "on the affair of Klosterseven." The king's jewels were worth, according to Lady Suffolk, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds: of the best of them, which he kept in Hanover, he made crown jewels; the remainder, with some

cabinets, were left to the duke. "Two days before the king died," says Walpole, "it happened oddly to my Lady Suffolk. She went to make a visit at Kensington, not knowing of the review. She found herself hemmed in by coaches, and was close to him, whom she had not seen for so many years, and to my Lady Yarmouth; but they did not know her. It struck her, and has made her sensible to his death."

Intelligence of the king's decease was sent, as before said, to the Prince of Wales, by the Princess Amelia. The heir-apparent, however, received earlier intimation of the fact through a German *valet-de-chambre*, at Kensington. The latter dispatched a note, which bore a private mark, previously agreed upon, and which reached the heir to so much greatness, as he was out riding. He knew what had happened, by the sign. "Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting he said to the groom,—'I have said this horse was lame; I forbid you to say to the contrary.' " If this story of Walpole's be true, the longest reign in England started from a lie.

In the meantime there was the old king to bury, and he was consigned to the tomb with a ceremony which has been graphically pictured by Horace Walpole, upon whom I will once more venture to draw for details, to attempt to improve which can only be to mar them. He describes himself as attending the funeral, not as a mourner, but as "a rag of quality," in which character he walked, as affording him the best means of seeing the show. He pronounced it a noble sight, and he appears to have enjoyed it extremely. "The prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver, on high stands, had a very good effect." The critic of taste was satisfied, and that not only with the scenery and properties, but also with the procession and paraphernalia. "The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch—the horse-guards lining the outside—their officers, with drawn sabres and crape sashes, on horse-back—the drums muffled—the fifes—bells tolling—and minute-guns,—all this was very solemn." There was, however, something

more exquisite still in the estimation of this very unsentimental rag of quality. "The *charm*," he says, not at all imagining that even a funeral could not have something charming about it—"the charm was the entrance to the Abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almoners bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro oscuro*." The happy light and shade of death is a strange term in the mouth of so correct a gentleman as Horace Walpole, but he only looks at things in the sense of Monsieur Josse. He thus proceeds:—"There wanted nothing but incense and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the Chapel of Henry VII. all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers. The fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown adonis, with a cloak of black cloth, and a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father *could not be pleasant*; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and disturbed with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation. He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back into a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a

smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or who was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatrical to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order."

Speaking of the last year of the life of George II., Walpole remarks with a truth that cannot be gainsaid,—“It was glorious and triumphant beyond example; and his death was most felicitous to himself, being without a pang, without tasting a reverse, and when his sight and hearing were so nearly extinguished that any prolongation could but have swelled to calamities.”

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LIVES

*N. G.
May*

OF THE

1855

QUEENS OF ENGLAND

OF THE

HOUSE OF HANOVER

BY DR. DORAN,

AUTHOR OF "HABITS AND MEN," "TABLE TRAITS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



REDFIELD

NO. 34 BEEKMAN-STREET, NEW YORK

1855

LIVES
OF THE
QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

CHARLOTTE SOPHIA,
WIFE OF GEORGE III.

In Freud und Elend,
Als treue Gattinn
Nicht zu entweichen.
GÖETHE.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMING OF THE BRIDE.

THE eldest son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was yet young when his grandfather began to consider the question of his marriage; and, it is said, had designed to form an union between him and a princess of the royal family of Prussia. The design, if ever formed, entirely failed, and while those most anxious for the Protestant succession were occupied in naming princesses worthy to espouse an heir to a throne, that heir himself is said to have fixed his young affections on an English lady, whose virtues and beauty might have made her eligible, had not the accident of her not being a foreigner barred her way to the throne. This lady was Lady Sarah Lennox; and a vast amount of gossip was expended upon her and the young Prince, by those busy persons whose chief occupation consists in arranging the affairs of others.

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It is impossible to say how far this young couple were engaged; but the fact, as surmised, rendered the friends of the Prince, now George III., more anxious than ever to see him provided with a fair partner on the throne.

Walpole has described the lady who first raised a tender feeling in the breast of George, in very graphic terms: "There was a play at Holland House, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It was *Jane Shore*. Charles Fox was *Hastings*. The two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive; and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the sham of the part, and the antiquity of the time, kept up by her dress, which was taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour. I was more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen of Correggio was half so lovely and expressive."

But there is a pretty romance extant, based as even romances may be, upon some foundation of reality; and according to the narrators thereof, it is said that the king, when yet only Prince of Wales, had been attracted by the charms of a young Quakeress, named Lightfoot, long before he had felt subdued by the more brilliant beauty of Lady Sarah Lennox. The romance has been recounted circumstantially enough by its authors and editors; and, if these are to be trusted, the young prince was so enamored that, finding his peace of mind and happiness depended on his being united to the gentle Hannah, he made a confidant of his brother, Edward Duke of York, and another person, who has never had the honor of being named, and in their presence a marriage was contracted privately at Curzon Street Chapel, May Fair, in the year 1759.

A few years previous to this time, May Fair had been the favorite locality for the celebration of hurried marriages, particularly at "Keith's Chapel," which was within ten yards of "Curzon Chapel." The Reverend Alexander Keith kept open altar during

the usual office hours from ten till four, and married parties, for the small fee of a guinea, license included. Parties requiring to be united at other hours, paid extra. The Reverend Alexander so outraged the law that he was publicly excommunicated in 1742; for which he as publicly excommunicated the excommunicators in return. Seven years before George is said to have married Hannah Lightfoot at Curzon Chapel, James, the fourth Duke of Hamilton, was married at "Keith's," to the youngest of the beautiful Miss Gunnings,—“with a ring of the bed-curtain,” says Horace Walpole, “and at half an hour after twelve at night.”

The rest of the pretty romance, touching George and Hannah, is rather lumbering in its construction. The married lovers are said to have kept a little household of their own, and round the hearth thereof, we are farther told, that there were not wanting successive young faces, adding to its happiness. But there came the moment when the dream was to disappear, and the sleeper to awaken. We are told by the retailers of the story, that Hannah Lightfoot was privately disposed of—not by bowl, prison, or dagger, but by espousing her to a gentle Strephon named Axford, who, for a pecuniary consideration, took Hannah to wife, and asked no impertinent questions. It is but an indifferent story, but it has been so often alluded to that some notice of it seemed necessary in this place.

More than one princess was proposed to the young king, as a suitable consort, but the monarch, ultimately, selected a bride for himself.

The king's mother had been most averse to the Prussian connection. Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, is said to have done his best to further an union with a subject. The Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute would have selected a princess of Saxe Gotha; but it was whispered that there was a constitutional infirmity in that family, which rendered an alliance with it in no way desirable. Besides, George II. said, he had had enough of that family already. A Colonel Graeme was then dispatched to Germany, and rumor invested him with the commission to visit the German courts, and if he could find among them a princess who was faultless in form, feature, and character, of sound health and

highly accomplished, he was to report accordingly. Colonel Graeme, love's military messenger, happened to fall in at Pymont with the Princess Dowager of Strelitz and her two daughters. At the gay baths and salutary springs of Pymont there was very little etiquette observed, even in those very ceremonious times, and great people went about less in masquerade, and less straitlaced than they were wont to do at home, in the circle of their own courts. In this sort of *negligée* there was a charm which favored the development of character, and under its influence the scrutini-
zing Colonel soon vicariously fell in love with the young Princess Charlotte, and at once made the report which led to the royal marriage that ensued.

There were persons who denied that this little romantic drama was ever played at all, but as the Colonel was subsequently appointed to the mastership of St. Catharine's Hospital, the prettiest bit of preferment possessed by a queen consort, other persons looked upon the appointment as the due acknowledgment of a princess grateful for favors received.

But after all, as I have intimated, the young king is positively declared to have chosen for himself. The King of Prussia at that time was a man very much addicted to disregard the rights of his contemporaries, and among other outrages committed by his army, was the invasion, and almost desolating, of the little dominions of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the ducal possessions of the Princess Charlotte's brother. This act inspired, it is said, the lady last-named to pen a letter to the monarch, which was as full of spirit as of logic, and not likely to have been written by so young a lady. The letter, however, was sufficiently spirited and conclusive to win reputation for the alleged writer. Its great charm was its simple and touching truthfulness, and the letter, whether forwarded to George by the Prussian king, or laid before him by his mother the Princess Dowager, is said to have had such an influence on his mind, as to at once inspire him with feelings of admiration for the writer. After praising it, the king exclaimed to Lord Hertford, "This is the lady whom I shall select for my consort—here are lasting beauties—the man who has any mind may feast and not be satisfied. If the disposition of the princess but equals her refined

sense, I shall be the happiest man, as I hope, with my people's concurrence, to be the greatest monarch in Europe."

The lady on whom this eulogy was uttered, was Sophia Charlotte, the younger of the two daughters of Charles Louis, Duke of Mirow, by Albertina Elizabeth, a princess of the ducal house of Saxe Hilburghausen. The Duke of Mirow was the second son of the Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and was a lieutenant-general in the service of the Emperor of Germany when Sophia Charlotte was born, at Mirow, on the 16th of May, 1744. Four sons and one other daughter were the issue of this marriage. The eldest son, ultimately, became Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and to the last-named place the Princess Sophia Charlotte (or Charlotte, as she was commonly called) and her family, removed in 1751, on the death of the Duke Charles Louis.

At seven years of age, she had for her instructress that verse-writing Madame de Grabow, whom the Germans fondly and foolishly compared with Sappho. The post of instructress was shared by many partners, but, finally, to the poetress succeeded a philosopher. Dr. Gentzner, who, from the time of his undertaking the office of tutor, to that of the marriage of his "serene" pupil, imparted to the latter a varied wisdom and knowledge, made up of Lutheran divinity, natural history, and mineralogy. Charlotte not only cultivated these branches of education with success, but others also. She was a very fair linguist, spoke French perhaps better than German, as was the fashion of her time and country, could converse in Italian, and knew something of English. Her style of drawing was above that of an ordinary amateur; she danced like a lady, and played like an artist. Better than all, she was a woman of good sense, she had the good fortune to be early taught the great truths of revelation, and she had the good taste to shape her course by their requirements. She was not without faults, and she had a will of her own. In short, she was a woman;—a woman of sense and spirit, but occasionally making mistakes like any other of her sisters.

The letter which she is said to have addressed to the King of Prussia, and the alleged writing of which is said to have won for her a crown, has been often printed; but well known as it is, it

16 cannot well be omitted from pages professing to give, however imperfectly, as in the present case, some record of the supposed writer's life: no one, however, will readily believe that a girl of thirteen was the actual author of such a document as the following: "May it please your Majesty—I am at a loss whether I should congratulate or condole with you on your late victory over Marshal Daun, Nov. 3, 1760, since the same success which has covered you with laurels, has overspread the country of Mecklenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the arts of pleasing, or to inspect subjects of a more domestic nature; but, however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

"It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance; the country was cultivated, the peasants looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but, sure, even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospects now before me. The whole country, my dear country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued. The husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly cultivated. The towns are inhabited only by old men, old women, and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds or loss of limbs, rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask an history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers, before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army as it happens to advance or retreat, in pursuing the operations of the campaign. It is impossible to express the confusion, even those who call themselves our friends create; even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is

we hope relief. To you even women and children may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice."

The very reputation of having written this letter won for its supposed author the crown of a Queen Consort. The members of the privy council, to whom the royal intention was first communicated, thought it almost a misalliance for a King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, to wed with a lady of such poor estate as the younger daughter of a very poor German prince. Had they been ethnologists, they might have augured well of an union between Saxon King and Slavonic lady. The Slave blood runs pure in Mecklenburgh.

It was on the 8th of July, 1761, that the king announced to his council, in due and ordinary form, that having nothing so much at heart as the welfare and happiness of his people, and that to render the same stable and permanent to posterity, being the first object of his reign, he had, ever since his accession to the throne, turned his thoughts to the choice of a princess with whom he might find the solace of matrimony, and the comforts of domestic life; he had to announce to them, therefore, with great satisfaction, that after the most mature reflection and fullest information, he had come to a resolution to demand in marriage the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, a princess distinguished by every amiable virtue and elegant endowment, whose illustrious line had continually shown the firmest zeal for the protestant religion, and a particular attachment to his Majesty's family. Lord Harcourt, who had been fixed upon by the king as his representative commissioned to go to Strelitz, and ask the hand of the Princess Sophia Charlotte in marriage, owed his appointment and his subsequent nomination as master of the buckhounds to his Majesty, to the circumstance that at the king's accession he had been almost the only nobleman who had not solicited some favor from the crown. He was so charmed with his mission that everything appeared to him *couleur de rose*, and not only was he enraptured with "the most amiable young princess he ever saw," but, as he adds in a letter to his friend, Mr. Mitchel, gratified at the reception he had met with at the court of Strelitz, appearing as he did "upon such

an errand," and happy to find that "the great honor the king has done this family is seen in its proper light." The business, as he remarks, was not a difficult one. There were no thorns in his rosy path. The little court, he tells us, exerted its utmost abilities to make a figure suitable for this occasion, and in the envoy's opinion, they acquitted themselves not only with magnificence and splendor, but with great taste and propriety. His testimony touching the bride runs as follows:—"Our queen that is to be, has seen very little of the world; but her very good sense, vivacity, and cheerfulness, I dare say, will recommend her to the king, and make her the darling of the British nation. She is no regular beauty, but she is of a very pretty size, has a charming complexion, very pretty eyes, and finely made. In short, she is a very fine girl."

She was not, however, such "a very fine girl" as not to be startled by the superior beauty of the two principal ladies who were sent to escort her to London. When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh first looked upon the brilliant Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, she could not help exclaiming, with a sentiment apparently of self-humility, "Are all the women in England as beautiful as you are?"

The treaty of marriage was concluded at Strelitz on the 15th of August, the Earl of Hardwicke acting as his Majesty's minister plenipotentiary. With the noble earl were (as above noticed) the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, two such beautiful women, as to place the royal bride in rather unfavorable contrast. The convoying fleet sent to conduct the princess to England, was commanded by the great Lord Anson. The Tripoline ambassador could not but admire the honor paid by his Majesty in sending so high an officer, "the first eunuch," as the Mahometan called him, to escort the bride to her new home.

When the marriage treaty had been formally concluded, after some delay caused by the death of the mother of the princess, the little city of Strelitz became briefly mad with joy and exultation. There were illuminations, balls, fireworks, and artillery; and for two days stupendous state-banquets followed each other, and said much for the digestion of those who enjoyed them. On the 17th

of August the princess left Strelitz, accompanied by her brother the Grand Duke, and in four days arrived at Stade amid demonstrations of great delight on the part of the population, ever grateful for an excitement, and especially so for one afforded them by a young queen—as the bride elect was already considered. On the 22nd she embarked at Cuxhaven amid a salute from the whole fleet. For more than a week she was as disrespectfully tossed and tumbled about by the rough sea, over which her path lay, as the *Hero* of New Zealand buffeting the waves to meet her dusky *Leander*.

The royal yacht which bore the youthful bride, was surrounded by the squadron forming the convoy; and across as boisterous a sea as ever tried a ship or perplexed a sailor, the bride was carried in discomfort but safety, till on the evening of Sunday, the 6th of September, the fleet and its precious freight arrived off Harwich. It was Sunday evening, and the fact was not known in London till Monday morning. The report of the "Queen" having been seen off the coast of Sussex on Saturday, was current, but there was great uncertainty as to where she was, whether she had landed, or when she would be in town. "Last night, at ten o'clock," says Walpole on Tuesday morning, "it was neither certain where she landed, nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing, when so public an event as the arrival of a new queen is a mystery even at this very moment in St. James's Street. This messenger who brought the letter yesterday morning, said she *arrived* at half an hour after four, at Harwich. This was immediately translated into landing, and notified in those words to the ministers. Six hours afterwards it proved no such thing, and that she was only in Harwich Road; and they recollected that half an hour after four happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not specify which of the twices it was. Well, the bridesmaids whipped on their virginity; the New Road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choking with impatience to go off; and Sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his Majesty, was actually married to Lady Mary Stuart. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no queen."

The lady so impatiently looked for, remained on board the yacht

throughout the Sunday night. Storm-tost as she had been, she had borne the voyage well, and had "been sick but half an hour, singing and playing on the harpsichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time."

On Monday she landed, but not till after dinner, and then was received in the ancient town by the authorities, and with all the usual ceremonies which it is the curse of very great people to be fated to encounter. Had the young king been a really gallant monarch, he would have met his bride on the seashore; but etiquette does not allow of sovereigns being gallant, and the princess was welcomed by no higher dignitary than a mayor. In the afternoon, she journeyed leisurely on to Colchester, where she was entertained at the house of a loyal private individual, Mr. Enew. Here Captain Birt served her with coffee, and Lieutenant John Seaber waited on her with tea; this service being concluded, an inhabitant of the town presented her with a box of candied eringo root. This presentation is always made, it would seem, to royalty when the latter honors Colchester with a passing visit. The old town is, or was, proud of its peculiar production, "candied eringo root." On the occasion in question, the presenter learnedly detailed the qualities of the root; and the young princess looked as interested as she could, while she was told that the eringium was of the *Pentandria Digynia* class, that it had general and partial corollæ, and that its root was attenuant and deobstruent, and was therefore esteemed a good hepatic, uterine, and nephritic. Its whole virtue, it was added, consists in its external or cortical part. There was a good opportunity to draw a comparison between the root and the bride, to the advantage of the latter, had the exhibitor been so minded;—but the opportunity was allowed to pass, and the owner of the eringo, who treated the princess, like Hotspur, with "a candy deal of courtesy," failed to allude to the fact that the beauty in the royal features was surpassed by the virtue indwelling in her heart.

The royal visitor learned all that could well be told her, during her brief stay, of the historical incidents connected with the place, —one of which was that the town stood out for Queen Mary and Popery against Lady Jane Grey and Protestantism, an incident

not likely to awake an esteem for the locality in the bosom of a lady who had come over here for the purpose of assisting in furthering the Protestant succession. However this may be, having taken tea and coffee from the hands of veteran warriors, and candied eringo from Mr. Green, and information touching the visits of Queen Mary and Elizabeth from the clergy and others, the Princess Charlotte, or Queen Charlotte, as she was already called, continued her journey, and by gentle stages arrived at Lord Abercorn's house at Witham, "twixt the gloaming and the murk," at a quarter past seven. The host himself was "most tranquilly in town;" and the mansion was described as "the palace of silence." The new arrivals, however, soon raised noise enough within its walls; for notwithstanding the dinner before landing, some refreshment taken at Harwich, and the tea, coffee, and candied eringo root at Colchester, there was still supper to be provided for the tired queen and her escort. The first course of the supper consisted of a mixture of fowl and fish, "leverets, partridges, carp and soles, brought by express from Colchester, just time enough for supper." There were besides many made dishes, and an abundance of the choicest fruits that could be procured. The queen supped in public, one of the penalties which royalty used to pay to the people. That is, she sat at table with open doors, at which all comers were allowed to congregate to witness the not too edifying spectacle of a young bride, feeding. This exploit was accomplished by her Majesty, while Lord Harcourt and the gallant Lord Anson stood on either side of the royal chair, and to the satisfaction of both actress and spectators.

The queen slept that night at Witham, and the next day went slowly and satisfiedly on as far as ancient Romford, where she alighted at the house of a Mr. Dalton, a wine-merchant. In this asylum she remained about an hour, until the arrival of the royal servants and carriages from London which were to meet her. The servants having commenced their office with their new mistress, by serving her with coffee, the queen entered the royal carriage, in which she was accompanied by the Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton. As it is stated by the recorders of the incidents of that day that her Majesty was attired "entirely in the English

taste," it may be worth adding, to show what that taste was, that "she wore a fly-cap with rich lace lappets, a stomacher ornamented with diamonds, and a gold brocade suit of clothes with a white ground." Thus decked out, the queen, preceded by three carriages containing ladies from Mecklenburgh and lords from St. James's, was conveyed through lines of people, militia, and horse and foot guards to London. She entered the capital by the suburb of Mile End, which for dirt and misery could hardly be equalled by anything at Mirow and Strelitz. Having passed through Whitechapel, which must have given her no very high idea of the civilization of the British people, she passed on westward, and proceeding by the longest route, continued along Oxford Street to Hyde Park, and finally reached the garden-gate of St. James's at three in the afternoon. Before she left Romford, one of the English ladies in attendance recommended her to "curl her *toupée*; she said she thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the king bid her, she would wear a perriwig; otherwise, she would remain as she was."

The travelling bride had exhibited much self-possession and gaiety of spirits throughout the journey, and it was not till she came in sight of the palace that her courage seemed to fail her. Then, for the first time, "she grew frightened and grew pale. The Duchess of Hamilton smiled; the princess said, 'My dear duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice; but it's no joke to me.'"

Walpole, writing at "twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, not in the middle of the night," says, "Madame Charlotte is this instant arrived; the noise of the coaches, chaise, horsemen, mob, that have been to see her pass through the parks, is so prodigious that I cannot distinguish the guns."

When the royal carriage stopped at the garden-gate, the bride's lips trembled and she looked paler than ever, but she stepped out with spirit, assisted by the Duke of Devonshire, lord-chamberlain. As she advanced into the garden the young king met her, when she sunk down on one knee to pay him a sort of homage, but the bridegroom gently raised her, saluted her, and led her into the palace.

Walpole says of her, that she looked sensible, cheerful, and remarkably genteel. He does not say that she was pretty, and it must be confessed that she was rather plain; too plain to create a favorable impression upon a youthful monarch whose heart, even if the story of the Quakeress be a fiction, was certainly pre-occupied by the image of a lady who, nevertheless, figured that night among the bridesmaids,—namely, Lady Sarah Lennox. "An involuntary expression of the king's countenance," says Mr. Galt, "revealed what was passing within, but it was a passing cloud—the generous feelings of the monarch were interested; and the tenderness with which he thenceforward treated Queen Charlotte was uninterrupted until the moment of their final separation." This probably comes much nearer to the truth than the assertion of Lady Anne Hamilton, who says,—“At the first sight of the German princess, the king actually shrunk from her gaze, for her countenance was of that cast that too plainly told of the nature of the spirit working within.”

The king, as before mentioned, led his bride into the palace, where she dined with him, his mother the Princess Dowager, and that Princess Augusta, who was to give a future queen to England, in the person of Caroline of Brunswick. After dinner, when the bridesmaids and the court were introduced to her, she said, "Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant!" She kissed the princesses with manifest pleasure, but was so prettily reluctant to offer her own hand to be kissed, that the Princess Augusta, for once, doing a graceful thing gracefully, was forced to take her hand and give it to those who were to kiss it, which was prettily humble and good.

It is singular that although the question touching precedence, in the proper position of Irish peers in English possessions, had been settled in the reign of George II., it was renewed on the occasion of the marriage of Queen Charlotte, with increased vigor. The question, indeed, now rather regarded the princesses than the peers. The Irish ladies of that rank claimed a right to walk in the marriage procession immediately after English peeresses of their own degree. The impudent wits of the day declared that the Irish ladies would be out of their vocation at weddings, and

that their proper place was at funerals, where they might professionally *howl*. The rude taunt was made in mere thoughtlessness, but it stirred the high-spirited Hibernian ladies to action. They deputed Lord Charlemont to proceed to the court of St. James's, and not only prefer but establish their claim. The gallant champion of dames fulfilled his office with alacrity, and crowned it with success. The royal bride herself was written to, but she, of course, could only express her willingness to see as many fair and friendly faces about her as possible; and she referred the applicants to custom and the lord-chamberlain. The reference was not favorable to the claimants, and Lord Charlemont boldly went to the king himself. The good-natured young monarch was as warm in praise of Irish beauty as if he was about to marry one, but he protested that he had no authority, and that Lord Charlemont must address his claim to the Privy Council. When that august body received the ladies' advocate, they required of him to set down his specific claim in writing, so that the heralds, those learned and useful gentlemen, might comprehend what was asked, and do solemn justice to rank and precedence on this exceedingly solemn occasion. Lord Charlemont knew nothing of the heralds' shibboleth, but he found a friend who could and did help him, in his need, in Lord Egmont. By the two a paper was hurriedly drawn up in proper form, and submitted to the council. The collective wisdom of the latter pronounced the claim to be good, and that Irish peeresses might walk in the royal marriage procession immediately after English peeresses of their own rank, if invited to do so. The verdict was not worth much, but it satisfied the claimants. If the whole Irish peerage, the female portion of it, at least, was not at the wedding, it was fairly represented, and when Lord Charlemont returned to Dublin, the ladies welcomed him as cordially as the nymphs in the bridal of Triermain did the wandering Arthur. They showered on him flowers of gratitude, and their dignity was well content to feel assured that they might all have gone to the wedding if they had only been invited.

At seven o'clock, the nobility began to flock down to the scene of the marriage in the royal chapel. The night was sultry, but fine. At nine, the ceremony was performed by the Lord Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, and perhaps the most beautiful portion of the spectacle was that afforded by the bride's maids. Among whom, Lady Sarah Lennox, Lady Caroline Russel, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel, were distinguished for their pre-eminent attractions. That the queen could not have been so perfectly unpossessed of attractive features as some writers have declared her, may be gathered from a remark of Walpole's, who was present, and who, after praising the beauty of the bridesmaids, and that of a couple of duchesses, says, "Except a pretty Lady Sunderland, and a most perfect beauty, an Irish Miss Smith, I don't think the queen saw much else to discourage her."

All the royal family were present at the nuptials. The king's brother, Edward, Duke of York, was at his side, and this alleged witness of the king's alleged previous marriage with Hannah Lightfoot, says Lady Anne Hamilton, "used every endeavor to support his royal brother through the trying ordeal, not only by first meeting the princess in her entrance into the garden, but also at the altar."

The queen was in white and silver. "An endless mantle or violet-colored velvet," says Walpole, "lined with crimson, and which, attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes half-way down her waist."

After the ceremony, their Majesties occupied two state chairs on the same side of the altar, under a canopy. The mother of the monarch occupied a similar chair of state on the opposite side: the other members of the royal family were seated on stools, while benches were given to the foreign ministers to rest upon. At half-past ten the proceedings came to a close, and the return of the marriage procession from the chapel was announced by thundering salutes from the artillery of the park and the tower. "Can it be possible," said the humble bride, "that I am worthy of such honors?"

Walpole says of the royal bride, that she did nothing but with good-humor and cheerfulness. "She talks a good deal," says the same writer, "is easy, civil, and not disconcerted." While the august company waited for supper, she sat down, sung, and

played; conversed with the king, Duke of Cumberland, and Duke of York, in German and French. She was reported to have been as conversant with the latter as any native, but Walpole only says of it that "her French is tolerable." The supper was in fact a banquet of great splendor and corresponding weariness. "They did not get to bed till two;" by which time the bride, who had made a weary journey through the heat and dust, and had been awake since the dawn, must have been sadly jaded. There are no old-fashioned nuptial ceremonies to record and to smile at. Walpole alludes to a civil war and campaign on the question of the bed-chamber. "Everybody is excluded but the minister; even the lords of the bed-chamber, cabinet councillors, and foreign ministers; but it has given such offence that I don't know whether Lord Huntingdon must not be the scape-goat."

On the 9th of September, the queen held her first drawing-room. "Everybody was presented to her, but she spoke to nobody, as she could not know a soul. The crowd was much less than at a birthday; the magnificence very little more. The king looked very handsome, and talked to her with great good-humor. It does not promise as if these two would be the two most unhappy persons in England from this event."

In contrast with this account of an eye-witness stands the deposition of Lady Anne Hamilton, a passage from whose suppressed book may be cited rather than credited. It reflects, however, much of the popular opinions of that and a far later period. "In the mean time," writes the lady just named, "the Earl of Abercorn informed the princess of the previous marriage of the king, and of the existence of his majesty's wife; and Lord Harcourt advised the princess to well inform herself of the policy of the kingdom, as a measure for preventing much future disturbance in the country, as well as securing an uninterrupted possession of the throne to her issue. Presuming therefore that the German princess had hitherto been an open and ingenuous character, such expositions, intimations, and dark mysteries, were ill-calculated to nourish honorable feelings, but would rather operate as a check to their further existence. To the public eye the newly married pair were contented with each other; alas! it was because each feared an

exposure to the nation. The king reproached himself that he had not fearlessly avowed the only wife of his affections; the queen, because she feared an explanation that the king was guilty of *bigamy*, and thereby her claim, as also that of her progeny (if she should have any), would be known to be illegitimate. It appears as if the result of those reflections formed a basis for the misery of millions, and added to that number millions yet unborn."

This probably is solemn nonsense, as it is certainly indifferent English. We get back to comic truth at least in an anecdote told by Cumberland, of Bubb Dodington, who, "when he paid his court at St. James's to her majesty upon her nuptials, approached to kiss her hand, decked in an embroidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and breeches, the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner."

Between the wedding drawing-room and the coronation, the king and queen appeared twice in public, once at their devotions, and once at the play. On both occasions there were crowds of followers and some disappointment. At the Chapel Royal, the preacher, the Rev. Mr. Schultz, made no allusion to the august couple, but simply confined himself to a practical illustration of his text, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." It was a text from the application of which a young sovereign couple might learn much that was valuable, without being preached at. But the crowd who went to stare and not to pray, would have been better pleased to have heard them lectured, and to have seen how they looked under the infliction. The king had expressly forbidden all laudation of himself from the pulpit, but the Rev. Dr. Wilson, and Mason, the poet, disobeyed the injunction, and, getting nothing by their praise, joined the *patriotic* side in politics immediately. At the play, to which the king and queen went on the day, after attending church, to witness Garrick, who was advertised to play "Bayes" in the "Rehearsal," the king was in roars of laughter at Garrick's comic acting; which even made the queen smile, to whom, however, such a play as the "Rehearsal," and such a part as Bayes, must have been totally incomprehensible, and defying explanation. There was no royal state displayed on this occasion,

but there were the penalties which are sometimes paid by a too eager curiosity. The way from the palace to the theatre was so beset by a violently loyal mob, that there was difficulty in getting the royal chairs through the unwelcome pressure. The accidents were many, and some were fatal. The young married couple did not accomplish their first party of pleasure, shared with the public, but at the expense of three or four lives of persons trampled to death among the crowd, that had assembled to view *their* portion of the sight.

The *St. James's Chronicle* thus reports the scene which took place on the occasion of the royal visit to Drury Lane, on Friday, September 11th. "Last night about a quarter after six, their majesties the king and queen, with most of the royal family, went to Drury Lane play-house to see the Rehearsal. Their majesties went in chairs, and the rest of the royal family in coaches, attended by the Horse Guards. His majesty was preceded by the Duke of Devonshire, his lord-chamberlain, and the Honorable Mr. Finch, his vice-chamberlain; and her majesty was preceded by the Duke of Manchester, her lord-chamberlain, and Lord Cantalupo, her vice-chamberlain, the Earl of Harcourt, her master of the horse; and by the Duchess of Ancaster and the Countess of Effingham. It is almost inconceivable, the crowds of people that waited in the streets, quite from St. James's to the play-house, to see their majesties. Never was seen so brilliant a train, the ladies being mostly dressed in the clothes and jewels they wore at the royal marriage. The house was quite full before the doors were open; so that out of the vast multitude that waited the opening of the doors, not a hundred got in; the house being previously filled, to the great disappointment and fatigue of many thousands, and we may venture to say that there were people enough to have filled fifty such houses. There was a prodigious deal of mischief done at the doors of the house; several genteel women who were imprudent enough to attempt to get in, had their clothes, caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, all torn off them. It is said a girl was killed, and a man so trampled on that there are no hopes of his recovery."

Among the congratulatory addresses presented to the queen, on the occasion of her marriage, there was none which caused so much

• remark as that presented by the ladies of St. Alban's. They complained that *custom* had deprived them of the pleasure of joining in the address presented by the gentlemen of the borough, and that they were therefore compelled to act independently. They profited by the occasion to express a hope that the example set by the king and queen would be speedily and widely followed. The holy state of matrimony, the St. Alban's ladies assured her majesty, had fallen so low as to be sneered at and disregarded by the gentlemen. They further declared that if the best riches of a nation consisted in the amount of population, they were the best citizens who did their utmost to increase that amount: to further which end the ladies of St. Alban's expressed a loyal degree of willingness, with sundry logical reasonings which made even the grave Charlotte smile.

It is unnecessary perhaps to enter detailedly upon the programme of the royal coronation. All coronations very much resemble each other; they only vary in some of their incidents. That of George and Charlotte had well-nigh been delayed by the sudden and unexpected strike of the workmen at Westminster Hall. These handicraftsmen had been accustomed to take toll of the public admitted to see the preparations, but soldiers on guard perceiving the profit to be derived from such a course, allowed no one to enter at all but after payment of an admission fee sufficiently large to gratify their cupidity. The plunderers of the public thereupon fell out, and the workmen struck because they had been deprived of an opportunity of robbing curious citizens. The dispute was settled by a compromise; an increase of wages was made to the workmen, and the military continued to levy with great success upon the purses of civilians, as before.

There was nothing further to impede the completion of the preparations for the spectacle; but by another strike a portion, at least, of the public ran the risk of not seeing the spectacle at all. The chairmen and drivers of hired vehicles had talked so largely of their scale of prices for the Coronation Day, that the authorities threatened to interfere and establish a tariff; whereupon the chairmen and their brethren solemnly announced that not a hired vehicle of any description should ply in the streets at all on the day

in question; and that if there *were* a sight worth seeing, the full-dressed public might get to it how they could: they should not ride to it. Thereupon, great was the despair of a very large and interested class. Appeals, almost affectionate in expression, were made to the offended chairmen who led the revolt, and they were entreated to trust to the generous feelings of their patrons, willing to be their very humble servants, for one day. The amiable creatures at last yielded, when it was perfectly understood that the liberal sentiment of riders was to be computed at the rate of a guinea for a ride from the west-end to the point nearest the Abbey, which the chairmen could reach. Not many could penetrate beyond Charing Cross, where the bewildered fares were set down amid the mob and the mud, to work their way through both, as best they might.

There was only one class of extortionate robbers who succeeded in making unwarrantable gain without interference on the part of the authorities, or appeal on that of the public. The class in question consisted of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who exacted five guineas a foot as the rent or hire of the space for the erection of scaffolding for seats. This caused the tariff of places to be of so costly a nature, that, willing as the public were to pay liberally for a great show, the seats were but scantily occupied.

The popular eagerness, which existed especially to see the young queen, was well illustrated in the person of a married lady, for whom not only was a front room taken, from the window of which she might see the procession pass, but a bedroom also engaged, and a medical man in attendance; the lady's condition of health rendering it probable that both might be required before the spectacle had concluded.

Much had been said of the queen's beauty, but to that her majesty had really little pretension. The public near enough to distinguish her features, were the more disappointed, from the fact that the portrait of a very pretty woman had been in all the print-shops, as a likeness of the young queen. The publisher, however, had in some sort performed a trick similar to that of the showman of wax-figures, who, when he had to exhibit his wonders to boarding-school ladies, used to take the paint off the face of the clown,

put a cap on its head, and call the figure, Mrs. Hannah More. In the case of the first published portrait of Queen Charlotte, the printseller had selected an old engraving of a young beauty, and erasing the name on the plate, issued the portrait as that of the royal consort of his Majesty George III. Many were indignant at the trick, but few were more amused by it than her majesty herself.

As illustrative of the crowds assembled, even on places whence but little could be seen, it may be mentioned that the assemblage on Westminster Bridge, which was no "coign of vantage," for the platform on which the procession passed could hardly be discovered from it, was so immense as to give rise to a report, which long prevailed, that the structure of the bridge itself had been injured by this superincumbent dead weight.

The multitude was enthusiastic enough, but it was not a kindly-endowed multitude. The mob was ferocious in its joys even, in those days. Of the lives lost, one at least was so lost by a murderous act of the populace. A respectable man in the throng dropped some papers, and he stooped to recover them from the ground. The contemporary recorders of the events of the day detail, without comment, how the mob held this unfortunate man forcibly down till they had trampled him to death! The people must have their little amusements.

It was, perhaps, hardly the fault of the people that these amusements were so savage in character. The people themselves were treated as savages. Even on this day of universal jubilee they were treated as if the great occasion were foreign to them and to their feelings; and a press-gang, strong enough to defy attack, was not the least remarkable group which appeared this day among the free Britons over whom George and Charlotte expressed themselves proud to reign. Such a "gang" did not do its work in a delicate way, and a score or two of loyal and tipsy people who had joyously left their homes to make a day of it, found themselves at night, battered and bleeding, on board a "Tender," torn from their families, and condemned to "serve the king," upon the high seas.

Such incidents as these were going on while the crowns were being made to rest upon the brows of the monarch and his consort.

Such incidents were of course unknown to them. Queen Charlotte, doubtless, no more thought, amid the splendor of the scene of which she was the heroine, that death and oppression were dealing with the lieges without, than she did on board the "Caroline" yacht which brought her to Harwich, of a sailor perishing in the waves, while she continued to sing on at her harpsichord. The false delicacy of those around her would not allow them to interrupt the song of a princess, by shocking her with the cry of "A man over-board." That man perished, and the young queen knew nothing of the sad event until she had set foot upon English ground. It was the first piece of intelligence communicated to her, on reaching England, where it might very well have been spared her. We express a species of horror at the idea of murder going on in the streets, while the Conqueror was being crowned in the cathedral; but, though less intense in degree, and with no political hostility to direct it, the scene in London while Charlotte and the king were being solemnly crowned, was not without its horrors too. That unhappy man purposely trampled to death, and that press-gang making captives of men who thought themselves free, are facts only less intense in degree—they are not so wide apart in quality.

In the mean time, the interior of the Abbey displayed, so says the *St. James's Chronicle*, the finest exhibition of genteel people that the world ever saw. That was satisfactory. The Countess of Northampton carried three hundred thousand pounds worth of diamonds upon her, and other ladies dropped rubies and other precious stones from their dresses, in quantity sufficient to have made the fortune of any single finder. The day, too, did not pass without its ominous aspect. As the king was moving with the crown on his head, the great diamond in the upper portion of it fell to the ground, and was not found again without some trouble. If the spectators had known then as much of the events of the king's reign, as we know now, they would, doubtless, have not been at fault how to interpret the sign. The diamond which fell would have passed for the jewel of America, which dropped from the chaplet of our possessions; compensated for, indeed, by the gem of India, which Clive might then be said to have been chief in

placing upon the somewhat damaged but still brilliant diadem of England.

Perhaps the prettiest, though not the most gorgeous portion of the show, was the procession of the Princess Dowager of Wales, from the House of Lords to the Abbey. The king's mother was led by the hand of her young son, William Henry. These and all the other persons in this picturesque group, were attired in dresses of white and silver; and the spectators had the good sense to admire the corresponding good taste. The princess wore a short silk train, and was consequently relieved from the nuisance of being pulled back by train-bearers. Her long hair flowed over her shoulders in hanging curls, and the only ornament upon her head was a simple wreath of diamonds. She was the best dressed and perhaps not the least happy of the persons present. Certainly not the less happy that she was *not* a queen.

The usual ceremonies followed. The Westminster boys sang "*Vivat Regina*," on the entry of the queen into the Abbey, and "*Vivat Rex*," as soon as the king appeared. The illustrious couple engaged for a time in private devotions, were presented to the people, and the divine blessing having been invoked upon them, they sat to hear a sermon of just a quarter of an hour in length, from Drummond, Bishop of Salisbury. The text was sermon in itself. It was from 1 Kings, x. 9: "Because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment *and justice*." The episcopal comment was not a bad one; but when the prelate talked, as he did, of our constitution being founded upon the principles of purity and freedom, and justly poised between the extremes of power and liberty, his sentiment, I think, was but poorly illustrated by the presence of that press-gang without, with whom was much power over a people who, in such a presence, enjoyed no liberty.

Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, placed the crowns on the heads of the sovereigns, and did not get kissed in return, as was formerly the custom, at least on the part of a newly-crowned king. But perhaps the prettiest incident took place when the king was about to partake, with the queen, of the Sacrament. He desired that he might first put aside his crown, and appear humbly at the

table of the Lord. There was no precedent for such a case, and all the prelates present were somewhat puzzled, lest they might commit themselves. Ultimately, and wisely, they expressed an opinion that, despite the lack of authorizing precedent, the king's wishes might be complied with. A similar wish was expressed by Queen Charlotte; but this could not so readily be fulfilled. It was found that the little crown fixed on the queen's head was so fastened, to keep it from falling, that there would be some trouble in getting it off without the assistance of the queen's dressers. This was dispensed with, and the crown was worn by the queen; but the king declared, that in this case it was to be considered simply as part of her dress, and not as indicating any power or greatness residing in a person humbly kneeling in the presence of God.

The remainder of the ceremonial was long and tedious, and it was quite dusk before the procession returned to the hall. In the mean time, the champion's horse was champing his bit with great impatience, as became a horse of his dignity. This gallant gray charger was no other than that which bore the sacred majesty of George II. through the dangers of the great and bloody day at Dettingen. The veteran steed was now to be the leader in the equestrian spectacle at the banquet of that monarch's successor.

It is the characteristic of all English solemnities that they should be celebrated, like "Ophelia's" funeral, with "maimed rites." Whether we crown monarchs or make war, we are never ready; in the one case, want of preparation makes fools of those most concerned in the show; in the other, it starves and slays them. Although there was ample time for the completion of everything necessary to the coronation of George and Charlotte, the earl-marshal forgot some very indispensable items; among others, the sword of state, the state-banquet chairs for the king and queen, and the canopy. It was lucky that the crown had not been forgotten, too. As it was, they had to borrow the ceremonial sword of the Lord Mayor, and workmen built a canopy amid the scenic splendors of Westminster Hall. These mistakes delayed the procession till noon.

It was dark when the procession returned to the hall; and as

the illuminating of the latter was deferred till the king and queen had taken their places, the *cortège* had very much the appearance of a funeral procession, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the Knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse. There were less dignified incidents than these in the course of the day's proceedings; the least dignified, was an awkward rencounter between the queen herself and the Duke of Newcastle, behind the scenes. Walpole says that "some of the procession were dressed over night, slept in arm-chairs, and were waked if they tumbled on their heads." Noticing some of the ladies present, the same writer adds:—"I carried my Lady Townshend, Lady Hertford, Lady Anne Conolly, my Lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster Hall. My Lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a coronation, as she never had seen one. 'Why,' said I, 'madam, you walked at the last.' 'Yes, child,' said she, 'but I saw nothing of it. I only looked to see who looked at me.' The Duchess of Queensberry walked; her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. Lord Chesterfield was not present either in Abbey or Hall; for, as he said of the ceremony, he was 'not alive enough to march, nor dead enough to walk at it.'"

The scene in the banqueting hall is further described by Walpole in a subsequent letter; and to his lively pages we once more have recourse: "All the wines of Bordeaux," he writes to George Montagu, "and all the fumes of Irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a royal wedding and a coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh, the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses that, though the coronation was but the day before yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring admissions for a ball that they fancied was to be at court last night. People had set up a night and a day, and yet wanted to see a dance! If I was to entitle ages, I would call this 'the century of crowds.' For the coronation, if a puppet show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards and processions, made Palace Yard the liveliest spectacle in the world: the ball was most glorious.

The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the bunches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, were as awful as a pageant can be; and yet, for the king's sake and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The king complained that so few precedents were kept of their proceedings. Lord Effingham vowed the earl-marshal's office had been strangely neglected, but he had taken such care for the future that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance. She complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. 'Pho!' said he, 'you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable.' She told this everywhere, thinking that the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth! Lady Pembroke alone, at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty. The Duchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her. Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party. Lady Westmoreland still handsome, and with more dignity than all. The Duchess of Queensberry looked well, though her locks milk-white. Lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress, for you know no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Do not imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side. Old Exeter, who told the king he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old Effingham, and Lady Say and Sele, with her hair

powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B. put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber; the Duchess of Queensberry told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely. It required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the high constable of Scotland, Lord Errol: as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants at Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person that one considered him as acting so considerable a part in that very hall where, a few years ago, one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford, were woful. Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning its rump towards the king; but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty that it entered backwards; and, at his retreat, the spectators clapped—a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew Fair doings. He had twenty *démêlés*, and came off none creditably. He had taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the other in the Court of Requests. Sir William Stanhope said, 'We are ill-treated, for *some of us are gentlemen*.' Beckford told the earl it was hard to refuse a table to the City of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the king, and that his lordship would repent it if they had not a table in the hall; they had. To the barons of the Cinque Ports, who made the same complaint, he said, 'If you come to me as lord-steward, I tell you it is impossible; if as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you;' and then he said to Lord Bute, 'If I were a minister, thus would I talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch; none of your half-measures.'

There was long a tradition current that, among the spectators at the great ceremony in the hall, was no less a person than the

Young Pretender, who was said to have been there *incognito*, and not without some hope of seeing the gauntlet defiantly thrown down by the champion taken up by some bold adherent of his cause. Indeed, it is further reported that preparation had been made for such an attempt, but that (fortunately) it accidentally failed. The Pretender, so runs the legend, was recognized by a nobleman, who, standing near him, whispered in his ear that he was the last person anybody would expect to find there. "I am here simply out of curiosity," was the answer of the Wanderer; "but I assure you that the man who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the person in the world whom I the least envy." To complete the chain of reports, it may be further noticed that Charles Edward was said to have abjured Romanism, in the new church in the Strand, in the year 1754. But to return to known facts.

There was great gayety in town generally at this period. The young queen announced that she would attend the opera once a week—that seemed dissipation enough for her, who had been educated with some strictness in the quietest and smallest of German courts. The weekly attendance of royalty is thus commented upon by Walpole—"It is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three years. We can get no alternative but that over Miss Chudleigh's; and Lord Strafford and Lady Mary Coke will not subscribe unless we can. The Duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our party together. The crowds at the opera and play when the king and queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other opera in Lincoln-Inn-Fields. Lord Chesterfield, one night, came into the latter, and was asked if he had been at the other house? 'Yes,' said he, 'but there was nobody but the king and queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.'"

The theatres, of course, adopted the usual fashion of reproducing the ceremony of the coronation on the stage. Garrick, considering that he was a man of taste, displayed great tastelessness in his conduct on this occasion. After "Henry VIII.," in which Bransley

played the King; Havard acted Wolsey, and Yates, what was so long played as a comic part, Gardiner; in which Mrs. Pritchard played the Queen, and Mrs. Yates Anne Bolleyn, a strange representation of the ceremonial was presented to the public. Garrick, it is said, knowing that Rich would spare no expense in producing the spectacle at the other house, and fearing the cost of competition with a man than whom the stage never again saw one so clever in getting up scenic effects, till it possessed Farley, contented himself with the old, mean, and dirty dresses which had figured in the stage coronation of George II. and Caroline. The most curious incident of Garrick's show was that, by throwing down the wall behind the stage, he really opened the latter into Drury Lane itself, where a monster bonfire was burning, and a mob huzzaing about it. The police authorities did not interfere, and the absurd representation was continued for six or seven weeks, "till the indignation of the public," says Davis, "put a stop to it, to the great comfort of the performers, who walked in the procession, and who were seized with colds, rheumatism, and swelled faces, from the suffocation of the smoke, and the raw air from the open street." Their majesties did not witness the representation of the coronation at either house. Their first visit was paid to Drury Lane, when the queen commanded the piece to be played, and her selection was one that had some wit in it. The young bride chose "Rule a Wife and have a Wife." The royal visit took place on the 26th of November.

At Covent Garden "Henry the Fifth," with the Coronation, was acted twenty-six times; and "Richard the Third," with the same pageant, was played fourteen times. That exquisite hussey, Mrs. Bellamy, walked in the procession, as the representative of the queen. Their majesties paid their first visit in state, on the 7th January, 1762. The king, with some recollection, probably, of his consort's "bespeak" at Drury Lane, commanded the "Merry Wives of Windsor." So that in this respect the new reign commenced merrily enough.

CHAPTER II.

COURT AND CITY.

THE entire population seemed surprised at having got a young queen and king to reign over them; and, except an occasional placard or two, denouncing "petticoat government," and pronouncing against Scotch ministers, and Lord George Sackville, there seemed no dissatisfied voice in the whole metropolis. The graces of the young sovereign were sung by pseudo-poets, and Walpole, in graceful prose, told of his surprise at seeing how completely the old levee-room had lost its air of a lion's den. "The sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel; sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well. It was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of Newcastle, in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Lichfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands. George Selwyn says, 'They go to St. James's because now there are so many STUARTS there.'" In allusion to the crowds of nobles, gentle and simple, going up to congratulate the king, or to view the processions flocking to the foot of the throne, or surrounding the king, as it were, when he went to the first parliament, Walpole remarks: "The day the king went to the house I was three-quarters of an hour getting through Whitehall. There were subjects enough to set up half a dozen petty kings: the Pretender would be proud to reign over the footmen only; and indeed unless he

acquires some of them, he will have no subjects left; all their masters flock to St. James's." In a few words he describes the scene at the theatre on the king's first visit, alone. "The first night the king went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera night, as he used to do, the whole audience sang *God save the King* in chorus. For the first act the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could go to the boxes, and only the servants appeared there, who kept places. At the end of the second act, the whole mob broke in and seated themselves." The play was "Richard the Third," in which Garrick represented the king. George III. repeated his visit on the 23d December to see "King John." In both plays the heroes are monarchs who have displaced the rightful heirs to the throne; and if there were Jacobites among the audience, doubtless they made, mentally, application of the fact.

His majesty grievously offended Garrick on this night, by a manifestation of what the latter considered, very bad taste. The king preferred Sheridan in Falconbridge, to Garrick in King John, and when this reached the ears of Garrick, he was excessively hurt, and though the boxes were taken for *King John*, for several nights, the offended "Roseius" would not allow the play to have its proper run.

But there were other stages on which more solemn pageants had to be performed. The sovereigns had yet to make their first appearance within the city liberties.

The queen was introduced to the citizens of London on Lord Mayor's Day; on which occasion they may be said emphatically, to have "made a day of it." They left St. James's palace at noon, and in great state, accompanied by all the royal family, escorted by guards, and cheered by the people, whose particular holiday was thus shared in common. There was the usual ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalty, and giving it welcome; and there was the once usual address made at the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard, by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital school. Having survived the cumbrous formalities of the first, and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, the royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guildhall, but to the house of Mr. Barclay, the patent-medicine-vendor, an honest Quaker whom the

king respected, and ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is not unmusical to Volscean ears—Barclay, Perkins and Co.

Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author of the same name, who wrote the celebrated "Apology for the Quakers," and who was now the king's entertainer, was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the same house, two Georges, before he had given welcome to the third George and his queen Charlotte. The hearty old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, went a little beyond it, in order to do honor to the young queen; and he hung his balcony and rooms with a brilliant crimson damask, that must have scattered blushes on all who stood near,—particularly on the cheeks of the crowds of "Friends" who had assembled within the house to do honor to their sovereigns. How the king, and he was at the time a very handsome young monarch, fluttered all the female Friends present, and set their tuckers in agitation, may be guessed from the fact that he kissed them all round, and right happy were they to be so greeted. The queen smiled with dignity, her consort laughed and clapped his hands, and when they had passed into another room, the king's young brothers followed the example, and in a minute had all the young Quakeresses in their arms,—nothing loth. Those were unceremonious days, and "a kiss all round," was a pleasant solemnity, which was undergone with alacrity even by a Quakeress.

In the apartment to which the king and queen had retired, the latter was waited on by a youthful grand-daughter of Mr. Barclay, who kissed the royal hand with much grace, but would not kneel to do so, a resolute observance of consistent principle which made the young queen smile. Later in the day, when Mr. Barclay's daughters served the queen with tea, they handed it to the ladies in waiting, who presented it kneeling to their sovereign,—a form which Rachel and Rebecca would never have submitted to. From the windows of this house, which was exactly opposite Bow Church, the queen and consort witnessed the Lord Mayor's procession pass on its way to Westminster, and had the patience to wait for its return.

It was no innovation for a king and queen to take up a position in Cheapside in order to witness city stateliness or a city revel.

The fashion, indeed, was general, and in old city leases it was customary to insert a clause, giving right to the landlord and his friends to stand in the balcony during the time of the shows or pastimes upon the day called Lord Mayor's day. It will be remembered that in the front of Bow Church there is a balcony. This balcony, if it were not built expressly for the accommodation of sovereigns, was at least erected in memory of the good old times when sovereigns used to stand in Cheapside to witness civic festivities. The original building wherefrom kings used to gaze at mayors, was erected by Edward III. It was a stone edifice, on the north side of St. Mary-le-bow Church, darkening its windows and obstructing its doors. It was called the *Seldam*, which is translated, *shed*, but on what authority I cannot pretend to say. Many a king and queen sat in the Seldam and enjoyed the city shows of every variety. In 1418, Henry IV. made over the place and adjoining property to the corporation, but it still remained the spot to where the "royal and great estates betook themselves in order to witness jousts, tournaments, magisterial shows, and the assembling of the 'Great Watches' on the summer eves of St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter." In 1510 Henry VIII. came thither in the disguise of a yeoman in his own guard, halberd on shoulder, and known only to a select few, to view the mustering and marshalling of the Watch. This was on the eve of St. John. At the following eve of St. Peter he brought his queen with him in state, and a merry night they had of it.

It is said to have been once contemplated by the "Fifth Monarchy men" to murder Charles II. and the Duke of York, as they stood in a balcony in Cheapside, to view the Lord Mayor's show; upon intimation of which the royal brothers absented themselves. In those days the city maintained a fool and a poet. The former was by far the wittier fellow of the two. The city poet used to devise the city pageants, and the last pageant of the mayoralty devised by the last of such poets, Elkanah Settle, was witnessed by Queen Anne, "from a balcony in Cheapside," in the first year of her reign. Hogarth has represented (in his "Industry and Idleness") Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his Princess, as spectators of the Lord Mayor's show.

The princess was a spectator of the show on this occasion, with her son, King George, and her daughter-in-law, Queen Charlotte. I have noticed that Henry VIII. once came into the city in disguise. Frederick, Prince of Wales, also once initiated him. The father of George III. once stood among the crowd in Cheapside to view the return of the Mayor's procession to Guildhall. He was recognized by some members of the Saddlers' Company, by whom he was invited into their "stand," erected in the street. He accepted their invitation, and made himself so agreeable that the company unanimously elected him their "Master," an office which he accepted with great readiness.

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of our sovereigns who thus honored a Lord Mayor's show. And as it *was* the last occasion, and that the young Queen Charlotte was *the* heroine of the day, the opportunity may be profited by to show how that royal lady looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of the Miss Barclays, whose letter descriptive of the scene, appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. The following extracts are very much to our purpose:—"About one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street-door, where my two brothers had long been to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of whom were then waiting in the warehouse. As the royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlor. At half-past two their majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter: for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling, was an unexampled honor, the king confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shown themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The king met us at the door, (a condescension I did not expect,) at which place he saluted us with great polite-

ness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only from the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic; and I really think, by her manner is expressed that complacency of disposition which is truly amiable: and though I could never perceive that she deviated from that dignity which belongs to a crowned head, yet on the most trifling occasions she displayed all that easy behavior that negligence can bestow. Her hair, which is of a light color, hung in what is called coronation ringlets, encircled in a band of diamonds, so beautiful in themselves, and so prettily disposed, as will admit of no description. Her clothes, which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The king I think a very personable man. All the princes followed the king's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The queen was up stairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay, and Priscilla Ball, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious on account of my girl, who kissed the queen's hand with so much grace that I thought the Princess Dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report was made of her to the king, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement, by saying, 'that she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a curtesey.' Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the queen; but she would by no means consent till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her hand—a true copy of the sex. The king never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter, by brother

John, who delivered it to the lady in waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us, was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment—which they were so anxious to have explained, that the queen came up to us as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honor of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which (the canopy, it is to be presumed) there were one hundred yards of silk damask."

From the above particulars we learn that it was customary for our sovereigns to do honor to industry long before the period of the Great Exhibition year, which is erroneously supposed to be the opening of the era when a sort of fraternization took place between commerce and the crown. Under the old reign, too, the honor took a homely, but not an undignified—and if still a ceremonious, yet a hearty shape. It may be questioned, if royalty were to pay a visit to the family of the present Mr. Barclay, whether the prince consort would celebrate the brief sojourn, by kissing all the daughters of "Barclay and Perkins." He might do many things not half so pleasant.

Gog and Magog has never looked down on so glorious a scene and so splendid a banquet as enlivened Guildhall, and at which the queen and her consort were royally entertained, at a cost of something approaching 8000*l*. Indeed, both sovereigns united in remarking that "for elegance of entertainment the city beat the court end of the town." A foreign minister present described it as a banquet such only as one king could give another. And it *was* precisely so. The King of the City exhibited his boundless hospitality to the King of England. The majesty of the people had the chief magistrate for a guest.

The majesty of the people, however, if we may credit the Earl of Albemarle, the author of the "Memoir of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries," was by no means so civil to the royal guests as the occasion warranted. The passage in which

this much is asserted is so curious as to warrant extract, with such explanation as may be necessary by the way.

"On the 9th of November, George III., who had been married only two months, went in state with his youthful queen, to dine with the Lord Mayor. It was their majesties' first visit to the City. Mr. Pitt, yielding to Lord Temple's persuasions, and as he afterwards declared, 'against his better judgment,' went with him in his carriage, and joined the procession." Pitt, the "great commoner," the terrible "Cornet of Horse," hated and dreaded by Sir Robert Walpole, had only just resigned office, because he could not get his colleagues to agree with him in an aggressive policy against Spain, to be at war with which power was then a passion with the people. For this reason, Pitt was their idol, and the court party their abomination. Hence, the result of Pitt's joining the procession might partly have been anticipated. The royal bride and bridegroom were received by the populace with indifference, and Pitt's late colleague with cries of "No Newcastle salmon!" As for Lord Bute, he was everywhere assailed with hisses and execrations, and would probably have been torn in pieces by the mob, but for the interference of a band of butchers and prize-fighters, whom he had armed as a body-guard. All the enthusiasm of the populace was centered in Mr. Pitt, who was "honored," says the Gentleman's Magazine, "with the most hearty acclamations of people of all ranks; and so great was the feeling in his favor, that the mob clung about every part of the vehicle, hung upon the wheels, hugged his footman, and even kissed his horses."

The royal bride must have been astonished, and the bridegroom was indignant at what, a few days after the banquet, he called "the abominable conduct of Mr. Pitt." The court members of parliament were directed to be personally offensive to him in the house, and all the fashionable ladies in town went to see the noble animal baited.

The year of pageants ended with matters of money; and parliament settled on Queen Charlotte 40,000*l*. per annum to enable her the better to support the royal dignity; with a dowry of 100,000*l*. per annum, and Richmond Old Park and Somerset House annexed, in case she should survive his majesty. On the

2nd of December, the king went in state to the house to give the royal assent to the bill. The queen accompanied him, and when the royal assent had been given, her majesty rose from her seat and curtsied to him the grateful acknowledgments which were really due to the representatives of the people who gave the money.

Somerset House was but an indifferent town residence for either queen or queen dowager, and the king showed his taste and gratified Queen Charlotte, when in lieu of the above-named residence, he purchased for her that red-brick mansion, which many of us can yet remember, which stood on the site of the present Buckingham Palace, and was then known as "Buckingham House." It was subsequently called the "Queen's House." The king bought it of Sir Charles Sheffield for 21,000*l.*, and settled it on his consort by an act of parliament, obtained some years afterwards.

The locality had been a joyous one in previous years. A portion of the building occupied the site of the famous old *Mulberry Gardens*, originally planted by James I., where mortal nymphs and swains amused themselves after a fashion which would not be approved of in these more decorous days. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that the spot successively belonged to the democracy, the aristocracy, and to royalty. The first building on the spot was Goring House, the property of that Lord Goring, whose dragoons carried terror with them both to men and maidens during the civil wars. In that house, when the parliament had become triumphant, the members established their speaker. In Cromwell's time, in the *Mulberry Gardens* adjacent, there was a great house of entertainment especially for wedding festivals and such gay doings. The gardens were long the resort of all gay people with gold in their purses. From the Goring family it passed under Charles II. to Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, and from his daughter and heiress, the Duchess of Grafton, it was purchased by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the patron of Dryden. The house had been damaged by fire, and the duke had it entirely rebuilt by a Dutch captain and architect, named Wynde or Wynne. It remained in the Sheffield, or Buckingham family, until it was bought by George III. for Queen Charlotte. Therein were all the children

born, with the exception of their eldest son, George Prince of Wales, who was born at St. James's Palace; and who demolished the old house in 1825, and erected on its site, one of the ugliest palaces by which the sight was ever offended. Queen Victoria has had some difficulty to make it a comfortable residence; to render it a beautiful one was out of the power even of her majesty's architect, Mr. Blore. The edifice of his predecessor Nash, has defied all his efforts.

Buckingham House was the first present made by King George to Queen Charlotte. It has disappeared, and, as consequently peculiarly belonging to history, a brief description of it, as given by Defoe, and by the Duke of Buckingham who was its owner, may be interesting to those who have interest in localities which have been the theatres of great events.

Defoe *loquitur*. "Buckingham House is one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its situation and its building. It is situated at the west end of St. James's Park, fronting the Mall and the Great Walk; and behind it is a fine garden, a noble terrace, (from whence, as well as from the apartments, you have a most delicious prospect,) and a little park with a pretty canal. The court-yard which fronts the park is spacious. The offices on each side divided from the palace by two arching galleries, and in the middle of the court is a round basin of water, lined with freestone, with the figures of Neptune and the Tritons, in a water-work. The staircase is large and nobly painted, and in the hall, before you ascend the stairs, is a very fine statue of Cain slaying of Abel, in marble. The apartments, indeed, are very noble, the furniture rich, and many very good pictures. The top of the palace is flat, on which one has a full view of London and Westminster, and the adjacent country; and the four figures of Mercury, Secrecy, Equity, and Liberty, front the park, and those of the Four Seasons the garden. His Grace has also put inscriptions on the four parts of his palace. On the front towards the park, which is as delicious a situation as can be imagined, the description is, *Sic siti lætantur Lares* (the household gods delight in such a situation), and fronting the garden, *Rus in Urbe* (the country within the city): which may be properly said; for from that gar-

den you see nothing but an open country, and an uninterrupted view, without seeing any part of the city, because the palace interrupts that prospect from the garden." To this description of Defoe's, in which no one now would recognize even the adjacent locality, we add the Duke of Buckingham's:—"The avenues to this house are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms, on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other. *That* for coaches; *this* for walking; with the Mall lying between them. This reaches to my iron palisade which encompasses a square court, which has in the midst a great basin, with statues and water-works, and from its entrance rises all the way, imperceptibly, till we mount to a terrace in front of a large hall, paved with square white stones, mixed with a dark-colored marble. The walls of it covered with a set of pictures done in the school of Raffaele. Out of this, on the right hand, we go into a parlor 33 feet by 39 feet, with a niche 15 feet broad for a buffet, paved with white marble, and placed within an arch, with pilasters of divers colors, the upper part of which, as high as the ceiling, is painted by Ricci. Under the windows of this closet (of books) and green-house is a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales. The trees, though planted by myself, require lopping already, to prevent their hindering the views of that fine canal in the park. After all this, to a friend I will expose my weakness, as an instance of the mind's inquietness under the most pleasing enjoyments, I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down than pleased with the *salle* which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all manner of respects."

The above, which is from a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, may give a general idea of the house as it stood, down to the time of its being presented to Queen Charlotte. In her time, Mr. Wyatt erected a grand stair-case. West's pictures soon filled the great gallery, and *that* artist at least would not complain, as so many others did, that the queen and king were mean patrons of art, seeing that the latter, to gratify his consort, paid West no less than 40,000*l.* for his labors. The principal of these pictures are now at Hampton Court. The *Regulus* brought West a very liberal pension. The dining-room was adorned with pictures by Zuccheri,

Vandyke, Lely, Zoffiani, Mytens, and Houseman. The queen's house, although intended as a simple asylum for its royal owners, from the oppressive gorgeousness and ceremony of St. James's, did not lack a splendor of its own. The crimson drawing-room, the second drawing-room, and the blue velvet room, were magnificent apartments, adapted for the most showy of royal pageants, and adorned with valuable pictures. Queen Charlotte had hardly been installed in this her own "House," when her husband commenced the formation of that invaluable library which her son, on demolishing her house, made over to the nation, and is now in the British Museum.

The son just alluded to was George IV. Under the pretence of being about to repair Buckingham House, he applied to the Commons to afford the necessary supplies. These were granted under the special stipulation that repairs (and not rebuilding) were intended. The king and his architect, Nash, however, went on demolishing and reconstructing until the fine old mansion disappeared, and a hideous palace took its place, at a tremendous cost to the public. It was a most shameful juggle, but it never profited the author. Neither of the children of Charlotte, who lived to ascend the throne, resided in this palace. The old building was the property of a queen consort, the new one was first occupied by a queen regnant, the daughter of Charlotte's third son, Edward. This is anticipating events; but we have done with the story of the locality, and we now return to that of its mistress, the first great event in whose life, after she became mistress of Buckingham House, was her becoming the mother of him who destroyed it,—George Augustus Frederick, born Prince of Wales.

Returning, then, to the original royal owners of Buckingham Palace, or the queen's house rather, we find them there, in 1762, described by Horace Walpole, as forming a disposition of the court that is "quite comfortable" to *him*. "The king and queen," he says, "are settled for good and all, at Buckingham House, and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it. In short, they have already fetched pictures from Hampton Court, which indicates their never living there; consequently Strawberry Hill will remain in possession of its own tranquillity, and not become a cheese-cake

house to the palace. All I ask," says the cynic in lace ruffles, "all I ask of princes is not to live within five miles of me."

The royal couple lived quietly, and when they were disposed to be gay and in company, they already exhibited a spirit of economy which may illustrate the saying, that any virtue carried to excess, becomes a vice. Economy is an admirable virtue, and they who commence life with it are less likely to need so strictly to observe it as they proceed; but too much economy is downright parsimony, and we should never think now of leaving our cards at a house, the young married owners of which had invited us to a ball and sent us home without our supper. This was what Queen Charlotte did on the occasion of her first party. On the 26th of November, she and the king saw "a few friends," the invitations only included half a dozen strangers, and the entire company consisted of not more than twelve or thirteen couple. The six strangers were Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Jane Stewart, Lord Suffolk, Lord Northampton, Lord Mandeville, and Lord Grey. Besides these, were the court *habitués*, namely, the Duchess of Ancaster and her Grace of Hamilton, who accompanied the queen on her first arrival. These ladies danced little: but on the other hand, Lady Effingham and Lady Egremont danced much. Then there were the six maids of honor, Lady Bolingbroke, who could not dance because she was in black gloves; and Lady Susan Stewart in attendance upon "Lady Augusta." The latter was that eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, at whose birth there had been such a commotion, and who was commonly called the *Lady Augusta*, in obedience to her father's wishes, who was fond of this old-fashioned English style of naming our princesses. The noblemen in waiting were Lords March, Eglington, Cantilupe and Huntingdon. There were "no sitters-by," except the king's mother, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute. At this select party, which commenced between half-past six and seven, the king danced the whole time with the queen; and the Lady Augusta, future mother of the next queen of England, with her four younger brothers. The dancing went on uninterruptedly till one in the morning; the hungry guests separated without supper; and so ended the young couple's first and not very hilarious party.

That young couple certainly began life in a prosaically business-like way. To suit the king's convenience, one opera night was changed from Tuesdays to Mondays, because the former was "post-day," and his majesty too much engaged to attend; and the queen would not have gone on Tuesdays without him.

It was perhaps with reference to the queen's first supperless party that Lord Chesterfield uttered a *bon mot*, when an addition to the peerage was contemplated. When this was mentioned in his presence, some one remarked:—"I suppose there will be no dukes made." "Oh, yes, there will," exclaimed Chesterfield, "there is to be *one*." "Is? who?" "Lord Talbot; he is to be created Duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his." If there be a young reader ignorant of whence "dining with Duke Humphrey," takes its origin, to such it may be intimated that the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, stood in Old St. Paul's, and that in front of it was the walk of shabby-genteel people, ashamed to be seen in the street during the common dinner hour. They were popularly said to have dined with Duke Humphrey, that is, not at all; and Queen Charlotte, at her first party, certainly made her guests sup with the same illustrious individual.

The young nobility who had formed great expectations of the splendor and gaiety that were to result, as they thought, from the establishment of a new court with a young couple at the head of it, were miserably disappointed that pleasure alone was not the deity enshrined in the royal dwelling. To the queen's palace they gave the name of Holyrood House, intending to denote thereby that it was the mere abode of chill, gloom, and meanness. But, be this as it may, the English court was now the only court in Europe at which vice was discountenanced, and virtue set as an example, and insisted on in others. With respect to the routine followed there, it certainly lacked excitement, but was hardly the worse for that. The queen passed most of her mornings in receiving instructions from Dr. Majendie in the English tongue. She was an apt scholar, improved rapidly, and though she never spoke or wrote with exceeding elegance, yet she learned to justly appreciate our best authors, and was remarkable for the perfection of taste and manner with which she read aloud. Needle-work followed study, and

exercise followed needle-work. The queen usually rode or walked in company with the king, till dinner-time; and in the evening she played on the harpsichord, or sang aloud,—and this she could do almost *en artiste*; or she took share in a homely game at cribbage, and closed the innocently spent day with a dance. “And so to bed,” as Mr. Pepys would say, without supper.

The routine was something changed when her majesty's brother, Prince Charles of Strelitz, became a visitor at the English court in February, 1762. He was a prince short of stature, but well-made, had fine eyes and teeth, and a very persuasive way with him. So persuasive indeed, that he at one time contrived to express from the king 30,000*l.* out of the civil list revenue, to pay the debts the prince had contracted with German creditors.

In the meantime, matters of costume, as connected with court etiquette, were not considered beneath her majesty's notice. Her birth-day was kept on the 18th of January, to make it as distinct as possible from the king's kept in June, and to encourage both winter and summer fashions. For the latter anniversary a dress was instituted of “stiff-bodied gowns and bare shoulders;” and invented, it was said, “to thin the drawing-room.” “It will be warmer, I hope,” says Walpole, in March, “by the king's birth-day, or the old ladies will catch their deaths. What dreadful discoveries will be made both on fat and lean! I recommend to you, the idea of Mrs. Cavendish, when half stark!” The queen's drawing-rooms however were generally crowded by the ladies, and no wonder, when seventeen English and Scotch, unmarried, dukes might be counted at them. The especial birth-day drawing-room on the anniversary of the king's natal day was, however, ill attended, less on the king's account than on that of his minister, Lord Bute. Meanwhile, court was made to the queen by civilities shown to a second brother who had come over to visit her, allured by affection, and the success which had attended the elder brother. Lady Northumberland's fête to this wandering prince was a “pompous festine;” “not only the whole house, but the garden was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of light alternately surrounded the enclosure; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand;

and dispersed over the lawn with little bands of kettle-drums, clarinets, fifes, &c., and the lovely moon who came without a card.”

But the great event of the year was the birth of the heir-apparent. It occurred at St. James's Palace, on the 12th of August. In previous reigns, such events generally took place in the presence of many witnesses, but on the present occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury alone was present in that capacity.

The royal christening will be, however, of more interest than details of the birth of the prince. The ceremony was performed in the grand council chamber, the Archbishop of Canterbury, “the Right Rev. midwife, Thomas Secker,” as Walpole calls him, officiating. Walpole, describing the scene, on the day after, says:—“Our next monarch was christened last night, George Augustus Frederick. The Princess (Dowager of Wales), the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors. The queen's bed, magnificent, and they say, in taste, was placed in the drawing-room; though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified. I suppose to prevent too great a crowd; all I have heard named, beside those in waiting, were the Duchess of Queensberry, Lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four other ladies.”

It was precisely at the period of the christening of this royal babe, that the marriage of her who was to be the mother of his future wife was first publicly spoken of. In September, Walpole expresses a hope to his friend Conway, that the hereditary Prince of Brunswick is “recovering of the wound in his loins, for they say he is to marry the Princess Augusta.”

CHAPTER III.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE life of Charlotte was of so essentially a domestic character as to afford but few materials for the historian. For the less dignified sketch of scenes and personal traits, the salient points in the queen's career furnish more incidents. With these, I have more to do, as being rather a story-teller than a historian, dealing more with anecdotes of persons than with parties and politics; and affording, I humbly hope, not *much* less amusement to the readers than if I had been twice as ambitious,—and, therewith, perhaps, infinitely more tedious.

In 1761, there was not a more gorgeously attired queen, in presence of the public, than ours. But we learn that in 1762, the first thing of which the queen got positively weary was her jewels. At first seeing herself endowed with them, if such a phrase be admissible, her joy was girlish, natural, and unfeigned. But the gladness was soon over. It was the ecstasy of a week, as she herself said, a quarter of a century later; and there was indifference at the end of a fortnight. "I thought at first," she said, "I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them; why, believe me, madam, in a fortnight's time, I longed for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more."

This was said to Miss Burney, subsequently her dresser and reader, who adds that the queen informed her that dress and shows had never been things she cared for, even in the bloom of her youth; and that neatness and comfort alone gave her pleasure in herself as in others. If this good taste had been, and indeed if it were now, common in the middle classes of society, how much fewer

names would be in the Gazette, and how much fewer claims would be made on the prudent portions of families by the extravagant who so coolly apply to them! To return to the queen, however, she herself confessed that "the first week or fortnight of being a queen, when only in her seventeenth year, she thought splendor sufficiently becoming her station to believe she should choose thenceforth constantly to support it. But it was not her mind," says Miss Burney, "but only her eyes that were dazzled, and therefore her delusion speedily vanished, and her understanding was too strong to give it any chance of returning."

This is pretty, but it has the disadvantage of not being exactly true. The queen may have been indifferent for a while to the wearing or the value of diamonds, but later in life if she did nurse a cherished passion, it was for these glittering gewgaws. The popular voice at least, accused her of this passion, and before many years elapsed, it was commonly said that no money was so sure to buy her favor as a present of diamonds.

In 1763, the country hailed the advent of peace, and the retirement of Lord Bute from office. The queen's popularity was greater than that of the king, and even men of extremely liberal politics greeted her "mild and tender virtues." She now encouraged trade by her splendid fêtes, and was one of those persons who by enjoying festive grandeurs calmly, acquire a reputation for calmly despising them. In August, 1763, she became the mother of a second prince, Frederick, afterwards Duke of York, of whom, and of the children of Charlotte, generally, I shall speak in another chapter.

One of the first acts of the queen, this same year, was a graceful act of benevolence. The young mother had thought and a heart for young orphans,—of gentility. For parentless children of gentle blood she established a home in Bedfordshire. At the head of the house was placed a lady who, with many comforts, enjoyed the liberal salary of 500*l.* per annum. In return for this she superintended the instruction of the young ladies (who were not admitted till they had attained the age of fifteen,—age of folly and of fermentation, as some one has called it,) in embroidery. The first produce of their taste and toil was the property of their patroness,

the young queen, and was converted into ornaments for window curtains, chairs, sofas, and bed furniture for Windsor Castle and the "Queen's House" in St. James's Park.

This was perhaps rather a calculating benevolence; but the Queen paid 500*l.* a year, for fifty years for it, and her majesty was not wanting in true charity. In a later period of her reign than the foundation of the Bedford refuge for genteel embroideresses, the middle classes of Windsor were thrown into much misery by the breaking of the bank there. Many individuals of the class alluded to held the 1*l.* notes of this bank; and the paper had now no more value than *as* paper. The queen, on hearing the case, ordered her treasurer to give cash for these notes, on their being presented, and this was done to the extent of 400*l.* Her daughters acted as clerks, and never was there so hilarious a run upon the bank as on this royal house at Windsor.

There was less joyousness in the following year, when the "Lady Augusta," the sister of the king, married the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. The record of marriage, which produced the fourth of the Hanoverian Queens of England,—and of its solemnity and attendant festivities, will be found in a subsequent page.

The year 1765 opened in some sense auspiciously,—with a royal marriage. Caroline Matilda was the posthumous daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and was born in July, 1751. The terms of her marriage with Christian, Crown Prince of Denmark, were settled in January of this year; but, on account of the extreme youth of the contracting parties, they were not carried into effect until two years had elapsed. Meanwhile, the young bride who had been remarkable for her beauty, grace, and elegance,—and above all for her vivacity—seemed almost to fade away, so nervously anxious did she become as to the obligation by which she was bound, and its possible results. Before the espousals were completed, her affianced husband had become King of Denmark, and when Queen Charlotte congratulated her sister-in-law, she little thought of the hard fate that was to follow upon the ceremony. Of this we shall speak hereafter. For the record of the troubled political history of the times, the reader is referred to other pages. As for the following year, it was a time of much anxiety and dis-

tress, and the people were scarcely good-humored enough in 1765, to welcome the birth of a third prince, in the person of William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

The reports circulated at this time to the effect that the queen interfered in state affairs, were discredited by those who certainly did not lack the means of getting at the truth. The rumor appears to have been believed by Mr. Stanhope, but Lord Chesterfield in writing to his son, and noticing his belief in the good foundation of such a rumor, says:—"You seem not to know the character of the queen, here it is. She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother, and an unmeddling queen. The king loves her as a woman, but I verily believe has never yet spoken one word to her about business."

The reports regarding her were at once atrocious and absurd. They were the falser because they spoke of her having insisted on a repetition of her marriage ceremony with the king, and that the same was performed by Dr. Wilmot at Kew Palace. The motive for this proceeding was ascribed to the alleged fact of the death of Hannah Lightfoot, with whom rumor was resolved that the king had been wedded, and that now a legal marriage might be solemnized between the queen and himself. The atrocity of rumor was illustrated by a report that in consequence of an attack of illness which had affected, for a short time, the king's mental faculties, the queen, armed with a law which in the case of an interruption in the exercise of the royal authority, gave a power of regency to the queen, or other member of the royal family, assisted by a council,—had exercised the most unlimited sway over the national affairs, to the injury of the nation.

The only part of this which is true is where the king's illness is referred to. That he had been mentally affected was not known beyond the palace, and to but a very few within it. He went with the queen to Richmond, in the month of April, announcing an intention to spend a week there: but on the third day, he appeared unexpectedly at the levee, held by the queen. This was so contrived, in order to prevent a crowd. He was at the drawing-room on the following day, and at chapel on Good Friday. He looked pale, but it was the fixed plan to call him well, and far-

seeing people hoped that he was so. His health was considered as very precarious, but what was chiefly dreaded was a consumption.

He acted with promptitude in this matter, by going down to the house and in an affecting and dignified spirit urging the necessity of appointing a Regency, in case of some accident happening to himself before the heir-apparent should become of age. The struggle on this bill was one of the most violent that had ever been carried on by two adverse factions. By a mere juggle practised on the king, the clauses of the bill passed by the Lords, after some absurd discussion as to what was meant by "the royal family," excluded his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, as though she were not a member of it. The struggle was as fierce in the Commons, for ministers dreaded lest with the Princess Dowager, they might get her *protégé* Lord Bute for "King!" The political antagonists professed a super-excellence of what they did not possess, patriotism, and after a battle of personalities, the name of the Princess Dowager was inserted next after that of the queen, (whom some were desirous to exclude altogether,) as capable, with certain assistance named, of exercising the power of Regency, and the Lords adopted the bill which came to them thus amended.

The queen, it is hardly necessary to observe, had no opportunity under this bill, to exercise any present power, had she been ever so inclined. It was only in after years that her enemies made the accusation against her, when they wanted the memory which mendacious persons are said to chiefly require. With respect to the desired omission of the name of the king's mother from the regency, it was fixing on her a most unmerited stigma. The attempt to prove that she was not of the royal family was to say, in other words, that she was not a-kin to her own son. It is not known whether the queen herself thought so, nor did people care what a fiction of law might say thereupon. There is a case in *Tristram Shandy* which shows how the Dowager Duchess of Suffolk claimed to administer to her deceased son's property, as next of kin;—he dying intestate and childless. The claim was opposed by the half-sister of the deceased, daughter of the old duke by a former wife. She maintained that *she* was next of kin, and

that the mother was not kin at all to her own child. The law allowed the plea. But—"let the learned say what they will, there must certainly, quoth my uncle Toby, have been some sort of consanguinity between the Duchess of Suffolk and her son.—The vulgar are of the same opinion, quoth Yorick, at this hour;"—and so were they as regarded the Princess Dowager and her son, and her name was accordingly placed next to that of Queen Charlotte, in the new Regency Bill.

There is little more of personal detail connected with the queen this year that is of much interest. Her eldest son already wore a long list of titles, had been honored with the order of the Garter, and returned brief answers to loyal deputations. He was born twice a Duke, once an Earl and Baron, and Lord High Steward of Scotland. He was Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, and Baron of Renfrew; and a few days after his birth his mother had smilingly laid upon his lap the patent whereby he was created Prince of Wales.* His brother Frederick had been, ere he could speak, named Bishop of Osnaburgh, and queen and king were equally hurt by the "Chapter" who acknowledged their diocesan, but refused to entrust to him their responsible guardianship of the episcopal funds. The queen's thoughts were drawn away from this matter for a moment by the birth (already noticed) of William Henry, on the 21st of August,—the second of her children destined to ascend the throne. This was the little prince who so delighted the good Mrs. Chapone, and by his engaging ways, won the heart of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester.

But while some princes were flourishing, others were fading. The health of the Duke of Cumberland, the dearly loved son of Caroline, had long been precarious. As early as April in this year, his favorite sister Amelia, now residing at Gunnersbury, had felt much alarm on his account. "The Duke of Cumberland is actually set out for Newmarket to-day; he, too, is called much better, but it is often as true of the health of princes as of their prisoners, that there is little distance between each and their graves. There has been lately a fire at Gunnersbury which

* An error has been committed in saying he was born Prince of Wales.

burned four rooms; her servants announced it to Princess Amelia with that wise precaution of 'Madam, do not be frightened!'—accordingly, she was terrified. When they told her the truth, she said, 'I am very glad, I had expectation my brother was dead.'* The expectation seemed natural. A few months more only were to elapse before he who was so over-praised for his generalship at Culloden, and so over-censured for his severity after it, was summoned to depart.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

THE favorite son of Caroline, and the favorite brother of the Princess Amelia, died on the last day of October. His health had long been precarious; he had, like his mother, grown extremely corpulent, and his sight had nearly perished. Indeed he could only see, and that very imperfectly, with one eye,—and yet he was comparatively but a young man; not more than forty-four years of age. His course of life, both in its duties, and its so-called pleasures, had made an old man of him before his time. He had had a paralytic stroke, was much afflicted with asthma, and suffered continually from a wound in the leg, which he had received in his first great battle, when he was little more than a boy, at Dettingen, and which had never healed.

He was born when his mother was yet Princess of Wales. She loved him because he was daring and original; qualities which he evinced by his replies to her when she was lecturing him as a wayward child. For the same reasons, was he liked by his grandfather, at whose awkward English the graceless grandson laughed loudly, and he mimicked it admirably.

It is not astonishing that his mother loved him, for as he grew in years he grew in grace and dignity. In outward bearing, as in

* Walpole.

mental endowments, he was very superior to his brother, the Prince of Wales: he was gentlemanlike without affectation; and accomplished without being vain of his accomplishments. There never was a prince so popular, so winning in his ways, as William of Cumberland during his minority.

He was but twenty-two years of age when he accompanied George II. to the field, and shared in the bloody honors of the day at Dettingen. The honors he reaped here, however, were fatal to him. They led to his being placed in chief command of an army, before he was fitted to do more than lead a brigade. In '45, when the French invested Tournay under Marshal Saxe, the son of Aurora Königsmark, the Duke of Cumberland was placed in command of the English and Dutch forces, numerically very inferior to the foe, and charged with leading them to force the enemy to raise the siege. The attempt was made in the great battle of Fontenoy; where we gained a victory, and yet were vanquished. We beat the enemy, but through want of caution, exposed ourselves to a cross-fire of batteries, against which valor was impotent. It was the "cavalry charge" at Balaclava on a larger scale; and it cost us ten thousand men, and unmerited loss of reputation.

The rose which had fallen from his chaplet the Duke replaced at Culloden, where he fought one of the "decisive battles of the world," whereby the hopes of the Stuarts were crushed in half an hour.

The stern severity of the young general, after the battle, gave him the name of the "butcher." It was a name, which in former times, especially in France, had been conferred on victors who had gained renown by slaying thousands of their fellow-men. The duke was not ashamed of the name. He wore it with as much complacency as though it had been a decoration. With regard to his severities, it may be said that terrible as they were, they had the effect of deterring men from rushing into another rebellion, which would have cost more blood than the duke ever caused to be shed, by way of prevention. Beneath his iron heel he trampled out the embers that lay around the magazine. He saved his father's throne, and gained eternal infamy.

But not from his contemporaries. For himself and his troops the popular heart beat high with admiration and sympathy, and

while the public hand scattered rewards in profuse showers upon the army, parliament increased the duke's reward, and colleges offered him their presidential chairs. He was familiarly called "the Duke," as Marlborough had been before him, and as Wellington was after him. The proud possession of the empty distinction seems to be in abeyance, for want of a hero.

If prince had never been so deservedly popular, so may it be said that never was prince so justifiably stripped of the popular regard. As he grew in manhood, his heart became hardened; he had no affection for his family, nor fondness for the army, for which he had affected attachment. When his brother died, pleasure, not pain, made his heart throb, as he sarcastically exclaimed, "It is a great blow to the country, but I hope it will recover in time." The death, if it did not place him next to the throne, at least gave him hopes of being Regent, should his sire die ere the young heir was of age.

It was, however, the bloody Mutiny Act, of which he was really the author, which brought upon him the universal execration. "The penalty of death," says Walpole, "came over as often as the curses of the commination on Ash Wednesday." He who despised popularity, was philosophically content when deprived of it. He was dissolute, and a gambler. He hated marriage, and escaped from being united with a Danish princess, by the adroit manœuvre of getting his friends to insist upon a large settlement from the royal father, too avaricious to grant it.

If he was lashed into fury by his name being omitted from the Regency Bill, he was more sensitively wounded still, by being made to feel that English uncles had, ere this, murdered the nephews who were heirs to the throne. He was incapable of the crime, for it could have profited him nothing. The knowledge, however, that popular opinion stigmatized him as being capable of committing an offence so sanguinary, was a torture to him. One day, Prince George, his nephew, entered his room. It was a soldier's apartment hung with arms. He took down a splendid sword to exhibit it to the boy. The future husband of Charlotte turned pale, evidently suspecting that his uncle was on sanguinary thoughts intent. The duke was dreadfully shocked, and complained to the

Princess Dowager of Wales, that scandalous prejudices had been instilled into the child against him.

In 1757 he reluctantly assumed the command of the army commissioned to rescue Hanover from the threatened invasion of the French. His opponent was Marshal D'Etries, from before whom he fell back at the Rhine, and to whom he disgracefully surrendered Hanover, by the infamous convention of Klosterseven. When the king saw him enter Kensington Palace, after his peremptory recall, the monarch exclaimed, "Behold the son who has ruined me and disgraced himself!" That son, who declared he had written-orders for all he did, and who certainly was invested with very full powers, resigned all his posts; and the hero of Dettingen, and pacificator of North Britain, became a private gentleman, and took to dice, racing, and other occupations natural then, or common at least, to gentlemen with more money than sense or principle. There is a good trait remembered of him at this period of his career. He had dropped and lost his pocket-book at Newmarket; and he declined to make any more bets, saying, "he had lost money enough for that day." In the evening the book was brought to him by a half-pay officer who had picked it up. "Pray keep it, sir," said the duke, "for if you had not found it, the contents would, before this, have been in the hands of the blacklegs." Another favorable trait was his desire to give commissions to men who earned them on the field. He felt that while any "fool" might purchase a commission, it was hard to keep it back from the man who had fought for it. He once promoted a sergeant to an ensign, and finding him very coolly treated by his brother officers, the duke refused to dine with Lord Ligonier, unless—pointing to the ensign—he might bring his "friend" with him. This recognition settled the question.

The duke cheated by his father's will, and sneered at by Marshal Saxe; with no reputation but for bravery, and no merit as a country gentleman, but that of treating his laborers with some liberality, lived on as contentedly as though he were quietly enjoying all possible honor. On the morning of the 31st of October he had been to court, and had conversed cheerfully with Queen Charlotte. It was the last time she ever beheld him. He subsequently dined

in Arlington Street, with Lord Albemarle, and appeared in good health, although the day before, when playing at picquet with General Hodgson, he had been confused and mistook his cards. Early in the evening, he was at his town-house, 54, Upper Grosvenor Street, when the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Northampton called upon him. As they entered the room, he was seized with a suffocation. One of his valets, who was accustomed to bleed him, was called, and prepared to tie up his arm, but the duke exclaimed "It is all over!" and immediately expired, in Lord Albemarle's arms.

Thus died the favorite son of Caroline of Anspach, to place a crown on whose brow she would have sacrificed her own life. He was an indifferent general, who outlived the reputation he acquired at Culloden, where it was physically impossible that he should be beaten. Where to be vanquished was possible he never had the good luck of being victor. But he cared as little for fame as he did for money; and his neglect in the latter case is testified by the fact that nearly eighteen hundred pounds, in bank-notes, was found in the pocket of one of his cast-off suits, of which a present had been made after the duke's death, to one of his hussars. The hussar had the honesty to return the money.

The king behaved with appropriate delicacy on this occasion. When Lord Albemarle, the duke's executor, presented to the king, the key of his uncle's cabinet, George III. returned it, bidding Lord Albemarle use his own discretion in examining all private papers, and in destroying all such as the duke himself probably would not have wished to be made public. On the 28th of December, the death of his majesty's youngest brother, Prince Frederick, at the early age of sixteen years, threw additional gloom in the circle of the royal family. At least, so say the journalists of the period.

At this time, the king and queen resided chiefly at Richmond, in very modest state, and with very few servants. Their chief amusement, amid the turmoil of politics and the crush of factions, consisted in "going about to see places," as Walpole describes their visits to such localities as Oatlands and Wanstead; and the "call" of the Queen at Strawberry Hill, which the sovereign lady could

not see, for the sufficient reason that the sovereign lord was in bed, and unable to perform the necessary honors.

The youngest daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, was married by proxy on the 1st of October, 1766, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, to Christian VII., King of Denmark. Queen Charlotte was not present, she having given birth only two days previously, to Charlotte Augusta, Princess Royal and subsequently Queen of Wirtemberg.

The King of Denmark was an exceedingly small, but not an ill-made, a weakly, not an ill-favored man. His character was, however, in every respect detestable, and when poor Caroline Matilda passed on in tears amid the congratulations of the court of Queen Charlotte, her tears were better founded than their smiles. She was speedily treated with cruelty, and abandoned at home while her lord travelled in foreign countries, and indulged in profligacy. Queen Charlotte accorded him a more hearty reception, when he came over to England, two years subsequent to the marriage, than he deserved. At that time his absurdly pompous airs were the ridicule of the circle at the queen's and at Carlton House, the residence of the Princess Dowager of Wales.

After spending some years in travel, he returned, neither a wiser nor a better man, to Denmark. In his suite was the German physician, Struensee. This man enjoyed his master's utmost confidence. He soon gained that of the young queen also, who sought by his means, to be reconciled to the king. He was on the other hand, hated by the queen-mother and other branches of the royal family; particularly in his character of reformer of political abuses. They contrived to overthrow him, procured a warrant for his execution from the king, and involved the young queen in his ruin, on the ground of an improper familiarity between them. The triumphant enemies of Struensee would have put Caroline Matilda also to death, but for the appearance in the Baltic of a British fleet under Admiral Keith, by whom she was carried off to Zell, where she died in 1775, neglected, unhappy, and under the weight of accusation of a charge, of which she has never been proved guilty.

It may be stated here that of all the children of Frederick, Prince of Wales, George III. can be said to have been the only

one happily married. The second son, William Henry, the amiable, assiduous, brave, but not over-accomplished Duke of Gloucester (born in 1743), scandalized Queen Charlotte and the court by a *mésalliance* which he contracted in 1766, with Maria, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave. This marriage was not indeed especially unhappy to the contractors of it, except inasmuch as they were embarrassed by being obliged for some time to keep it secret, and that when discovered, the royal husband and his noble wife were for a long period banished from court. They resided during a portion of their time of exile, in Italy; and at Rome, the pope himself had so much esteem for the prince, that his Holiness, on one occasion, declined to take precedence of him when their carriages encountered in the streets. The holy father drew on one side, and courteously waited while the prince, in obedience to the bidding of the Universal Bishop, passed on. The children of this union were subsequently acknowledged as the legal heirs of their parents. The duke died in 1805.

The third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, Henry, Duke of Cumberland (after the death of his uncle "*the Duke*"), born in 1744, more grievously offended Queen Charlotte by a *mésalliance* than his brother. He was fierce of temper, frivolous of character, and foppish in his dress. This was at a later period than that portion of the reign of George and Charlotte, at which we have arrived, but I have thought it well to class the amours of the children of Frederick and Augusta together.

In the year 1770, the attentions of the duke to Lady Grosvenor were so marked, and so ridiculous, that everybody talked about them, except her husband. The lady, when a Miss Vernon, had been first seen by Lord Grosvenor, as they were leaving Kensington Gardens, flying under sudden and heavy rain. He looked at and pitied the *παρθενοὶ ἀμύσπετοι*, the shower-bearing nymphs, as Aristophanes styles maidens so molested, and he offered them an asylum in his carriage. Soon after, Miss Vernon was the married mistress of his house, and the union would have been a happy one, had not the foolish prince appeared to disturb it. He speedily contrived to seduce Lady Grosvenor from her duty. He followed her about in disguises, often betraying himself by his fopperies and

imbecility, slept whole nights in woods like any Corydon not subject to the infirmities of nature, and subsequently had 10,000*l.* to pay for the ruin he brought to Lord Grosvenor's hearth. But this guilt did not so much flurry Queen Charlotte as the marriage of the duke in a following year with "Mrs. Horton," a widow. The lady was the "Lady Anne Luttrell," daughter of Lord Carhampton, and was much older than the senseless and coarse-minded prince, her husband.

This act of folly caused him to be permanently banished from court. The queen would never consent to a reconciliation, and the king to prevent such unions in future, brought in the Royal Marriage Act. By this act, no prince or princess of the blood could marry without consent of the sovereign, before the age of twenty-five. After that age, the royal sanction was still to be applied for, but if withheld, the prince or princess had a resource in the privy council. To this body the name of the individual to whom the English member of the royal family desired to be married, was to be given, and if parliament made no objection within the year, the enamored parties were at liberty to enter into the holy bond of matrimony. Queen Charlotte, who was exceedingly "nice" on such matters, thought that she at least prevented all such alliances among her own children. She little thought how one of her sons would twice offend.

The duke died childless, and a widower, in 1790, but a paternity derived from him was claimed by "Olivia Serres," who professed to be the daughter of a second marriage. Her claim was never heeded, but within the recollection of many of us, she used to patronize the cheaper minor theatres, whose bills announced her presence as that of "H. R. H. the Princess Olivia of Cumberland." She was as much a princess as the counterfeits upon the stage, but not more so.

There are two more children of Frederick yet to be mentioned. These are Edward, Duke of York, the second son, born in 1739, and the Princess Louisa Anne, born ten years later. Neither of these were married. A report nevertheless was long prevalent, that the weak (he voted against ministers on the American Stamp Act) but witty duke was privately married to a lady at Monaco,

where he died in 1767. The Princess Louisa, his sister, was almost from her birth the victim of slow consumption, which finally ended her life when she was in the eighteenth year of her age.

A circumstance occurred in 1767, which was not advantageous to the memory or reputation of Queen Caroline, and which did not raise her in the opinion of Queen Charlotte. In the year just named, the Duchess of Brunswick's repositories were examined by her executors, and among other things discovered therein, were not less than eight hundred letters addressed by the Duchess of Orleans, second wife of the brother of Louis XIV., to Caroline Wilhemina Dorothea, Princess of Wales, and to Ulric Duke of Brunswick. From this correspondence, selections have been published which have disgusted most persons who have read them. The portions suppressed must have been edifying indeed. But even if no more had come under the eyes of the wife of George Augustus, than what publishers have ventured to print, there would still be evidence enough to show that although Caroline conversed with philosophers, her mind could descend to be dragged through the filthiest pollution. There was not much refinement in the age, it is true, but impure as it may have been, the fact that Caroline could submit to have such letters addressed to her, or to read a second, is proof that it was more radically rotten and profoundly unclean than has been generally supposed.

The most interesting domestic event of the following year was the juvenile drawing-room, held by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. The boy, heir-apparent, was perhaps too early initiated into the solemnities of festivals and gorgeous ceremonies. On this occasion, he was attired in a crimson suit, his brother of York in one of blue and gold, while the Princess Royal and the younger branches of the family were grouped together on a sofa, in Roman togas. The happy mother looked upon them with delight, and thought the scene worthy of a painter. The public did not share the enthusiasm, nor approve of the royal taste for expensive displays; and when the youthful Prince of Wales gave a ball and supper this year at the Queen's House, the mob broke into the court-yard, drove a hearse round it, and saluted the revellers, old

and young, with any thing but shouts of compliment or congratulation.

But if the town life of the royal family was one of considerable display, private life at Kew was of the very simplest aspect. Their majesties were early risers, an example which, forcible as the fashion is which royalty deigns to offer, was not followed very generally, even by their own household, except such persons whose services were needed. A king and queen rising at six, and spending the first two hours of the day, emphatically as their own, undisturbed by business of state, afforded a singular spectacle to those who could remember the indolent habits of the late court, for it was only on rare occasions that George II. was an early riser. Caroline was never so by choice. At eight o'clock there was a joyous family breakfast, at which the sovereigns were surrounded by the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, as the second son was called, before he was created Duke of York, the Princes William and Edward, and the Princess Royal. At this morning festival the children were not bound to the silence which they always observed in presence of their parents, in public. After breakfast, the younger children were brought in, and with these the king and queen spent an hour of amusement, while the elder princes were away at exercise of body or mind.

Queen Charlotte generally, and often in company with the king, presided at the children's early dinner. Such attendance was the forerunner of the early dinners which the king subsequently took, himself. Then there was a weekly holiday passed by the whole family in Richmond Gardens. This was in some sort, a continuation of a custom commenced by George II. His custom, however, had not so pure a motive as that observed by George III. and Queen Charlotte, who took innocent delight in witnessing innocent enjoyment. In the cottage there, erected from her own design, she would ply the needle, (Queen Adelaide was not a more indefatigable worker), while the king read aloud to her, generally from Shakspeare. The sovereign loved the poet as deeply as the great Duke of Marlborough did, who knew nothing of English history, save what he had gathered from the not altogether indisputable authority of the great poet. "Whatever charms," says an "observ-

er," with more enthusiasm than elegance, "ambition or folly may conceive to surround so exalted a station, it is neither on the throne nor in the drawing-room, in the splendor or the joys of sovereignty, that the king and queen place their felicity. It is in social and domestic gratifications, in breathing the free air, admiring the works of nature, tasting and encouraging the elegancies of art, and in living without dissipation. In the evening, all the children pay their duty at Kew House before retiring to bed; after which the king reads to her majesty; and having closed the day with a joint act of devotion, they retire to rest. This is the order of each revolving day, with such exceptions as are unavoidable in their high stations.

"The sovereign is the father of the family; not a grievance reaches his knowledge that remains unredressed, nor a character of merit or ingenuity disregarded; his private conduct, therefore, is as exemplary as it is amiable."

Alexander Young, referring to the period when the Prince of Wales was not above twelve years old, furnishes us with a picture that represents the queen's sons as so many Cincinnati at the plough, or rather, like Domitian, cultivating cabbages; only that *he* did not take to the healthy pursuit until he had lost a throne, whereas the English heir-apparent had not yet gained one. The young princes were, perhaps, more like the royalty of Cathay, whose greatest glory was to cultivate the soil, and delude itself into the idea that it was being useful to mankind. Nevertheless, the royal pursuits of the Prince of Wales and his brother of York were harmless, at least. "A spot of ground in the garden at Kew, was dug by his royal highness the Prince of Wales and his brother the Duke of York, who sowed it with wheat, attended the growth of their little crop, weeded, reaped, and harvested it, solely by themselves. They thrashed out the corn and separated it from the chaff; and at this period of their labor were brought to reflect, from their own experience, upon the various labors and attention of the husbandman and farmer. The princes not only raised their own crop, but they also ground it, and having parted the bran from the meal, attended the whole process of making it into bread, which it may well be imagined, was eaten with no slight

relish. The king and queen partook of the philosophical repast, and beheld with pleasure the very amusements of their children rendered the source of useful knowledge."

The second son of Charlotte was not very far advanced in his teens when he carried his love of rustic pursuits, to rustic persons. He so especially admired one cottage beauty, in the neighborhood of Kew or Windsor, that his absences from home became rather too numerous and too prolonged, to escape notice. The royal truant was less narrowly watched, than strictly looked after, upon being missed. On one of these occasions, something more powerful than conjecture, took the inquirers to a certain cottage door; and on looking into the room upon which it opened, there sat the second son of Queen Charlotte, Duke of York and Bishop of Osnaburgh, upon a wooden stool, shelling peas. His pretty companion did not appear to be so angrily disposed against him, as the old Saxon dame was against the prince in her cottage, who found refuge at her hearth, and burned all her cakes to cinders.

Reference has been made before, to the patronage which both Queen Charlotte and King George extended to art. Their patronage of painters was not, generally speaking, on a liberal scale. They requested Paton to bring to the palace, for their inspection, the naval pictures, intended for Saint Petersburg. The artist obeyed, but at a cost of fifty pounds for carriage. He was repaid in thanks, but he received no pecuniary compensation. On another occasion, twenty-five pounds was given to an artist for a picture worth four times the sum. The artist had a friend in Dr. Walcot, and the satires of Peter Pindar, avenged the disappointed painter.

It was the excuse of both king and queen, that their increasing family prevented them from exercising all the liberality they could wish. However the fact may, or may not, have influenced the plea, it could not be denied that the circle round the royal hearth was annually enlarging. In 1767 was born Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent: and in the following year, the Princess Augusta Sophia. At this period, the old custom was still observed of admitting the public to "cake and caudle." Among the loyal young ladies who flocked to the palace to see the infant princess, were

two who partook so plentifully of the caudle as to lose their discretion, and to walk away with the cup in their keeping. They were detected, and were pardoned, after kneeling to ask for forgiveness. The inequality in the application of the law was as marked then as it is now. Petty larcenists of high birth, as these young ladies were, were permitted to escape; not so a poor Sarah Wilson, who yielding to a strong temptation in the year 1771, filched one or two of the queen's jewels, and was condemned to be executed. It was considered almost a violation of justice that the thief should be saved from the halter, and be transported instead of hanged. She was sent to America, where she was allotted as slave or servant, to a Mr. Dwale, Bud Creek, Frederick County. Queen Charlotte would have thought nothing more of her, had her majesty not heard, with some surprise, that her sister, Susannah Caroline Matilda, was keeping her court in the plantations. Never was surprise more genuine than the queen's; it was exceeded only by her hilarity, when it was discovered that the Princess Susannah was simply Sarah Wilson, at large. That somewhat clever girl, having stolen a queen's jewels, thought nothing, after escaping from the penal service to which she was condemned, of passing herself off as a queen's sister. The Americans were not so acute as their descendants; so in love were some of them with the greatness they affected to despise, that they paid royal honors to the clever impostor. She passed the most joyous of seasons before she was consigned again to increase of penalty, for daring to pretend relationship with the consort of King George. The story of the presuming girl, whose escapades, however, were not fully known in England at the time, served, as far as knowledge of them had reached the court, to amuse the "gossips" who had assembled in 1770, about the cradle of the young Elizabeth, and still more, those who in the following year greeted the new prince, Ernest, one of the three sons of Charlotte destined to wear a crown.

The fourth daughter of Caroline and George II. died on the 14th of June in this year, 1771. She was born on the 22nd February, 1723. Before she had completed her eighteenth year, she was married to Frederick, Prince of Hesse, a man whose naturally brutal temperament was rendered still more brutal, after his pass-

ing over from Protestantism to Romanism. This aggravation of a naturally bad temper was not the immediate result of the change of religion, but of the political restrictions to which such change subjected him. Never had wife a more vicious and unfeeling husband than poor Mary: never had husband a more submissive and uncomplaining wife than Frederick of Hesse. His death relieved her of a most inhuman tyrant, and her last days were spent in a happy tranquillity.

The person of her majesty at this period is described as having been easy and graceful, rather than striking or majestic. They who could not call her handsome, which she *never* was, (Lord Harcourt's testimony of her being "*a fine girl*" having nothing to do with beauty of feature), compromised the matter by describing the contour of her face as delicate and pleasing. Her well-shaped forehead, and her beautiful teeth, no inconsiderable items in a face, were her chief beauties. Her bright chestnut-colored hair would have been an additional beauty to have been reckoned, but that it was generally hidden under thick layers of powder—as long, at least, as powder was in fashion. Of her hands and arms the royal lady was proud to a very late period of her life; and amateurs, in the early term of her reign, eulogized the beauties of a neck, which soon very well bore the discreet veil with which it was wisely and modestly covered. Her countenance was naturally benignant, except when flushed, as it could sometimes be, by an offended feeling: and it was naturally pallid, "except," says an anonymous writer, "(which happened not unfrequently), when a blush of diffidence suffused her modest cheek."

The succeeding year to that last-named brought mourning with it, for the death of the mother of George III. We have already traced the distinctive outlines of the married life of Augusta. On the death of her husband, she was appointed the chief guardian of her eldest son, in case of the demise, before that son's majority, of the king, his grandfather. In the meantime, she was really his guardian, during that king's lifetime. This office, however, she shared with Lord Bute, who, according to the scandal-mongers, was less attached to the pupil than to the pupil's mother. Of this attachment, the Prince of Wales himself is said to have had full

knowledge, and did not object to Lord Bute taking solitary walks with the princess, while *he* could do the same with Lady Middlesex. However this may be, the princess and Lord Bute kept the Prince George in very strict seclusion after his father's death. The future husband of Charlotte had, however, abundance of teachers, but a paucity of instruction. One taught him "*deportment*," another imbued him with Jacobitism. Dr. Thomas did honestly his little ineffective best. Lord Bute superintended Dr. Thomas, and the princess said the boy was slow, and the masters indifferent.

The boy would probably have been an accomplished scholar, had his preceptors been more careful in their training. There was the *stuff* and also the taste in him; but he was neglected, and the lost ground was never recovered. His affection for his mother was strong, and she deserved it. She was not a favorite with the people, and she did *not* deserve her unpopularity. George III. and Queen Charlotte visited her regularly every evening at eight o'clock. After one of these filial visits, in February, 1772, when her health had been long declining, she expressed a hope that she might pass a good night. The hope was fulfilled, but death came in the morning. Never was woman more praised or censured than she. Her merit lay, perhaps, between both. Her son adored her, Queen Charlotte respected her, and a commercial country should reverence the memory of a woman who, out of her own jointure, paid off all the debts which her husband left at his decease.

The deaths of women of less note caused some conversation in Queen Charlotte's circle, soon after the demise of the Princess Dowager of Wales; and they may be fittingly noticed here.

The narrative of the conclusion of the lives of the two daughters of George I., of whom Mdle. de Schulemberg, Duchess of Kendal, was the mother, is of more interest than the record of the opening, or the detail of much of the course of each. Petronilla, who married a Count Delitz, became acquainted in this country with Lady Huntingdon, and that good, active, eccentric, but earnest apostle of the Gospel, Whitfield. With the latter the countess maintained a long correspondence, and she is spoken of as being a gem in the crown which metaphor placed upon the preacher's brow. This

lady died at Lord Chesterfield's house in May Fair, on the 3d of November, 1773.

Her more celebrated sister, who married the Earl of Chesterfield, and in whose name her husband is said to have compelled George II. to pay him a very large sum, which also, according to report, was bequeathed her by George I., in the will which was destroyed, led as gay and careless a life as her lord, but not for so long a period as he. She was in the very height of her enjoyment of the splendor of the great world, when, attracted by curiosity to the obscurely lighted drawing-room of Lady Huntingdon, where Whitfield was preaching, she learned, for the first time, to heed as well as hear, the story of the brighter splendor of a greater, and the night and anguish of a more terrible world, than the one in which she was chief lady of the revels, and the fascinator, not to be resisted, of every man in it except her husband. It was here she first felt that all was not so well with her heart, nor so safe for her soul, as should be. She was a woman of strong mind, and she at once braved all the storm with which fools and fine gentlemen pelted her, by boldly declaring the difference which had come over her views, and that which should in future mark her practice. She would fain have retired altogether from the world, but in obedience to her husband, who exacted from her a service which he never repaid, she went occasionally to court. At each visit it was remarked that her costume diminished in finery, but increased in taste. At her last visit among the gay and panting throng, she appeared in a plain but elegant dress of sober brown brocade "powdered," as the heralds might say, "with silver flowers." A smile may mock this humility of a court lady, but the costly and continental simplicity was encountered by her half-brother, the king, (for it was in George II.'s time that this occurred,) with a frown. He had not yet learned to honor pious men or women of any creed, and he had little respect for Lady Huntingdon or Whitfield. He accordingly made two or three steps in advance to the shrinking lady, and rather rudely remarked, "I know who selected that gown for you; it must have been Mr. Whitfield. I hear you have been a follower of his for this year and a-half." Lady Chesterfield mildly replied, "I have, and very well do I like him,"

and withdrew; but she afterwards used to regret that she had not said more, when she had so excellent an opportunity for uttering a word in season, with effect.

Lady Huntingdon hoped, for some time, that a sense of religion might soon touch the heart of him who continued to be polite and impious to the last. He laughingly called death—a leap in the dark, and he obstinately refused the light which would have saved him from leaping to his destruction. The nearest approach he ever made, to being converted by Lady Huntingdon, was when he once sent her a subscription towards building a chapel, and earnestly implored her not to expose him to ridicule by revealing the fact!

His noble wife—for she *was* a wife—true woman, rising above the shame of her birth, and resolute to save even him who was resolute and resigned to perish, was most assiduous at the death-bed of a husband who was as anxious as Charles II. to be courteous and civil, even in death. His last day on earth was the 24th of March, 1773; and his courtesy had well nigh failed him when he heard that his wife had sent for Mr. Rowland Hill to attend him. “Dear Lady Chesterfield,” says Lady Huntingdon, in one of her letters detailing “the blackness of darkness” which had thickened round his dying moments, “Dear Lady Chesterfield could not be persuaded to leave his room for an instant. What unmitigated anguish has she endured! But her confidential communications I am not at liberty to disclose. The curtain has fallen: his immortal part has passed to another state of existence. Oh, my soul, come not thou unto *his* end!”

This wife, the daughter of George I., was not even mentioned incidentally in a will which recognized the services of menials, and rewarded them with ostentation. But after Chesterfield’s death, the mansion in May Fair, and its great room, and its dark, mysterious boudoirs, curtained with blue and silver tissue, and slightly echoing the rustle of silks that were not worn by the wife of the lord of the house—over all these there came a change. The stage remained, but the actors and audiences were different, and now we see that once little girl who usurped in Hanover, a love to which she was not legitimately entitled, a sober woman

grown, throwing open her saloons to Rowland Hill and the eager multitude who thronged to hear that hearty, honest, and uncompromising man.

She lived on till the year 1778, and then, on the 16th of September, died that being whose birth had so severely wounded the pride and self-dignity of Sophia Dorothea. “I was with her to the last,” says Lady Huntingdon, “and never saw a soul more humbled in the dust before God, on account of her own vileness and nothingness; but having a sure and steadfast hope of the love and mercy of God in Christ, constantly affirming that his blood cleanseth from all sin. The last audible expressions that fell from her a few moments before her final struggle, were, ‘Oh, my friend, I have hope, a strong hope—through grace.’ Then, taking my hand, and clasping it earnestly between hers, she exclaimed with much energy, ‘God be merciful to me, a sinner!’”

Between the period of the birth of the last child of Queen Charlotte and the date last named, her majesty had presented other claimants upon the love and liberality of the people. These were Augustus (Sussex) born in 1713; Adolphus (Cambridge) in 1774; Mary in 1776 (sole survivor of the family now, as Duchess of Gloucester), and Sophia in 1777. Meanwhile a queen, thus constantly occupied, performed all household and matronly duties in a way that won respect even from those who detected in her, faults of temper or errors in politics. Of her method and success in training some of her children, we have this evidence.

When the youngest of the daughters of her majesty was about six years old, the well-known Jacob Bryant heard the queen make a remark to the child which he (the author of the *Treatise on the Authenticity of the Scriptures and Truth of the Christian Religion*) considered and cited as high authority for a mode of reasoning, which he adopted when speaking of the obstacles that encumber the way even of the seekers after truth. He is alluding to those who are discouraged because the truth they would fain seize is not yet obvious to them; and he bids them wait with patience and not be discouraged. “I have high authority,” he says, “for this mode of reasoning, which I hope I may take the liberty to produce. When a great personage some years ago was visiting the royal

nursery, a most amiable princess (the Duchess of Gloucester), then about six years old, ran with a book in her hand, and tears in her eyes, and said, 'Madam, I cannot comprehend it! I cannot comprehend it!' Her majesty, with true parental affection, looked upon the princess, and bade her not be alarmed. 'What you cannot comprehend to-day, you may comprehend to-morrow; and what you cannot attain to this year, you may arrive at the next. Do not therefore be frightened with little difficulties, but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time.' This was good common sense, and Mr. Bryant calls it "a golden rule, well worthy our observation."

Her majesty displayed even more readiness in patronizing such men as the author above named, than she did in the patronage of musicians, fond as she and her royal consort were of the really tuneful art. In old days the honor of British queens was said to be most safe when it had a bard for its attendant protector. Such protection was not now wanted, nor have such protectors always been able to guard themselves, still less the praise and honor of others. The musical Mark Smeaton was the pretty-voiced and quick-fingered groom of the chamber to Anne Boleyn, but he was executed for embracing too closely the cause, which he might have protected at a respectful distance. Poor Thomas Abel, the musical preceptor of Queen Catherine, was hanged and quartered by Henry VIII. for much the same reason as that which sent Smeaton to the scaffold. Then there was David Rizzio, who, not long after, and not having the fate of his predecessor before his eyes, was murdered for too close attention to the honor of Queen Mary. It may be said to the credit of Queen Charlotte, that she had no taste for the protection of minstrels, and I doubt if, throughout her life as queen, she ever placed a fiddler as a pensioner on the civil list of England. There are more fiddlers than philosophers on the list in our days.

At a comparatively early period, the queen furnished the grateful Prince of Wales with a chaplain, whose chief duty was comprised in daily reading prayers in the young prince's presence, and, if we may judge by the result, not very much to the young prince's profit. Among those who were candidates for the office, was the

too-celebrated Dr. Dodd, but though the queen was in some degree interested in him, on account of his reported ability, she united heartily with the king, in refusing to nominate him to the responsible duty. The elder princes were, as early as 1773, located at Carlton House, under the guardianship of Lady Charlotte Finch, almost daily superintended by the queen. The latter was, however, always glad to escape from town to Kew, which had come into the king's possession on the death of his mother, and for which the residence at Old Richmond had been abandoned. It was at Kew that she received Beattie, for whom she had procured a pension of 200*l.* a year, right royal reward, for his indifferent work on the Immutability of Truth. The well-recompensed author was in too good a humor with the royal lady to see any fault in her. He even pronounced her English "fair," and herself as "most agreeable." The portraits of her, he thought hardly rendered her justice, and the expression of her eye and of her smile was declared by him to be most engaging.

She was not so favorably considered by some of her own court. Thus, the wearers of the fashionable long feathers denounced her bad taste, when the queen issued her decree against their being worn at court. The decree, however, was not issued without great provocation, a dowager-duchess having appeared at a drawing-room, with a head-dress of feathers, a yard and a quarter in height. The sight was so ridiculous, that Charlotte would, for a long time, neither tolerate them in others nor wear them herself. The maids of honor grumbled as heartily at this as they did at the rule of the queen's household, which did not provide them with supper. The fair ladies' remonstrance on this latter subject almost amounted to a mutiny. The affair was ended by compromise. Their salary was raised, and each maid received on her marriage a gift of 1000*l.* from the queen.

The latter frowned when the heavy bargain was concluded, but she changed the frown for a smile, on being told that the Prince of Wales had corrected Lord Bruce for making a false quantity. Next to his being a gentleman she hoped he would be a scholar, and here was a prospect of her hopes being realized.

As a sample of the queen's benevolence we may cite the following.
VOL. II.—4

ing record. In the action off Brest, in which the adversaries fought with a valor which did honor to both parties, and enhanced the glory of the victors, there was no ship that bore herself, if one may so speak, more distinguishedly in the fray than the gallant but luckless *Quebec*. This vessel blew up in the action, and out of her numerous crew only seventeen persons escaped. Among the latter was a master's mate, named William Moore, afterwards Captain Moore. He was desperately wounded in the shoulder and leg, and he conceived little hopes of ever being, like the old commodore in the song, fit for sea again. Meanwhile, however, he had a friend at court, in the person of a kinsman named Ashburner, who was mercer to the queen. The kind-hearted tradesman was exhibiting his wares to her majesty, when amid his commendation of them he contrived to introduce his cousin's name and condition, with some commiserating comment upon his hard fate. The queen was extremely judicious in her acts of charity, and she simply told the mercer to send the master's mate down to Windsor, if he were well enough to bear the journey. The very command was sovereign spermaceti to his wounds, and in a day or two, the sadly battered sailor was comfortably lodged at Windsor, the patient of the queen's own surgeon and physician. He took some time to cure, but the desired result was achieved at last, and the master's mate now stood in presence of the queen to thank her, which the pale sailor did, with faltering expression of gratitude, for the royal benevolence which had again made a man of him. To a query from the royal lady he protested that he felt perfectly equal for the performance of duty again. "So I hear from the doctor," said Queen Charlotte. "And I have spoken about you to the king, and, there, Mr. Moore, is his majesty's acknowledgments for your gallantry and sufferings when afloat." Mr. Moore thought the queen and king an exceedingly civil couple to say so much about the performance of a matter of duty, and he was about to retire from the presence, when the queen said, smilingly, "Mr. Moore, will not you see what his majesty says?" The master's mate obeyed, and was rewarded for his obedience, by finding that he had been promoted to a lieutenantancy on board the *Mercury*. This was a good deed gracefully enacted. Not less so was another of which

the queen was the author; whereby she procured for the widow and large family of Captain Farmer, who fell in the *Quebec*, an annuity which made really princely provision for the widow and children of the slain commander.

The poets of 1779 were not addicted to satire, except in jest. Thus one, in a rhymed dialogue, makes one of his interlocutors say to the other,—

"I own your satire's just and keen.
Proceed, and satirize the queen."

To which the reply is—

"With all my heart.—The queen, they say,
Attends her nursery every day;
And, like a common mother, shares
In all her infants' little cares.
What vulgar, unamusing scene,
For George's wife and Britain's queen.
'Tis whispered also at the palace,
'I hope 'tis but the voice of malice,
That (tell it not in foreign lands)
She works with her own royal hands;
And that our sovereign's sometimes seen,
In vest embroidered by his queen.—
This might a courtly fashion be
In days of old Andromache;
But modern ladies, trust my words,
Seldom sew tunics for their lords.
What secret next must I unfold?
She hates, I'm confidently told—
She hates the manners of the times,
And all our fashionable crimes,
And fondly wishes to restore
The golden age, and days of yore;
When silly, simple women, thought
A breach of chastity a fault,
Esteem'd those modest things, divorces,
The very worst of human curses;
And deem'd assemblies, cards, and dice,
The springs of every sort of vice.
Romantic notions! all the fair
At such absurdities must stare;

And, spite of all her pains, will still
Love routs, adultery, and quadrille."

"Well, is that all you find to blame,
Sir Critic, in the royal dame?"

"All I could find to blame! no, truly!
The longest day in June and July
Would fail me, ere I could express
The half of Charlotte's blemishes.
Those foolish and old-fashioned ways
Of keeping holy sabbath-days,
That affectation to appear
At Church, the Word of God to hear:
That poor-like plainness in her dress,
So void of noble tawdriness:
That affability and ease
That can her menial servants please;
But which incredibly demean
The state and grandeur of a queen:
These, and a thousand things beside,
I could discover and deride.
But here's enough; another day
I may, perhaps, renew my lay.
Are you content?"

"Not quite, unless
You put your satire to the press.
For sure a satire, in this mode,
Is equal to a birth-day ode."

No doubt of it! and much better written and applied than any of the birth-day odes of the period. The fact was, that if there were strong prejudices, there were also simple virtues at court. The king would have no ode sung to him, as his predecessors had, on New Year's day; and the queen would not allow Twelfth Night to be celebrated by the usually ruinous play at "hazard." No wonder the poets praised her.

CHAPTER V.

PERILS, PROGRESS, AND PASTIMES.

THERE had been, during the recent years of Charlotte's married life, no lack of either private or public trials and misfortunes. The struggles of the government at home against the press had signally failed; and that against the American colonies, wherein France, Spain, and Holland were arrayed against England, ended in the acknowledgment, on our part, of the independence of the United States. The unpopularity of the king, who applied for and received 100,000*l.* per annum in addition to the 400,000*l.* granted to him at his accession, was extended to the queen. The king was insulted by a female, said to be insane, as he was proceeding in his chair to the Haymarket Theatre. This circumstance rendered the queen ill at ease for several days. Her sympathy could at no time, however, induce the king to grant her a favor, if he thought it was against his sense of right. Thus, few persons more interested themselves to rescue the Reverend Dr. Dodd, the forger, from the hands of the executioner, than Queen Charlotte. Her respect for the sacred office was so great, that it seemed to be something shocking that a clergyman should be hanged. But George III. remarked, that Dodd's offence was rendered the more grievous from the fact of his being a clergyman, and that the law must take its course.

It may fittingly be stated here, that in the month of June of this year, 1777, the old Duchess of Queensberry was alive to see the triumph of her protégé, Gay,—a triumph in which the poet himself did not participate. The lord-chamberlain of George III.'s time was less scrupulous or less sensitive than his predecessor, the Duke of Grafton of George II.'s era. "Polly"—for subscriptions

to print which the duchess had even asked the courtiers in Queen Caroline's own apartment—was for the first time represented at the Haymarket, on the 19th of June, 1777. In this sequel we learn that Peachum has been deservedly hanged. Was it on this account that Walpole, who deemed himself misrepresented in that character, was determined to prevent the representation of this poor piece? All the rest of it is without offence, that is without political offence; for otherwise it is, throughout, an offence against common sense and decency. The Macheath of the opera is, in the sequel, a transported felon at large, in the West Indies, and turned pirate, under the name of Morano. He is subsequently put to death by the Indians; and Polly, who has crossed the Atlantic in search of him, ends the piece by asking time to consider an offer of marriage made to her by Cowwawkee, the son of an Indian king. The now old Duchess of Queensberry enjoyed this poor triumph of a dead poet over a defunct politician. It was a paltry business altogether; the only singular fact in the affair being that the original Macheath was a ballast-heaver in the Thames, really bore that name, took "to the road," and was hanged at the end of it.

During the following year, 1778, there were many royal "progresses" made to the fleet, to the fortified towns on the coast, to the various camps, and to the mansions of the nobility. There was a general air of festivity about the queen and court, but there was nothing in the condition of the affairs of the kingdom to warrant the apparent joy. By sea and land our flag, though not dishonored, was not triumphant; and for the moment, the most unpopular man in the kingdom was the king himself;—obstinate in his determination to govern as well as reign, and daily verging towards that disturbed state of mind which ended at last in hopeless insanity.

Meanwhile, however, the home enjoyments of the court were placid and unexciting. In her "progresses" with the king, Charlotte was not reluctant to maintain the state of a queen. Her ideas on this subject seem strange to us now. Thus, when she held a court in the old royal city of Winchester, her costume consisted of a scarlet riding-habit, faced with blue, and covered with

rich gold embroidery. In the same dress, with the addition of a black hat and a large cockade, she accompanied the king on his visits to the various camps established in the south. Nothing, however, could be more simple than the way of life of this royal pair when really "at home." Its simplicity extracted from a foreigner who witnessed it the remark, that such citizen-like plainness was injurious to royalty, and an encouragement to republicanism.

Adopting as far as possible the descriptions of eye-witnesses of scenes in which the sovereigns enacted the principal part, we will now turn to the gossiping Mrs. Delany's letters, for the report of a visit made in 1779 by the queen and her royal consort and family to the Duke of Portland's, at Bulstrode. "The royal family," says the writer, "ten in all, came to Bulstrode at twelve o'clock. The king drove the queen in an open chaise, with a pair of white horses. The Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick rode on horseback; all with proper attendants, but no guards. Princess Royal and Lady Weymouth in a post-chaise. Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Prince Adolphus (about seven years old), and Lady Charlotte Finch, in a coach. Prince William, Prince Edward, Duke of Montague, and the Bishop of Lichfield, in a coach; another coach full of attendant gentlemen; among others, Mr. Smelt, whose character sets him above most men, and does great honor to the king, who calls him his friend, and has drawn him out of his solitude, (the life he had chosen.) to enjoy his conversation every leisure moment. These, with all their attendants in rank and file, made a splendid figure as they drove through the park, and round the court, up to the house. The day was as brilliant as could be wished, the 12th of August, the Prince of Wales's birth-day. The queen was in a hat, and in an Italian night-gown of purple lustring, trimmed with silver gauze. She is graceful and genteel. The dignity and sweetness of her manner, the perfect propriety of everything she says or does, satisfies everybody she honors with her instructions so much, that beauty is by no means wanting to make her perfectly agreeable; and though awe and long retirement from court made me feel timid on my being called to make my appearance, I soon found myself perfectly at ease, for the king's conversation and good humor took

off all awe but what one must have for so respectable a character, severely tried by his enemies at home as well as abroad. The three princesses were all in frocks. The king and all the men were in uniform, blue and gold. They walked through the great apartments, which are in a line, and attentively observed everything, the pictures in particular. I kept back in the drawing-room, and took that opportunity of sitting down, when the Princess Royal returned to me, and said the queen missed me in the train. I immediately obeyed the summons with my best alacrity. Her majesty met me half way, and seeing me hasten my steps, called out to me, 'Though I desired you to come, I did not desire you to run and fatigue yourself.' They all returned to the great drawing-room, where there were only two arm-chairs, placed in the middle of the room for the king and queen. The king placed the Duchess Dowager of Portland in his chair, and walked about admiring the beauties of the place. Breakfast was offered,—all prepared in a long gallery that runs the length of the great apartments (a suite of eight rooms and three closets). The king, and all his royal children, and the rest of the train chose to go to the gallery, where the well-furnished tables were set, one with tea, coffee, and chocolate, another with their proper accompaniments of eatables, rolls, cakes, &c. Another table with fruits and ices in their utmost perfection, which with a magical touch had succeeded a cold repast. The queen remained in the drawing-room. I stood at the back of her chair, which happening to be one of my working, gave the queen an opportunity to say many obliging things. The Duchess Dowager of Portland brought her majesty a dish of tea on a waiter, with biscuits, which was what she chose. After she had drank her tea, she would not return her cup to the duchess, but got up and would carry it to the gallery herself; and was much pleased to see with what elegance everything was prepared. No servants but those out of livery made their appearance. The gay and pleasant appearance they all made, and the satisfaction all expressed, rewarded the attention and politeness of the Duchess of Portland, who is never so happy as when she gratifies those she esteems worthy of her attentions and favors. The young royals seemed quite happy, from the eldest to the

youngest, and to inherit the gracious manners of their parents. I cannot enter upon their particular address to me, which not only did me honor, but showed their humane and benevolent respect for old age. The king desired me to show the queen one of my books of plants. She seated herself in the gallery, a table and the book laid before her. I kept my distance till she called me to ask some questions about the mosaic paper-work; and as I stood before her majesty, the king set a chair behind me. I turned with some confusion and hesitation on receiving so great an honor; when the queen said, 'Mrs. Delany, sit down, sit down; it is not every lady that has a chair brought her by a king.' So I obeyed. Amongst many gracious things, the queen asked me why I was not with the duchess when she came, for I might be sure she would ask for me. I was flattered, though I knew to whom I was obliged for this distinction, and doubly flattered by that. I acknowledged it in as few words as possible, and said I was particularly happy at that moment to pay my duty to her majesty, as it gave me an opportunity to see so many of the royal family, which age and obscurity had deprived me of. 'Oh, but,' said her majesty, 'you have not seen all my children yet.' Upon which the king came up and asked what we were talking about, which was repeated, and the king replied to the queen, 'You may put Mrs. Delany in the way of doing that, by naming a day for her to drink tea at Windsor Castle.' The Duchess of Portland was consulted, and the next day fixed upon; as the duchess had appointed the end of the week for going to Weymouth."

In 1779 was born the short-lived Prince Octavius. Before the death of this happy little prince, Strange, the engraver, consented to engrave his portrait. The queen did not like the politics of the artist, for he was the most determined Jacobite in the kingdom,—except his wife. He was so successful, however, with his "plate" of Octavius, that George III. knighted him; and even his wife thought the better of the "Elector and Electress of Hanover," for having made her, what "the king over the water" had never thought of doing,—Lady Strange.

The following year was that of the riots of London. While that popular tumult was raging, the king behaved with courage

and common sense; and the queen, left almost entirely alone at Buckingham House, with her children, with equal calmness and intrepidity. The "ladies" who *ought* to have been in attendance, had hurried homeward with their jewels. The queen did not lose heart at this desertion, but was amply comforted by the frequent yet brief visits of the king, who spent two entire nights, holding council with the heads of the army, in the queen's Riding House.

In the September of this year, another prince, Alfred,—who shared with his brother Octavius the incalculable advantages of dying early,—was added to the family of George and Charlotte. This increase, perhaps, inspired her with increase of sympathy for others. However this may be, it is certain that in the fall of this year she very warmly seconded the project of Mr. Raikes for the foundation of Sunday Schools. The project was sneered at, snubbed, and satirized by a public who, however, were ultimately wise enough to be grateful.

In 1780, Walpole affords us a glimpse of the alleged rival of Queen Charlotte in company with the queen's son. "The Prince of Wales has lately made a visit to Lady Cecilia Johnstone, where Lady Sarah Napier was." She was the Lady Sarah Lennox, who had touched the heart of the king some twenty years before. "She did not appear, but he insisted on seeing her, and said, 'She was to have been there,' pointing to Windsor Castle. When she came down, he said he did not wonder at his father's admiring her, and was persuaded she had not been more beautiful then."

In 1781, at the age of nineteen, the Prince of Wales became "lord of himself." His mother had been his first governess; and at eight years of age he had been delivered by his father to Dr. Markham and Cyril Jackson, with the injunction to treat him as they would any private gentleman's son, and to flog him whenever he deserved it. Markham acted up to his instructions. The prince never bore any ill-will to either preceptor or sub-preceptor, for their severity; but he took the earliest opportunity of showing his antagonism against his father. In 1772, when the struggle was going on between Wilkes and the crown,—for such were the real adversaries,—the young prince made his sire's ears tingle

indignantly with the popular cry of "Wilkes and 'forty-five' for ever!"

The young prince's preceptors were changed in 1776. Lord Bruce became governor in place of Lord Holderness; but he retired almost immediately, vexed, it is said, at the prince having detected him in the commission of a false quantity. Bishop Hurd and the Rev. Mr. Arnold, under the superintendence of the oat-meal-porridge-loving Duke of Montague, were now entrusted to impart what instruction they might to the prince and his next brother Frederick. They adopted the old plan of severity; but on endeavoring to carry it into effect, when the high-spirited boys were considerably advanced in their teens, one or both of the royal pupils turned on their perceptor, Arnold, who was about to most grossly castigate them, tore the weapon from his hand, and roughly administered to him the punishment with which they themselves had been threatened.

Excess of restraint marred the education of the two elder sons of Charlotte. Even when the prince was considered of age, and was allowed his own establishment at Kew, the system of seclusion was still maintained. Such a system had its natural consequences. The prince, ill at ease with his parents, sought sympathy elsewhere; and he was not yet out of his teens, when Charlotte was horrified at hearing his name coupled with that of the most bewitching actress of the day.

Had the father of Miss Darby, the maiden name of Mrs. Robinson, been a man of less philanthropic principles, his daughter, probably, would have been a more virtuous and a more happy woman. She was born at Bristol, in 1758, and was looked upon as a little heiress, till her father lost the whole of a not inconsiderable fortune, by speculating in an attempt to civilize the Esquimaux Indians.

Miss Darby was, for some time, a pupil of Miss Hannah More; but was herself compelled to turn instructress as early as her fourteenth year. She was, however, a precocious beauty; and the year previous she had received an offer of marriage, which she had declined. The young teacher worked hard and cheerfully, in order that she might be the better enabled to support her mother.

The proceeds of this labor also enabled her to increase the number of her own accomplishments, among others, dancing. Her master was a Covent Garden ballet-master, who introduced her to Garrick, and Roscius brought her out on the stage, in the character of *Cordeia*, with success.

Before she had terminated her sixteenth year, she married Mr. Robinson, an articled clerk in an attorney's office, with a good fortune, upon which the youthful couple lived in splendor till it was gone, and the husband was arrested. His wife then spent fifteen months with him in prison, and then misery drove her again to Garrick, who gave her some instruction, rehearsed *Romeo* to her *Juliet*, and, bringing her out in the latter character, gave to the stage one of the handsomest and youngest, and most captivating of actresses that had ever charmed the town.

If her *Juliet* was admirable, her *Perdita*, in the "Winter's Tale," set the town mad. On the third of December, 1779, she played the character in presence of George III., Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family, and a numerous audience. When she entered the green-room, dressed for the part, she looked so bewitching, that Smith exclaimed, "By Jove! you will make a conquest of the prince, for you look handsomer than ever." Smith's prediction was a true one; and letters from the prince, signed *Florizel*, were delivered to *Perdita* by no less noble a go-between than the Earl of Essex.

The position of *Perdita* Robinson at this time, was a peculiar one: her husband was living in profligacy upon the wages of her labor, and she had refused the most brilliant offers made to her on condition of separating from him. She refused them all; but lent too ready an ear to the princely suitor, who now besieged her with indifferently written letters, and promises of never-dying affection. An interview was contrived in Kew Gardens by moonlight, at which the Bishop of Osnaburgh was present, by way of playing propriety, perhaps, and at which there appears to have been little said, but much feared, lest the parties should be found out.

The prince and *Perdita* became so attached to each other after a few more interviews, that she declared she should never forget the magic with which she was wooed, and he presented her with a

bond for 20,000*l.*, to be paid on his coming of age. When that period arrived—it happened in a few months—*Florizel* would not pay the money, and had grown weary of the lady. To modify her despair, he granted a last interview, in which he declared that his affection for her was as great as ever, and the poor lady, who trusted in the declaration, was passed by on the following day in the park, without a sign of recognition on the part of her princely betrayer.

She had quitted the stage to please him, and now, in her embarrassment, sought refuge abroad, living in straitened circumstances in Paris, till, by the intervention of Mr. Fox, an annuity was settled upon her of 500*l.* a-year. With this she maintained some splendor, and she was even noticed by Marie Antoinette, as *La belle Anglaise*. The gift of a purse netted by the royal hand of that unfortunate queen, and conferred by her on *Perdita*, showed at once the sovereign lady's admiration and lack of judgment and propriety.

For some time she resided alternately in England and France; but ultimately she settled at Brighton, about the time that Mrs. Fitzherbert was there in the brightest of her beauty and the height of her splendor. The ex-actress wrote pretty poetry, and was the authoress of a dozen novels: poetry and romances are now forgotten; but the former does not want for tenderness of sentiment and expression, nor the latter for power and good sense. Finally, in 1799, she undertook the poetical department of the *Morning Post*, retained her office for a few months, and died in the year 1800.

Perdita was not without her grievous faults; but she had her virtues, too. She was the loving and helping child of her mother, and she was the loving and helping mother of her child. For her mother and her daughter she worked at her literary occupations with unwearied fervor, and even Hannah More may have refrained from casting reproach on her erring, and yet not worthless pupil.

In 1783 the Prince of Wales had allotted to him a separate establishment. He could have none more appropriate than that old Carlton House, which had been the residence of his grandfather, Frederick Prince of Wales—a man whom he resembled in many respects. The old house was originally built on a part of the

royal garden around St. James's Palace, a lease whereof was granted for that purpose by Queen Anne to Henry Boyle, Lord Carlton. This was in 1709. Sixteen years subsequently, on the death of Lord Carlton, the house was occupied by his heir and nephew, Richard Boyle (Lord Burlington, the architect), who seven years later (1725) gave it to his mother, the Dowager Lady Burlington, by whom, in the same year, it was made over to Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III. The gardens, laid out by Kent, like Pope's grounds at Twickenham, extended westward as far as Marlborough House. The first change that Frederick made was to construct a bowling-green, the healthy exercise of bowls being then fashionable; and he inaugurated his entry by a grand ball, given, as the *Daily Post* says, "to several persons of quality and distinction of both sexes."

George Prince of Wales found the old house rather antiquated as to fashion, and dilapidated as to condition; and he employed Holland, the architect, to correct these defects. The artist did that, and more. He added the Ionic screen, some of the pillars of which are now in Queen Charlotte's favorite gardens at Kew, and the Corinthian portico, the columns of which, when the house was taken down in 1827, were transferred to the National Gallery. What was erected especially to gratify the prince, is now rendered useful in the adorning of places devoted to the recreation of the people. On the two residences of the two eldest sons of Queen Charlotte, Southey, in his "*Espriella's Letters*," has a remark worth quoting. The Duke of York's mansion (Melbourn House, Whitehall), now known as Dover House, was distinguished by a circular court, which served as a sort of entrance-hall. It still remains, and may be seen from the street. The distinguishing feature of Carlton House was the row of pillars in front. "These two buildings being described to the late Lord North, who was blind in the latter part of his life, he facetiously remarked,—'Then the Duke of York, it should seem, has been sent to the round-house, and the Prince of Wales is put in the pillory.'"

Meanwhile, despite the prince's escapades, the queen's affection for her son was in no wise diminished. In 1782 she had brought tambouring into fashion, by embroidering for him, with her own

hands, a waistcoat, which he wore at the first ball at which his sister, the princess-royal, appeared in public. The queen, however, had more serious subjects for her consideration. She had to mourn over the death of the infant Alfred, and for the loss of a sister. We find also, this year, the first direct proof of her having interfered in politics. It was in 1782 that Charlotte commissioned Hutten, the Moravian, to enter into correspondence with Franklin, with a view of conciliating matters with the United States. It is enough to record the incident: it is not necessary to say what came of it. Let us return to the prince.

The eldest son of Queen Charlotte began life very amply provided for: parliament gave him 100,000*l.* as an outfit, and 50,000*l.* annually by way of income. Three months after the birth of his youngest sister, Amelia, that is in November, 1783, he took his seat in the House of Peers, joined the opposition, gave himself up to the leading of the opposition chiefs, whether in politics or vices, was praised by the people for his spirit, and estranged from the king, who did not like the principles of those who called themselves his son's friends, and who held in horror the vices and follies for which they were distinguished. He was as often present under the gallery of the Commons as in his seat in the Lords. Such a presence is never acceptable, in such a place, to the representatives of the people. It perhaps influences the votes, and certainly affects the liberty of debate. As much was hinted to the prince, when he used to watch the struggle in the Commons between the coalition and Pitt. He made the hint his excuse for being disgusted with politics, and thereupon devoted himself to but one pursuit,—the love of pleasure. But if he had only one pursuit, it had many varieties and objects. He hunted after what was called "pleasure" in every form, squandered fortunes in not finding it; and made what he called "love," and extraordinary presents to the ladies, at one and the same time. Mrs. Crouch, the actress, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, were the *Lucy* and *Polly* to whom this light-of-heart prince gaily sang his "How happy could I be with either!"

He was far less happy, in fact, than his young brother Octavius, who died in 1783, of small-pox. The older prince had too many subjects of embarrassment to admit of his being troubled at the loss

of a brother. He was already overwhelmed with debt. The domestic comfort of the queen was even more disturbed than that of her consort by the solicitations made by the so-called friends of the Prince of Wales, to induce the king to pay the debts of his eldest son. Her majesty's confidence is said to have been fully placed at this time upon Mr. Pitt. A conversation is spoken of as having passed between the queen and the minister, in which he is reported as having said, "I much fear, your majesty, that the prince, in his wild moments, may allow expressions to escape him that may be injurious to the crown." "There is little fear of that," was the alleged reply of the queen; "he is too well aware of the consequences of such a course of conduct to himself. As regards that point, therefore, I can rely upon him." Mr. Pitt inquired if her majesty was aware of the intimacy which then existed between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the heir-apparent, and that reports of an intended marriage were current? "He is now so much embarrassed," added the minister, "that, at the suggestion of his friend Sheridan, he borrows large amounts from a Jew, who resides in town, and gives his bonds for much larger amounts than he receives."

In the family dissensions caused by this unhappy subject, neither sire nor son behaved with fairness and candor. In 1784, the prince had been required to send in an exact account of his debts, with a view to their liquidation. The king had, at least, intimated that he would discharge the prince's liabilities if this account was rendered. The account *was* rendered; but, after having been kept for months, it was returned as not being exact. The inexactness of this statement consisted of an item of 25,000*l.* being entered, without any explanation as to whom it was owing. The prince refused to make such explanation, on the ground that it was a secret of honor between him and his noble creditor; in whom many persons affected to see the famous, or infamous, Duke of Orleans. The king declared, that if the prince was ashamed to explain the nature of the debt, his father ought not to be expected to pay it; and there the matter rested.

By the following year his debts amounted to 160,000*l.*, and he could see no chance of relief but by going abroad. His first idea

was of a residence in Holland, and he was ready to proceed thither as a private individual, should the king refuse to consent to his going abroad. All that he wished for, according to his own declarations, was to economize, to live in retirement, and remain unknown, until he could appear in a style suitable to his rank. He complained of the unreasonableness of the king's proposition, that he should lay by 10,000*l.* a year to pay his debts, at a time, he said, when his expenses were twice as great as his income. Such complaint could only come from a radically dishonest man; for it is only such a man who, with an income on which he could very well afford to live—and spare—could complacently talk of even allowing his expenses to exceed his revenue.

The prince thought, or affected to think, that he might, perhaps, be able to live in retirement at some of the small German courts, fancying that, under the title of the Earl of Chester, his actions would not be judged of as those of a Prince of Wales. At all events, he declared, that to live in England would be ruin and disgrace to him, for that the king hated him, wished to set him at variance with his brothers, and would not even let parliament assist him, till he should marry. The king's hatred for his son, according to the latter, had existed from the time he was seven year's old. Reconciliation was deemed by the prince impossible; for his father, he said, had not only deceived him, but made him deceive others. The son could not trust the father, and the father had no belief in the veracity of the son.

The ministry were not disinclined, at this time, to increase the prince's allowance, provided, only, that he would appropriate some portion of it to the payment of his debts, renounce his project of going abroad, and consent to a reconciliation with the king, by ceasing to be a man of political party in opposition to the government. The sum proposed was 100,000*l.* per annum, the half of which was to be reserved for the payment of his debts. The prince describes the offer as useless, inasmuch as that, though the ministry might sanction it, the king would not hear of it, and Pitt could not carry such a measure in parliament. The prince asserted his belief, that so rooted was his father's hatred of him, that he would turn out Pitt if he ventured to propose such a measure.

Further, the prince refused to abandon Fox and his other political friends. Lord Malmesbury was very anxious to bring the prince to terms; but the latter still dwelt upon the bitter paternal hatred. In proof of this he exhibited to Lord Malmesbury copies of the correspondence which had passed between himself and his royal sire on the subject. Lord Malmesbury thus describes the letters, and the spirit which animated the writers:—

“The prince’s letters were full of respect and deference, written with great plainness of style and simplicity. Those of the king were also well written, but hard and severe; constantly refusing every request the prince made, and reprobating in each of them his extravagance and dissipated manner of living. They were void of every expression of parental kindness or affection, and after both hearing them read and perusing them myself, I was compelled to subscribe to the prince’s opinion, and to confess there was very little appearance of making any impression upon his majesty in favor of his royal highness.”

Lord Malmesbury suggested, that as the queen must have much at heart the bringing about a reconciliation between her son and his father, such might surely be affected through her and his sisters. The prince thought it impracticable, and only wished that the public knew all the truth and could judge between him and his sire; anticipating a favorable verdict for himself, which, however, the public would not have given even when in possession of all the facts.

Lord Malmesbury then suggested a means of escape from all difficulties by a marriage, which would at once reconcile the king and gratify the nation. The prince, however, emphatically declared that he would never marry, that he had settled that subject with his brother Frederick, and that his resolution was irrevocable. Lord Malmesbury combated such a resolution, but the prince remained unconvinced. He owed nothing, he said, to the king. Frederick would marry, and his children would inherit the crown. His adviser suggested that a bachelor king, as he would be, would have less hold on the affections of the people than a married heir and father of children, as his brother would be. “The prince was greatly struck with this observation. He walked about the room

apparently angry;” but after a few friendly words of explanation, the interlocutors separated, and the scene was at an end.

At the time the prince said he never would marry, he had in his mind that serious connection (called a marriage) which he had formed with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and which has been previously noticed. We may add, with respect to this union, and the character of the prince as a lover, a few words on the authority of Lord Holland.

Never did swain make love so absurdly as the Prince of Wales. For the “first gentleman in Europe,” he was the greatest simpleton, under the influence of “passion,” that ever existed. When he was not silly, he was mean, and he sometimes was both, and heartless to boot, even when he most prattled of the heart-anguish he endured. To Perdita Robinson he was little better than a mere bilking knave. In presence of the majestic Mrs. Fitzherbert he was an undignified coxcomb. He insulted her virtue, with proposals which even princes ought not to dare to make without bringing personal chastisement upon themselves. Finding his offers declined, and that the lady was going abroad, he acted, and declared he felt, the utmost despair. But his despair was farcical. He went down to his friends the Foxes, at St. Anne’s, where he “cried by the hour, testified the sincerity and violence of his passion and despair, by the most extravagant expressions and actions, rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing he would abandon the country, forego the crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competency, to fly with the object of his affections to America.”

The lady proceeded to the continent, but returned in 1785. She came more prepared to listen to the prince’s wooing than when she left. He now proposed a marriage, but she knew, that, she being a Romanist, such a marriage could not be legal. Indeed, it was illegal (as already intimated) for any prince of the blood to marry without the king’s consent, before he had attained the age of twenty-five. After that time, he was to notify his intention to parliament, and if that body did not move the king to withhold his consent within a year, the marriage might then be entered upon. Mrs. Fitzherbert, however, frankly enough said, that the ceremony

would be all nonsense, and that she was ready to trust to his honor. He insisted, however, and the ceremony was duly performed by an English clergyman. After the solemnization, the certificate was signed by the clergyman, and attested by two witnesses, said to have been Catholics. Mrs. Fitzherbert retained the certificate; but out of a generous fear that harm might come to the witnesses if they should become known, she tore off their names. The name of the clergyman (who died before George IV. ascended the throne) remains affixed to the document.

Mr. Fox was *not* present at this ceremony, but reports were so current as to its being about to take place, or to its having taken place, that he addressed to the prince a very long, a very strong, and a very sensible letter, of which a rough copy (from Fox's MS.) will be found in Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig party*. In this manly letter, the writer points out the madness of such a scheme; the terrible consequences that might ensue; the illegality of the manner, and the possibility, should the prince enter subsequently into a legal matrimonial union, and there being issue by both, of a disputed succession. He advised, argued, did all that a bold man and honest friend could do to warn the prince against this union, which, as we before mentioned, was currently reported to have taken place. The prince, in reply, declared that his "dear Charles" might "make himself easy; as there not only is, but never was, any grounds for such reports." Armed with this authority, Fox denied in parliament, on the warrant of the prince, the assertion of such an union having taken place. The wretched liar who had driven him to unconsciously assert a falsehood was now exposed to a double torment. Mrs. Fitzherbert was angry at the public denial, supposing it to be unauthorized, and urged the prince to have it announced. The latter prevaricated and promised; appealed to Grey, confessing his marriage, and when Grey would have nothing to do with it, appealing to Sheridan; the latter made a few remarks in the house, wide of the real object, and the marriage remained denied, to the great annoyance of the lady, who continued to be respectfully treated by the royal family. These, if they disbelieved the existence of the connection, must have looked upon Mrs. Fitzherbert as being less worthy of their respect

than before; the truth, however, is that their respect was chiefly manifested when Mrs. Fitzherbert separated herself from her most worthless husband. Documents proving the marriage (long in the possession of Mrs. Fitzherbert's family) have been, since June 1833, actually deposited by agreement between the executors of George IV. (the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knigh-ton) and the nominees of Mrs. Fitzherbert (Lord Albemarle and Lord Stourton) at Coutts' bank, in a sealed box, bearing a superscription:—"The property of the Earl of Albemarle; but not to be opened by him without apprizing the Duke of Wellington," or words to that purport.*

The author of the *Diary illustrative of the court of George IV.*, referring to the time when the eldest son of Queen Charlotte was subdued by the fascinations of Mrs. Fitzherbert, says, that the lady in question "had a stronger hold over the regent than any of the other objects of his admiration, and that he always paid her the respect which her conduct commanded." She was styled by those who knew her, "the most faultless and honorable mistress that ever a prince had the good fortune to be attached to;" a judgment which abounds in a confusion of terms, and exhibits mental perversion in him who pronounced it. Of the regent's behavior to the lady, it may be said that it was as gallant and considerate, at first, as it was mean and censurable at last. In the early days of their intimacy, when they appeared together at the same parties, and were on the point of leaving them, "the prince never forgot to go through the form of saying to Mrs. F., with a most respectful bow, 'Madam, may I be allowed the honor of seeing you home in my carriage?'" "It was impossible," says the same authority, "to be in his royal highness's society, and not be captivated by the extreme fascination of his manners, which he inherits from his mother, the queen; for his father has every virtue which can adorn a private character, as well as make a king respectable, but he does not excel in courtly grace or refinement."

It should be added, that the intelligence no sooner reached the ears of the queen than she commanded the attendance of her son,

* Lord Holland's *Memoirs of the Whig party*.

and insisted on knowing the whole truth. The prince is declared not only to have acknowledged the fact of the marriage, but to have asserted that no power on earth should separate him from his wife. He is reported to have added, in reference to the king's alleged marriage with Hannah Lightfoot, that his father would have been a happier man had he remained firm in standing by the legality of his own marriage. It would be difficult to say who was at hand to take down the prince's speech on this occasion; but, according to the author last named, it was substantially as follows:—"But I beg farther that my wife be received at court, and proportionately as your majesty receives her, and pays her attention from this time, so shall I render my attentions to your majesty. The lady I have married is worthy of all homage, and my very confidential friends, with some of my wife's relations only, witnessed our marriage. Have you not always taught me to consider myself heir to the first sovereignty in the world? Where then will exist any risk of obtaining a ready concurrence from the house in my marriage? I hope, madam, a few hours' reflection will satisfy you that I have done my duty in following the impulse of my inclinations, and, therefore, I await your majesty's commands, feeling assured you would not blast the happiness of your favorite prince." The queen is said to have been softened by his rather illogical reasoning. It is certain that her majesty received Mrs. Fitzherbert at a drawing-room in the following year, with very marked courtesy. Sixteen years later, and, of course, long after the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Caroline of Brunswick, Mrs. Fitzherbert was still so high in the prince's favor, that we find the following record in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, under the date of May 25, 1803:—"Duke of York came to me at five. Uneasy lest the duchess should be forced to sup at the same table with Mrs. Fitzherbert, at the ball to be given by the Knights of the Bath, on the 1st of June. Talks it over with me—says the king and queen will not hear of it. On the other side he wishes to keep on terms with the prince. I say, I will see Lord Henley who manages the fête, and try to manage it, so that there shall be two distinct tables; one for the prince, to which *he* is to invite, another for the duke and duchess, to which *she* is to invite her

company. The dislike of Mrs. Fitzherbert for the Duchess of York was as determined as that entertained by the same lady against Fox, whom she never forgave for denying the fact of her marriage with the prince."

The prince's pecuniary embarrassments pressed more heavily upon him than the troubles arising from his amours. The prince, in his difficulties, again had recourse to the queen. He revealed to her the amount of both his difficulties and debts, and reports credited him with having uttered a menace to the effect, that if the king failed to provide some means for the payment of those debts, there were state secrets which he would certainly reveal, whatever the consequences might be; as, suffering as he did from the treatment which he met at his father's hands, he was an object of suspicion or contempt to half the kingdom. The queen would not engage herself by any promise, but she sent for Mr. Pitt. After this last interview the minister repaired to Carlton House, and the message he bore showed the amount of influence possessed by the queen. The prince was assured that means would be found for the discharge of his liabilities. The king promised an additional 10,000*l.* a-year out of the civil list, and parliament subsequently voted the sum of 161,000*l.* to discharge the debts of the prince, with an additional sum of 20,000*l.* to finish the repairs of Carlton Palace. That mansion had been dull and silent, but it was soon again brilliant, and gaily echoing with the most festive of sounds.

CHAPTER VI.

COURT FORMS AND COURT FREEDOMS.

THE loss of the American colonies, and the triumph of Lord North and Fox, two men whom the king hated, and who forced an administration upon him, had, in various degrees, a serious effect upon his health. He became dejected, but when Fox's India Bill was thrown out by the Lords, he had the firmness—a firmness suggested by the queen—to turn the obnoxious cabinet out. Pitt succeeded as prime minister, and no one saw him in that post with greater pleasure than Charlotte.

She continued to support both king and minister through the tremendous political struggle which followed, and during which, Pitt more than once expressed his determination to resign. "In such case, I must resign too," said the king; adding that he would sooner retire with the queen to Hanover, than submit to a ministry whose political principles he detested. The public admired his firmness, and for a season he was again popular,—popular, but not safe. His health was in an unsatisfactory state; and it was at a season when he required to be kept in a state of composure, that an attempt was made to stab him, by an insane woman named Nicholson, as he was leaving St. James's Palace by the garden entrance, on the 2d of August, 1786. As he received a paper which she presented, the woman stabbed at him, but with no worse result than piercing his waistcoat.

Before we show how the news of this attempt was received at Windsor, where the queen was then sojourning, we may glance briefly at the nature of the life passed there. It was generally of a pleasing aspect.

The benevolence of the queen and her consort was well illustrated in their conduct to Mrs. Delany. The lady in question was a Granville by birth, and in the first flush of her youth and beauty, had been married, against her inclination, to a middle-aged squire, named Pendarvis, who was much what middle-aged squires were in those not very refined days. Mr. and Mrs. Pendarvis passed much such a life as that described by the young Widow Cheerly as having been that of herself and the squire, her lord; and the lady, too, became a widow almost as early. She was, however, of mature age when she married her old and esteemed acquaintance, Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift. After being a second time a widow, she found a home with the Dowager Duchess of Portland, and when death deprived her of this friend also, she found a new home, and new friends, in Queen Charlotte and King George. They assigned to her a house in the Windsor Park, in the fitting up of which both queen and king took great personal interest, and the former settled upon her an annuity of 300*l.* a-year. When the good old lady went down to take possession of her new habitation, the king was there ready to receive her, like a

son establishing a mother in a new home. His courtesy was felt, and it was of the right sort, for while it brought him there to welcome the new guest, it would not allow him to stay to embarrass her. A good act may be marred in the performance, but it was not so here. With similar delicacy, when the queen came down to visit her new neighbor, she put her at once at her ease, by her own affability; and when, before leaving, she placed in Mrs. Delany's hands the paper signed by the king, and authorizing her to draw her first half-year of her little revenue, it was done with a grace which prevented the object of it from feeling that she was reduced to the condition of a pensioner.

These parties remained, as long as Mrs. Delany lived, on terms of as much equality as could exist between persons so different in rank. In Mrs. Delany's little parlor, the queen would frequently take tea. It was a social banquet in which she delighted; and years afterwards in her old age, she was as fond of going down to Datchet to take tea with Lord James Murray (afterwards Lord Glenlyon, father of the present Duke of Athol) as she was at this early period of enjoying the same "dish" with the fine old "gentlewoman," who was her most grateful pensioner. Queen and widow corresponded with each other, lived as ladies in the country who esteem each other are accustomed to live; and when the doctor's relict had not what was to her, good old soul, the supreme bliss of entertaining the queen, she enjoyed the inexpressible felicity of receiving at tea, the young princes and princesses. A riotous, romping, good-natured group these made, and many a sore head-ache must they have inflicted on the aged lady, who was too loyal to be anything but proud of such an infliction incurred in such a cause.

The letters of Queen Charlotte to her "dear friend" are not of sufficient interest to bear quoting. They are on small subjects, expressed in a small way, and terminating with a mixture of condescension and dignity, with good wishes from "your affectionate queen."

Mrs. Delany speaks in her own letters with well-warranted praise of one circumstance which marked the routine of royal life at Windsor. Every morning throughout the year, at eight o'clock,

the queen leaning on the king's arm, led her family procession to the Chapel Royal, for the purpose of attending early morning prayer. There are some persons who look upon these daily services as Popish; and, if these be lazily as well as *lovely* inclined, they denounce the early service as cruel. They are doubtless sincere in their views and denunciations, but they are certainly as mistaken; and one of the most pleasing features in the queen's routine of daily life, was to be found in this exemplary practice of hers, which showed to her people the first lady in the land earliest in her attendance at the altar of the Lord. It should be noticed, too, and to her praise, that the queen never forced any one to follow her example; she left it to the consciences of all. She was independent, too, in her opinions, and though she joined fervently with the king in the prayer, "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" and acknowledged (with more truth than the stereotyped expression itself would seem to convey,—so illogical is it with its impertinent "because,") that none other fought for us but God alone, yet would she not remain silent, as the king invariably did, when the Athanasian Creed was being repeated. That awful and overwhelming judicatory denunciation at the close shocked the mind of a monarch whose own penal laws, however, were the most sanguinary in Europe. The queen, as is the case with most ladies, in church-matters, had less mercy, and she heartily joined in the sentence which so stringently winds up the creed which, after all, was *not* written by Athanasius.

When the Rev. Tom Twining heard that the celebrated Miss Burney was about to be dresser and reader to the queen, he exclaimed: "What a fine opportunity you will have of studying the philosophy of the human capacity in the highest *sphere* of life."—"Goodness me! madam!" he exclaims, admiringly, "are you to take care of the robes yourself?" Miss Burney hardly knew what she would have to do, or what her opportunities might be, but she was not long in acquiring the knowledge in question.

Indeed, she picked up much acquaintance with court routine on the first day of her arrival at the queen's lodge. She found a royal mistress who was extremely anxious to calm the fluttering agitation of her new attendant; and who received her, if not as a

friend, yet in no respect as a servant. Gracious as was the reception, the young lady was not sorry to escape to the dinner-table of the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting. How graphically does she describe the German officer there, who was in waiting on the queen's brother, Prince Charles of Mecklenburgh: "He could never finish a speech he had begun, if a new dish made its appearance, without stopping to feast his eyes upon it, exclaim something in German, and suck the inside of his mouth; but all so openly, and with such perfect good-humor, that it was diverting without anything distasteful." The old ceremonious forms had not yet become quite extinct at court. Men did not kneel on serving the queen, but they never sat down in her presence. How they contrived to dine comfortably at the royal table defies conjecture, if the following paragraph is to be taken literally: "I find it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwellenburgh and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the king or queen invite to the lodge, as it is only a very select few that can eat with their majesties, and those few are only ladies; no man, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the queen's presence." The royal table then must have been the dullest in the palace, and no wonder is it that bishops, peers, officers, *and* gentlemen enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, in less dignity and more comfort, with the maids of honor, and ladies of less official greatness.

Nothing was well more homely and hearty than the promenades made by the illustrious couple, their children all about them, on the terrace of an evening; or when they assembled in the concert-room, where "nothing was played but Handel." The time was a transition time; feudality was growing faint, and the best of kings were losing their prestige of infallibility. Still there was much of ceremony both at bed and board; that of the latter has been already mentioned. That at bed-time was not so cumbersome as the ceremony observed at the *coucher* of Marie Antoinette, but it was still of a high and ponderous, yet affectionate, formality. The queen was handed into her dressing-room by the king, followed by the Princess Royal and the Princess Augusta. The king, on leaving the room, kissed his daughters, who in their turn ceremoniously kissed their royal mother's hand, and bade her "good

night." This done, the queen placed herself in the hands of her "women," who in as brief a time as was consistent with the dignity of her whom they tended, fitted the royal lady for repose. The queen, it may be added, was as rigidly polite as Louis XIV. himself. The latter never passed a woman, even though she were the lowest servant in the palace, without slightly raising his large plumed hat. So Queen Charlotte paid, with a formal curtsey, every sign of respect, by whomsoever offered her, as she passed them.

It is said that Burnet introduced the fashion of high partitioned pews, in the Chapel Royal, to prevent the flirting that was constantly going on between the officers and maids of honor. Upon some plea for decorum, rather than because of offence, Queen Charlotte had appointed separate tables for the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting; but as she did not forbid them to invite each other, or, as was very often the case with the gentlemen, to invite themselves, the division of tables was only nominally maintained.

The queen's "dressing," deprived as it was of some of the ceremonies of an olden time, was nevertheless not without its formality. Her new "dresser," Miss Burney, was not always in time, disliked, at first, but wisely got over her dislike, at being summoned by a bell, and was so nervous as to mar her services. No maid was permitted to remain in the apartment during the time the queen was "tiring." One lady dresser handed to the other the portions of dress required. "'Tis fortunate for me," says Miss Burney, "I have not the handing of them. I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neckerchief."

The actual "dressing for the day," took place at one o'clock, and included the then elaborate matter of powdering. Till the hair-dresser was admitted for the completion of this last matter, the queen while being dressed, read the newspapers; but when the powderer came, she dismissed the attendants, who had previously covered her up in a peignoir, and was then left alone with the *artiste*, who must have looked very ridiculous in casting, as the queen must have looked in receiving, the impenetrable clouds of

powder which he continued to fling at and about the royal head.

But there was another sort of powder patronized by the queen—the mother of George IV. condescended to take snuff. In the admixture and scent of these, she was curious and learned; and Miss Burney filled her boxes and damped the contents when they had got too dry, to her great satisfaction. If ladies should be curious to know how deliciously tempting the queen's mixture presented itself to the nose, they would do well to address themselves to the time-honored establishment known by the names of Fribourg and Treyer. The old firm in the Haymarket has yet, we doubt not, some pungent reminiscences of the old snuff-taking times in the palace.

There is a fashion in country-towns, observed by ladies who go out in chairs to parties, consisting in their carrying with them some portion of their dress to be adjusted at the locality where they are about to spend the evening. This fashion too is a relic of the days of Queen Charlotte. "On court days," says Miss Burney, "the queen dresses her head at Kew, and puts on her drawing-room apparel at St. James's. Her new attendant dresses all at Kew except tippet and long ruffles, which she carries in paper, to save from dusty roads." It was the etiquette at St. James's that the finishing of the queen's dressing there should be the work of the bedchamber woman. It consisted of little more than tying the necklace, handing the fan and gloves, and bearing the queen's train as she left the room. This she did alone, only as far as the ante-room, there the lady of the bedchamber became the "first train-bearer," and the poor queen had two annoyances to put up with instead of one.

From the cumbrous ceremonies of St. James's, the queen was glad enough to escape to Kew. At the latter place, indeed, ceremony, as far as the royal family was concerned, was left outside the gates. The sovereigns were thoroughly "at home," and the queen enjoyed a "country life," not as Marie Antoinette did, a dairy-maid in diamonds, at Trianon, but as a simple English country lady. The foreigners who visited the court at this time were disgusted by the republican look which it wore. It was simple and plain enough, at Kew that is, to have pleased even Franklin. The

king was really there what he was popularly called everywhere, "Farmer George," the queen was his true dame, the plainest of the plain things around her. The children, that is the younger portion of them, were as unaffected as their parents, and the little Princess Amelia was the fairy of the place; if one may speak of a fairy in connection with farming. However grave the king might look, through pressure of public events, the little hand of the Princess Amelia, placed by the queen in his, always touched his heart, and a look into the child's eyes ever brought a smile into his own. Never daughter more closely nestled in a father's heart than Amelia did in that of George III. The queen loved, but the king adored her. At Kew, father and child appeared more unrestrained in the hearty demonstrations of their love than elsewhere. Indeed everything at Kew was free and unrestrained; and it was no offence there, if any of the attendants *did* pass a room the door of which was open, and somebody royal within. In France, they who desired to enter an apartment in which the queen was in, scratched, but never knocked at the door. In England, at least in Queen Charlotte's time, the etiquette was also not to knock at, but to shake the handle of the door. Another ceremony was observed in order to *avoid* ceremony. When royal birth-days occurred during the queen's stay at Windsor, the family walked on the terrace, which was crowded with people of distinction, who took that mode of showing respect, to avoid the trouble and fatigue of attending at the following drawing-room. Here is a scene on the birth-day of the Princess Amelia, drawn by one who was present.

"It was really a mighty pretty procession. The little princess, just turned three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and a fan, walked on alone, and first, highly delighted in the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed; for all the terracers *stood* up against the walls to make a clear passage for the royal family, the moment they come in sight. Then follow the king and queen, no less delighted themselves with the joy of their little darling."*

The Princess Royal, at this time, is said to have shown more

* Miss Burney's Diary.

respect and humility for her parents than any of the other children of the family. She passed on in this birth-day procession, accompanied by ladies, and her sisters similarly accompanied, followed her. Happy were they to whom queen or king addressed a few words, as they stopped on their way; and astounded were the adorers of etiquette when they saw the little Princess Amelia, on recognizing Miss Burney, not only go up to kiss her, but actually kissed by her. The queen herself was probably more surprised than pleased. But it was a birth-day! At other seasons, etiquette was so rigidly observed (always excepting at Kew), that the children of the royal family never spoke in presence of the king and queen, except to answer observations made to them. The queen, too, as well as she was able, watched over the religious education of her daughters, and always assembled them around her to listen to a course of religious reading by herself. This she did with gravity and good judgment, as became indeed a woman of ordinary good sense.

We have already, incidentally, noticed the attempt made upon the life of the king by Margaret Nicholson. The attack was not known to the queen till it was announced to her by the king in person. As soon as the poor mad woman had been arrested, the Spanish ambassador had posted down to Windsor, to be in readiness to inform her majesty of the truth, in case of any exaggerated reports reaching her ear. When the king entered the queen's apartment at Windsor, on his return from London, he wore rather a joyous air, and exclaimed in a naturally joyous tone, "Well, here I am, safe and well, though I have had a very narrow escape of being stabbed." The consternation in the family circle was great; several of the ladies burst into tears, for every one was fond of George III., albeit he was accused of Stuart fondness for the exercise of kingly prerogative. The queen alone did not at first weep, but pale and agitated she turned round to those who did, and said that she envied them. The relief of tears, however, soon comparatively restored her, and she was enabled with some outward show of calmness, to listen to the king's details of the occurrence. Into these he entered with the hilarity of a man whose feelings are naturally not very finely strung, but who is strongly persuaded that

escape from assassination is rather a matter to be jocund than solemn over. He did not want for a sense of gratitude at his escape, but nothing could prevent his being gay over it. He told the details, therefore, as though they partook something of a joke. He noticed that the knife had slightly cut or grazed his waistcoat, and said he, "It was great good luck that it did not go further. There was nothing beneath it but some thin linen and a good deal of fat."

The matter, however, pressed heavily on the spirits of the queen. She dreaded lest this attempt should be only a part of a great conspiracy, and feared that the conspirators would not rest satisfied with the mere attempt. The idea was natural at the time, for democracy then was daily barking at, if not biting, kings, and so universally spread was the feeling through one class, throughout Europe, that the King of England had no cause to deem himself specially exempt from such attempts. George III. had the courageous spirit common to most of the princes of his house, and would not stand aloof from his people, because the princes of other houses were at issue with *their* people. The queen felt greater distrust, but she was partially re-assured by the tone taken by the English papers. The pulpit and the press spoke out in tones which showed that, however the country might be divided upon questions connected with politics, it would not tolerate the idea of regicide. These things were known to Queen Charlotte, and comforted the poor lady, who for a time could not think of her husband being present in London, without a spasmodic horror. She pored over the English papers, in order to draw from them comfort and consolation, and it was when reading one of the warmly loyal articles therein, beginning with the words of the coronation anthem, "Long live the King! may the King live forever!" that she shed the most copious tears that yet had fallen from her; and drew comfort from what she read. Perhaps the words brought back to her recollection the period a quarter of a century before, when she had listened to that anthem for the first time, and glancing back over the long period that had since elapsed, she perhaps dared to hope that the protection which had been so far vouchsafed, would be continued. Another quarter of a century indeed was vouchsafed before the splendor of the reign began to wane in the mental gloom which

settled around the king; but already had begun those domestic troubles which were inflicted upon her by the unfilial conduct of her heartless, eldest son.

At present, however, she could only think of, and be grateful for the escape of the king. Loyalty visited her somewhat oppressively in its congratulations, and the next drawing-room was so crowded, and its ceremonies so long, that the queen was half-dead with fatigue, before it was over. She found rest and welcome sympathy at ever-pleasant Kew. There the inhabitants welcomed their royal patrons with a zeal, warmth, beer-drinking and fireworks, such as had not been exceeded in any part of the empire. But it was a sort of honor-festival in which the queen could partake without fatigue. She enjoyed it heartily, and more emphatically than was her wont, even when most pleased, she exclaimed, "I shall love little Kew for this, as long as I live!"

We have, in a previous page, noticed that the queen, soon after her accession, expressed her contempt for what she had before exceedingly admired,—precious stones and jewels. When Charlotte, on her first visit to the City, charmed even the eyes of the fair quakeresses who surrounded her at the Barclays', by the splendor of her diamonds, she already had the reputation of possessing a desire for acquiring precious stones. Such desire was at one time a mere fashion, like the mania which squandered thousands on a flower, or the madness which, at a later period prevailed, to be possessed, at whatever cost, of porcelain.

The people were reminded of the queen's fondness for diamonds, at the period when the name of Warren Hastings began to be unpleasantly canvassed in England. The return of that remarkable personage from India, was preceded by that of his scarcely less remarkable wife. Soon after her arrival, Mrs. Hastings appeared at court, and nothing could exceed the graciousness of the reception she met with from Queen Charlotte. The popular tongue soon wagged audaciously, if not veraciously, on this royal welcome to a lady who was commonly said to have come to England with a lapfull of diamonds. For such glittering presents, it was said that Queen Charlotte sold her favor and protection. There was, no doubt, much exaggeration in the matter, but the supposed pro-

tection of the court, and the alleged manner in which it was said to have been purchased, was as injurious to Hastings as any of the invectives thundered against him by Burke. At the time that the monster impeachment was going on, a present from the Nizam of the Deccan to the king arrived in England. It was a splendid diamond, and was consigned, for presentation, to Warren Hastings, who handed it over to Lord Sydney, but who was present himself at the time, when that nobleman duly offered the glittering gift to the king. Its ready acceptance, at a time when Hastings was on his trial, was misconstrued, and that popular voice which so often errs, notwithstanding the assertion that when uttered it is divinely inspired, immediately concluded that at least a bushelfull of diamonds, presented to the king and queen, had bought impunity for the alleged great offender. Ridicule, satire, caricature, violent prose, and execrable rhyme, were levelled at both their majesties in consequence,—and, doubtless, the latter wore all the piled measure of diamonds which had fallen to her share. According to those who were about the person of the queen, she had better jewels in her virtues than in caskets of precious gems. Miss Burney, in her portrait of the queen, may be said to contemplate her through pink-colored spectacles. But setting aside what predilection induces her to say, enough remains to satisfy an unprejudiced person that there was much amiability, penetration, and good sense in the character of Charlotte. She was more dignified in her visits at the houses of subjects than even her predecessors had been. She preferred reading the *Spectator* to reading novels, and indeed had very little regard for novel-writers;—and none at all for Madame de Genlis, with whom she very wisely counselled Miss Burney not to correspond. Of the affection which existed between the queen and her husband, here is a pretty incident:—"The queen had nobody but myself with her one morning, when the king hastily entered the room with some letters in his hand, and addressing her in German, which he spoke very fast, and with much apparent interest in what he said, he brought the letters up to her and put them into her hand. She received them with much agitation, but evidently of a much pleased sort, and endeavored to kiss his hand as he held them. He would not let her, but made an effort, with a

countenance of the highest satisfaction, to kiss her. I saw instantly in her eyes, a forgetfulness at the moment that any one was present, while drawing away her hand, she presented him her cheek. He accepted her kindness with the same frank affection that she offered it; and the next moment they both spoke English, and talked upon common and general subjects. What they said I am far enough from knowing; but the whole was too rapid to give me time to quit the room; and I could not but see with pleasure that the queen had received some favor with which she was sensibly delighted, and that the king, in her acknowledgments, was happily and amply paid."* This sort of incident, it may be said, is of common-place frequency in private life, short of the hand-kissing; but it also serves to show that there was an affection existing at this period which, happily, is *not* a rare one in common life. And Charlotte could condescend to the level of that so-called common life, and to them who belonged to it exhibit her natural goodness. Witness for her the directions which she sent on a cold November morning to good, old, and parcel-blind Mrs. Delany. "Tell her," said she, "that this morning is so very cold and wet, that I think she will suffer by going to church. Tell her, therefore, that *Dr. Queen* is of opinion she had better stay and say her prayers at home." She showed her concern still more when, after having lent to Miss Burney that abominable and absurd tragedy of Horace Walpole's, "The Mysterious Mother," she presented her with Ogden's Sermons, wherewith to sweeten her imagination. Perhaps Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, on his visit to Windsor, this year, rather underrated the royal power to appreciate sermons. Mrs. Delany asked him for a copy of one which he had preached before their majesties. The prelate answered, that the sermon would not do at all for her. It was a mere plain Christian sermon, he said, made for the king and queen, but it wouldn't do for a *bel esprit*.

The royal household was sometimes disturbed by family dissensions; thus in 1787, the Prince of Wales would not attend the birth-day drawing-room of the queen, but he sent her written congratulations on the return of the day. The coldness existing

* Miss Burney's Diary.

between mother and son kept the latter from court. "I fear it was severely felt by his royal mother," says Miss Burney, "though she appeared composed and content." Of party-spirit at this time, when party-spirit ran so high, and was so fierce and bitter in quality, the *Diarist* last named, asserts that the queen had but little. She declares her majesty to have been liberal and nobly-minded, "beyond what I had conceived her rank and limited connections could have left her, even with the fairest advancements from her early nature; and many things dropped from her, in relation to parties and their consequences, that showed a feeling so deep upon the subject, joined to a lenity so noble towards the individuals composing it, that she drew tears from my eyes in several instances."

This year saw the reconciliation of the prince with his parents; and a public manifestation of this reconciliation of the prince with his family took place on the terrace at Windsor Castle. The prince appeared there, chiefly that by his presence he might do honor to a particular incident, the presentation of the Duchesse de Polignac and her daughter the Duchesse de Guiche, to the king and queen. The noble visitors themselves, to do honor to the occasion, repaired to the terrace, attired, as they thought, in full English costume. "Plain undress gowns, with close ordinary black silk bonnets." They were startled at finding the queen and the princesses dressed with elaborate splendor. For the spectators, however, the most interesting sight was that of the heir-apparent conversing cordially with his illustrious parents. The lookers-on fancied that all, henceforth, would be serene, and that "Lovely Peace," would henceforth reign undisturbedly.

But there was a pleasanter scene even than this, shortly after, in the queen's dressing-room. "Her majesty was under the hands of her hair-dresser, and in the room, during the ceremony, were Mr. de Luc, Mr. Turbulent, (a pseudonym) and Miss Burney. The queen conversed with all three. But the sacrilegious and well-named Turbulent, instead of fixing there his sole attention, contrived, "by standing behind her chair and facing me, to address a language of signs to me the whole time, casting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and placing himself in various fine attitudes, and all with a humor so burlesque, that it was impossible to take

it either ill or seriously. . . . How much should I have been discountenanced had her majesty turned about and perceived him; yet by no means so much disconcerted as by a similar Cerberic situation; since the queen who, when in spirits, is gay and sportive herself, would be much farther removed from any hazard of misconstruction."* Nor was this the only "pleasant" incident of the year. It was not long after the above, that Lady Effingham, at Windsor, exclaimed to the queen: "Oh, Ma'am, I had the greatest fright this morning. I saw a huge something on Sir George's throat. 'Why, Sir George,' says I, 'what's that? a wen?' 'Yes,' says he, 'countess, I've had it three and twenty years.' However, I hear it's now going about—so I hope your majesty will be careful?"

One more court incident of this year will afford us a specimen of playfulness as understood by the Prince of Wales. The latter was at Windsor with the Duke of York, who had just returned from the continent, after an absence from England of seven years. His return caused great joy both to the king and queen; but it was not a joy of long enduring.

"At near one o'clock in the morning, while the wardrobe-woman was pinning up the queen's hair, there was a sudden rap-tap at the dressing-room door. Extremely surprised, I looked at the queen, to see what should be done; she did not speak. I had never heard such a sound before, for at the royal doors, there is always a particular kind of scratch used, instead of tapping. I heard it however again, and the queen called out: 'What is that?' I was really startled, not conceiving who could take so strange a liberty as to come to the queen's apartment without the announcing of a page; and no page, I was very sure, would make such a noise. Again the sound was repeated, and more smartly. I grew quite alarmed, imagining some serious evil at hand, either regarding the king, or some of the princesses. The queen, however, bid me open the door. I did; and what was my surprise to see there a large man, in an immense wrapping great-coat, buttoned up round his chin, so that he was almost hid between cape and hat. I stood quite

* Miss Burney's Diary.

motionless for a moment ;—but he, as if also surprised, drew back ; I felt quite sick with sudden terror—I really thought some ruffian had broken into the house,—or a madman. ‘Who is it?’ cried the queen. ‘I do not know, ma’am,’ I answered. ‘Who is it?’ she called aloud, and then, taking off his hat, entered the Prince of Wales. The queen laughed very much, and so did I too, happy in this unexpected explanation. He told her eagerly, he only came to inform her there were the most beautiful northern lights to be seen that could possibly be imagined, and begged her to come to the gallery windows.”*

CHAPTER VII.

SHADOWS IN THE SUNSHINE.

ONE event of this year brings us back to the persons and memories of the age of Caroline. Three-quarters of a century had passed away since the day when the then little Princess Amelia Sophia, who was born in Hanover, arrived in London, some three years old, at the period when her parents ascended the throne of England. She was an accomplished and a high-spirited girl, and grew into an attractive and “loveable” woman. No prince, however, ever came to the feet of Amelia Sophia, to “sun himself beneath that lady’s eyes.” She did not, nevertheless, want for lovers of a lower dignity. Walpole, in allusion to this, states of her that she was “as disposed to meddle” in state matters as her elder sister Anne; and that “she was confined to receiving court from the Duke of Newcastle, who affected to be in love with her; and from the Duke of Grafton, in whose connection with her there was more reality.”

The latter connection is said to have been more romantic than platonic. The princess and the duke were given to riding out in company; conversing together in the recesses of windows; keeping together when out hunting, and occasionally losing themselves to-

* Miss Burney’s Diary.

gether in Windsor Forest, and other places convenient for lovers to lose themselves in. This last incident in the love passages of the princess’s life, afforded great opportunity for good-natured gossips to indulge in joking, and for ill-natured gossips to indulge in affectedly indignant reproof. The princess troubled herself very little with the remarks of others on her conduct. It was only when Queen Caroline was worked upon by the ill-natured gossips to notice and to censure the intimacy which existed between her and the duke, that Amelia took the matter somewhat to heart, and wept as a young lady in such circumstances was likely to do, at finding a violent end put to her violent delights. The queen, indeed, threatened to lay the matter before the king, and it is said that it was only through the good and urgent offices of Sir Robert Walpole that so extreme a course was not taken.

Like her sister Anne, Amelia was rather imperious in disposition, and she never found but one man who openly withstood her. That man was Beau Nash. The Beau had fixed eleven o’clock at which dancing should cease in the rooms at Bath, where he was despotic master of the ceremonies. On one occasion, when the princess was present, the hour had struck, and Nash had raised his jewelled finger, in token that the music was to stop, and the ladies were to “sit down and cool,” as the Beau delicately expressed it. The imperious daughter of Caroline was not disposed to end the evening so early, and intimated to the *Master* her gracious pleasure that there should be another country dance. Nash looked at her with the sort of mingled surprise and horror with which the parish overseer is said to have contemplated Oliver Twist when he asked for “more.” He laughed an agitated laugh, shook all the powder out of his wig in signifying his decided refusal, and muttering something about the laws of the Medes and Persians, set down the princess as a rather ill-bred person.

In *her* way, she was as imperious as Nash; and as Ranger of Richmond Park she was as despotic as the Beau within his more artificial territory at Bath. She kept the Park closed, sacred to the pleasure and retirement of royalty and the favored few. There were, however, some dreadfully democratic persons at Richmond, who had a most obstinate conviction that the public had a right of

passage through the Park, and they demanded that the right should be allowed them. The royal ranger peremptorily refused. Democratic cobblers immediately went to law with her, and proved that the right was with them. The princess yielded to the counsel of her own legal advisers, and, allowing the right of passage, made a very notable concession; she planted rickety ladders against the walls, and bade the ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity pass through the Park, as they best could by such means. But the persevering people maintained that if they had right of passage, the right must be construed in a common-sense way, and that passage implied a *pass* or gate by which such passage might be made. The royal lady thought the world was coming to an end, when the vulgar dared thus to "keep standing on their rights" in presence of a princess. She was in some measure correct; for the age of feudal royalty was coming to a close, and that great shaking-up of equality was beginning, from which royalty has never perfectly recovered. The troublesome people, accordingly, kept most vexatiously to the point, and, after a fierce struggle, they compelled their ranger to set open a gate whereby they might have free and constant access to their own Park. Had this daughter of Caroline been a wise woman, she would have cheerfully gone through this gate with the people, and so, sharing in their triumph, would have won their love. But "Emliy," as she was often called, was of quite another metal, and was so disgusted at the victory achieved by the vulgar, that she threw up her office in disgust, and declared that the downfall of England commenced with the opening of Richmond Park.

The princess offended more persons than the mere democracy, by her arrogance as ranger. The evidence of Walpole is conclusive on this subject, and is worth citing, often as I have had to quote from his lively pages. In 1752, he writes:—"Princess Emily, who succeeded my brother in the rangership of Richmond Park, has imitated her brother William's unpopularity, and disoblged the whole country, by refusal of tickets, and liberties that had always been allowed. They are at law with her, and have printed in the *Evening Post* a strong memorial, which she had refused to receive. The High-sheriff of Surrey, to whom she had denied a

ticket, but on better thought had sent one, refused it, and said he had taken his part. Lord Brooke, who had applied for one, was told he couldn't have one; and, to add to the affront, it was signified that the princess had refused one to my Lord Chancellor. Your old nobility don't understand such comparisons. But the most remarkable event happened to her about three weeks ago. One Mr. Bird, a rich gentleman near the palace, was applied to by the late queen for a piece of ground that lay convenient for a walk she was making. He replied, that it was not proper for him to pretend to make a queen a present, but if she would do what she pleased with the ground, he would be content with the acknowledgment of a key and two bucks a year. This was religiously observed till the era of her royal highness's reign. The bucks were denied, and he himself once shut out, on pretence it was fence month (the breeding-time, when tickets used to be excluded, keys never). The princess was soon after going through his grounds to town. She found a padlock on his gate. She ordered it to be broken open. Mr. Shaw, her deputy, begged a respite, till he could go for the key. He found Mr. Bird at home. 'Lord, sir, here is a strange mistake. The princess is at the gate, and it is padlocked.' 'Mistake! no mistake at all. I made the road; the ground is my own property. Her royal highness has thought fit to break the agreement which her royal mother made with me; nobody goes through my grounds but those I choose should.' Translate this to your Florentines," adds Walpole to our legate in Tuscany; "try if you can make them conceive how pleasant it is to treat blood royal thus."

George II., who was more liberal, in many respects, than any of his children, save when these affected liberality for political purposes, finally anticipated the award of law by ordering the Park to be thrown open to the public, in the month of December, 1752. But he could not have kept it closed.

Walpole speaks of the Princess Amelia as if he had never forgotten or forgiven this, or any other of her faults. According to his description, she was for ever prying impertinently into the affairs of other people; sillily garrulous, and importantly communicative of trifles not worth the telling. He paints her as arrogant

and insolent; inexcusable, it would seem, in these last respects, simply because she no longer possessed either power or beauty. But these were only eccentricities; there was much of sterling goodness beneath them. She was nobly generous and royally charitable. She was a steady friend, and an admirable mistress. In face of such virtues, mere human failings may be forgiven.

Walpole graphically and dramatically describes a scene at her loo-table. The year is 1762, the month December. "On Thursday," he says, "I was summoned to the Princess Emily's loo. *Loo*, she called it; *politics*, it was. The second thing she said to me was, 'How were you the two long days?' 'Madam, I was only there the first.'—'And how did you vote?' 'Madam, I went away.'—'Upon my word, that was carving well!' Not a very pleasant apostrophe to one who certainly never was a time-server. Well, we sat down. She said: 'I hear Wilkinson is turned out, and that Sir Edward Winington is to have his place. Who is he?' addressing herself to me, who sat over against her. 'He is the late Mr. Winington's heir, madam.'—'Did you like that Winington?' 'I can't but say I did, madam.' She shrugged up her shoulders, and continued: 'Winington was originally a great Tory. What do you think he was when he died?' 'Madam, I believe what all people are in place.' 'Pray, Mr. Montagu, do you perceive any thing rude or offensive in this?' Here then she flew into the most outrageous passion, colored like scarlet, and said: 'None of your wit. I don't understand joking on these subjects. What do you think your father would have said, if he had heard you say so? He would have murdered you, and you would have deserved it.' I was quite confounded and amazed. It was impossible to explain myself across a loo-table, as she is so deaf. There was no making a reply to a woman and a princess, and particularly for me, who have made it a rule, when I must converse with royalties, to treat them with the greatest respect, since it is all the court they will ever have from me. I said to those on each side of me, 'What can I do? I cannot explain myself now.' Well, I held my peace; and so did she for a quarter of an hour. Then she began with me again, examined me upon the whole debate, and at last asked me directly which I thought the

best speaker, my father or Mr. Pitt? If possible, this was more distressing than her anger. I replied, it was impossible to compare two men so different; that I believed my father was more a man of business than Mr. Pitt. 'Well, but Mr. Pitt's language?' 'Madam, I have always been remarkable for admiring Mr. Pitt's language.' At last, the unpleasant scene ended; but as we were going away, I went close to her and said, 'Madam, I must beg leave to explain myself. Your royal highness has seemed to be very angry with me, and I am sure I did not mean to offend you; all that I intended to say was, that I supposed Tories were Whigs when they got places.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I am very much obliged to you. Indeed, I was very angry.' Why she was angry, or what she thought I meant, I do not know to this moment, unless she supposed that I would have hinted that the Duke of Newcastle and the opposition were not men of consummate virtue, and had lost their places out of principle. The very reverse was at that time in my head, for I meant that the Tories would be just as loyal as the Whigs when they got anything by it."

The princess was not ladylike in her habits. She had a fondness for loitering about her stables, and would spend hours there in attendance upon her sick horses. She of course acquired the ways of those whose lives pass in stables and stable matters. She was manly, too, in her dress. Calamette would have liked to have painted her, as that artist has painted the frock-coat portrait of Madame Dudevant (George Sand). He would have picturesquely portrayed her in her round hat and German riding-habit, "standing about" at her breakfast, sipping her chocolate, or taking a spoonfull of snuff. Of this she was inordinately fond, but she accounted her box sacred. A *Noli me tangere* was engraved on it, but the injunction was not always held sacred. Once, on one of the card-tables in the Assembly Rooms at Bath, her box lay open; and an old general officer standing near, inconsiderately took a pinch from it. The indignant princess immediately called an attendant, who, by her directions, flung the remainder of the contents of the box into the fire.

To revert to her dress, its eccentricity is illustrated by an anecdote of which Lord Clermont was the hero. When the eldest son

of George III. was a very young man, he was once driving his lordship, in an open landau, in the neighborhood of Windsor, where the old Princess Amelia Sophia was then residing. The weather was cold, and Lord Clermont afraid of its rigor, had enveloped himself in a thick white great-coat, which had a woollen hood attached to it, and which Lord Clermont wore over his head. The latter was completely enveloped by it. As the passers-by observed who was driving, and the companion he had with him, they could not conceal their admiration. There was an universal expression of delight at the amiability of a dashing young prince who did not mind taking out his deaf old aunt, enveloped in flannels as she was, to give her a drive! What a pattern, they thought, of an exemplary young prince! Would that there was the same virtue and respect for age in every circle, as there appeared to be near the throne! Never was man so highly praised for exercising a virtue which never was in him!

In June, 1786, Walpole, then nearly a septuagenarian, borrowed a dress coat and sword, in order to dine at Gunnersbury with the princess. The company comprised the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Mecklenburgh, the Duke of Portland, Lord Clanbrassil, Lord and Lady Clermont, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Pelham, and Mrs. Howe. Some of the party retired early. Others, more dissipated, sat up playing commerce till ten. "I am afraid I was tired," says Horace. The lively old princess asked him for some verses on Gunnersbury. "I pleaded being superannuated. She would not excuse me. I promised she should have an ode on her next birth-day, which diverted the prince; but all would not do. So, as I came home, I made—some stanzas not worth quoting, and sent them to her breakfast next morning."

In the October following, the daughter of Caroline and George II. died at her house in Cavendish Square, at the west corner of Harley Street. Card-playing and charity were the beloved pursuits of her old age. Her death took place on the last day of October, 1786, in the 76th year of her age. Her remains lie in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey.

But the decease of this aged princess appeared a minor calamity in presence of the illness which now threatened the king. In

presence of this, the queen forgot Mrs. Trimmer and her Sunday schools; Gainsborough, whom she patronized; public theatricals, and private readings. The illness had been long threatening.

In the "Memoirs of the Court and Cabinet of George III.," by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the elder sons of Queen Charlotte are spoken of, and particularly with reference to this period, immediately previous to the king's illness, in a most unfavorable light. The Prince of Wales, we are told, like his two predecessors in the same title, was active in his opposition to the measures of the cabinet and crown. The same spirit, with as little prudence to moderate, and more ill-feeling to embitter it, was as lively in the man as in the boy. The prince was, however, at least consistent in his opposition. "The Duke of York," says Lord Bulkeley, writing to the Marquis of Buckingham, "talks both ways, and I think will end in opposition. His conduct is as bad as possible. He plays very deep and loses: and his company is thought *mauvais ton*. I am told that the king and queen begin now to feel 'how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ingrate child.' When the Duke of York is completely *done up* in the public opinion, I should not be surprised if the Prince of Wales assume a different style of behavior. Indeed, I am told, he already affects to see that his brother's style is too bad."

Public business, as far as its transaction through ministers was concerned, became greatly impeded through the illness which had attacked the king. It had been brought on by his imprudence in remaining a whole day in wet stockings, and it exhibited itself not merely in spasmodic attacks of the stomach, but in an agitation and flurry of spirits which caused great uneasiness to the queen, and which both for domestic and political reasons, it was desirous should not be known.

The very attempt at concealment gave rise to various alarming reports. The best answer that could be devised for the latter was to allow the king to appear at the levee at the end of October. The queen suffered much when this plan was resolved upon; and it had the result, which she expected, of over-fatiguing the king, and rendering him worse. At the close of the levee, the king remarked to the Duke of Leeds and Lord Thurlow, the latter of

whom had advised him to take care of himself, and return to Windsor: "You then, too, my Lord Thurlow, forsake me, and suppose me ill beyond recovery; but whatever you, or Mr. Pitt, may think, or feel, I that am born a gentleman, shall never lay my head on my last pillow in peace and quiet, as long as I remember the loss of my American Colonies." This loss appears to have weighed heavily on his mind, and to have been one of the great causes by which it was ultimately overthrown.

Early in November, he became delirious, but the medical men, Warren, Heberden, and Sir G. Baker, could not tell whether the malady would turn, at a critical point, for life or death; or whether, if for the former, the patient would be afflicted, or not, with permanent loss of reason. The disease was now settled in the brain, with high fever. The Princes of the Blood were all assembled at Windsor, in the room next to that occupied by the sufferer, and a regency, bestowing kingly power on the Prince of Wales, was already talked of.

When the fact of the king's illness could no longer be, with propriety, concealed, the alarm, without the royal residence, was great, and the disorder scarcely less, within. The most graphic picture of the state of affairs is drawn by Lord Bulkeley. "The queen," he says, "sees nobody but Lady Constance, Lady Charlotte Finch, Miss Burney, and her two sons, who, I am afraid, do not announce the state of the king's health with that caution and delicacy which should be observed to the wife and the mother, and it is to them only that she looks up. I understand her behavior is very feeling, decent, and proper. The prince has taken the command at Windsor; in consequence of which there is no command whatsoever; and it was not till yesterday that orders were given to two grooms of the bed-chamber to wait for the future, and receive the inquiries of the numbers who inquire; nor would this have been done if Pitt and Lord Sidney had not come down in person to beg that such orders might be given. Unless it was done yesterday, no orders were given for prayers in the churches, nor for the observance of other forms, such as stopping the playhouses, &c., highly proper (?) at such a juncture. What the consequence of this heavy misfortune will be to government, you are more likely to know

than I am! but I cannot help thinking that the prince will find a greater difficulty in making a sweep of the present ministry, in his character of Fiduciary Regent, than in that of king. The stocks are already fallen two per cent., and the alarms of the people of London are very little flattering to the prince. I am told that message after message has been sent to Fox, who is touring with Mrs. Armstead on the continent; but I have not heard that the prince has sent for him, or has given any orders to Fox's friends to that effect. The system of favoritism is much changed since Lord Bute's and the Princess Dowager's time; for Jack Payne, Master Leigh, an Eton schoolboy, and Master Barry, brother to Lord Barrymore, and Mrs. Fitz, form the cabinet at Carlton House."

The afflicted king, for a time, grew worse, and then the opposition affected to believe that his case was by no means desperate. Their insincerity was proved as symptoms of amelioration began to show themselves. Then they not only denied the fact of the king's improved health, but they detailed all the incidents they could pick up of his period of imbecility, short madness, or longer delirium. But, in justice to the opposition, it must be remarked that the greatest traitor was not on *that* side, but on the king's. The Lord Chancellor Thurlow was intriguing with the opposition, when he was affecting to be a faithful servant of the crown. His treachery, however, was well known to both parties, but Pitt kept it from the knowledge of George III., lest it should too deeply pain, or too dangerously excite him. When Thurlow had, subsequently, the effrontery to exclaim in the House of Lords, "When I forget my king, may my God forget me!" a voice from one behind him is said to have murmured, "Forget you! He will see you — first." A comment rough but reasonable.

There was assuredly no decency in the conduct of the heir-apparent, or of his next brother. They were gaily flying from club to club, party to party, and did not take the trouble even to assume the sentiment which they could not feel. "If we were together," says Lord Grenville, in a letter inserted in the "Memoirs, &c.," "I would tell you some particulars of the Prince of Wales's behavior towards the king and queen, within these few days, that would

make your blood run cold, but I dare not admit them to paper because of my informant." It was said that if the king could only recover sufficiently to learn and comprehend what had been said and done during his illness, he would hear enough to drive him again into insanity. The conduct of his elder sons was marked, not only by its savage inhumanity, but by an indifference to public and private opinion, which distinguishes those fools, who are not only without wits, but who are also without hearts. When the parliament was divided by fierce party strife, as to whose hands should be confided the power and responsibilities of the regency, the occasion should have disposed those likely to be endowed with that supreme power, to seek a decent, if temporary, retirement from the gaze of the world. Not so the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. They kept open houses, and gaily welcomed every new ally. They were constant guests at epicurean clubs and convivial meetings. They both took to deep play, and both were as fully plucked as they deserved. There was in them neither propriety of feeling, nor affectation of it.

The condition of the queen was deplorable, and a succession of fits almost prostrated her as low as her royal husband. The Prince of Wales himself "seemed frightened," says Mr. Neville to the Marquis of Buckingham, "and was blooded yesterday,"—November 6, the second day of the king's delirious condition; but as phlebotomy was a practice of this princely person when in love, one cannot well determine whether his pallor arose from filial, or some less respectable, affection.

Up to this time, the king had grown worse, chiefly through total, or nearly total, loss of sleep. He bewailed this with a hoarse, rapid, yet kindly tone of voice; maintaining that he was well, or that to be so, he needed but the blessing of sleep. The queen paced her apartment with a painful demonstration of impatient despair in her manner; and, if by way of solace, she attempted to read aloud to her children, or ladies, any passage that reminded her of her condition and prospects, made her burst into tears.

Previous to the first night of the king's delirium, he conducted, as he had always been accustomed to do, the queen to her dressing-room; and there, a hundred times over, requested her not to

disturb him, if she should find him asleep. The urgent repetition showed a mind nearly overthrown, but the king calmly and affectionately remarked that he needed not physicians, for the queen was the best physician he could have. "She is my best friend," said he, "where could I find a better?"

The alarm became greater when the fever left the king, after he had three times taken James's powders, but without producing any relief to the brain. The queen secluded herself from all persons save her ladies and the two eldest princes. These, as Lord Bulkeley said, did not announce to her the state of the king's health with the caution and delicacy due to the wife and mother who now depended on them. This dependence was so complete, that the Prince of Wales, as before said, took the command of everything at Windsor, one result of which was, a disappearance of everything like order. The queen's dependence on such a son was rather compulsory than voluntary. When he first came down to Windsor, from Brighton, the meeting was the very coldest possible; and when he had stated whence he came, her first question was, when he meant to return. However, it is said that when the king broke out, at dinner, into his first fit of positive delirium, the prince burst into tears.

The sufferer was occasionally better, but the relapses were frequent. The queen now slept in a bed-room adjoining that occupied by the king. He once became possessed with the idea that she had been forcibly removed from the bed, and, in the middle of the night, he came into the queen's room, with a candle in his hand, to satisfy himself that she was still near him. He remained half-an-hour, talking incoherently, hoarsely, but good-naturedly, and then went away. The queen's nights were nights of sleeplessness and tears.

In the queen's room could be heard every expression uttered by the king, and they were only such as could give pain to the listener. His state was at length so bad, that the queen was counselled to change her apartments, both for her sake and the king's. She obeyed, reluctantly and despairingly, and confined herself to a single and distant room. In the meanwhile, Dr. Warren was sent for, but the king resolutely refused to see him. He hated all

physicians, declared that he himself was only nervous, and that otherwise he was not ill. Dr. Warren, however, contrived to be near enough to be able to give an opinion; and the queen waited impatiently in her apartment to hear what that opinion might be. When she was told, after long waiting, that Dr. Warren had left the castle, after communicating his opinion to the Prince of Wales, she felt the full force of her altered position, and that she was no longer first in the castle next to the king.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, some of the medical men, and other gentlemen, kept a sort of watch in the room adjacent to that in which the king lay, and listened attentively to all he uttered. He surprised them, one night, by suddenly appearing among them, and roughly demanding what they were there for. They endeavored to pacify him, but in vain. He treated them all as enemies; but not happening to see his second son, who had discreetly kept out of sight, but was present, he said, touchingly, "Freddy is my friend; yes, *he* is my friend!" Sir George Baker timidly persuaded the poor king to return to his bed-room; but the latter forced the doctor into a corner, and told him that he was an old woman, who could not distinguish between a mere nervous malady and any other. The prince, by sign and whispers, endeavored to induce the other gentlemen to lead his father away. All were reluctant, and the king remained a considerable time; till at last a "Mr. Fairly" took him boldly by the arm, addressed him respectfully but firmly, declaring that his life was in peril if he did not go again to bed, and at length subjected the king, who gave himself up like a wearied child. These details were eagerly made known to the queen by the prince, with "energetic violence." Her majesty's condition was indeed melancholy, but at its worst she never forgot to perform little acts of kindness to her daughters and others. The conduct of the princesses was such as became their situation. They, with their mother, had fallen from their first greatness, and the Prince of Wales was supreme master. Nothing was done but by his orders. The queen ceased to have any authority beyond the reach of her own ladies. "She spent the whole day," says Miss Burney, "in patient sorrow and retirement with her daughters!"

The king expressed a very natural desire to see these daughters, but he was not indulged. Indeed, the practice observed towards him appears, if the accounts may be trusted, extremely injudicious. The public seem to have thought so; for, on stopping Sir George Baker's carriage, and hearing from him that the king's condition was very bad, they exclaimed, "More shame for you!"

The Prince of Wales was extremely desirous to remove the king from Windsor to Kew. The king was violently averse from such removal, and the queen opposed it until she was informed that it had the sanction of the physicians. Kew was said to be quieter and more adapted for an invalid. The difficulty was, how he was to get there. Of his own will he would never go. The prince and physicians contrived a plan. The queen and princesses were to leave Windsor early, and, as soon as the king should be told of their departure, his uneasiness would be calmed by an assurance that he would find them at Kew. The queen yielded reluctantly, on being told that it would be for her consort's advantage; and she and her daughters proceeded without state and in profound grief, to Kew. Small accommodation did they find there; for half the apartments were locked up, by the prince's orders, while on the doors of the few allotted to the queen and her slender retinue, some illustrious groom of the chambers had scratched the names of those by whom they were to be occupied, in chalk! Night had set in before the king arrived. He had been wheedled away from Windsor, on promise of being allowed to see the queen and their daughters at Kew. He performed the journey in silent content; and, when he arrived—the promise was broken! The queen and children were again told that it was all for the best; but a night, passed by the king in violence and raving, showed how deeply he felt the cruel insult to which he had been subjected. In the meantime, preparations to name the prince regent were going on, the king's friends being extremely cautious that due reserve should be made of their master's rights, in case of what they did not yet despair of—his recovery. His physicians were divided in opinion upon the point; but they all agreed that the malady, which had begun with a natural discharge of humor from the legs, had, by the king's imprudence,

been driven to the bowels, and that thence it had been repelled upon the brain. They endeavored, without too sanguinely hoping, to bring the malady again down to the legs.

Their efforts were fruitless. Addington and Sir Lucas Pepys were more sanguine than their colleagues, of a recovery; but the condition of the patient grew daily more serious, yet with intervals of calm and lucidity. It was at this juncture that Dr. Willis, of Lincoln, was called in. This measure gave great relief to the queen; for she knew that cases of lunacy formed Dr. Willis's *specialité*, and she entertained great hopes from the treatment he should adopt. The doctor was accompanied by his two sons. They were (and the father especially) fine men, full of cheerfulness, firm in manner, entertaining respect for the personal character of the king, but caring not a jot for his rank. They at once took the royal patient into their care, and with such good success—never unnecessarily opposing him, but winning, rather than compelling, him to follow the course best suited for his health—that, on the 10th of December, the queen had the gratification to see him from the window of her apartment, walking in the garden alone, the Willis being in attendance at a little distance from him.

There was a party who desired, last of all things, the recovery of the monarch. The Prince of Wales, during his father's malady, took Lord Lothian into a darkened room, adjacent to that of the king, in order that the obsequious lord might hear the ravings of the sovereign, and depose to the fact, if such deposition should be necessary!

The year 1789 opened propitiously. On its very first morning the poor king was heard praying, aloud and fervently, for his own recovery. A report of how he had passed the night was made to the queen every morning, and generally by Miss Burney. The state of the king varied so much, and there was so much of painful detail that it was desirable should be concealed, that the task allotted to Miss Burney was sometimes one of great delicacy. On the worst occasions she appears to have spared her royal mistress's feelings, with much tact and judgment, and her face was the index of her message whenever she was the bearer of favorable

intelligence. The highest gratification experienced by the queen at the period when hopes revived of the king's recovery, was when she heard that her husband had remembered on the 18th of January that it was her birthday, and had expressed a desire to see her. This joy, however, was forbidden him for a time, and apparently not without reason. A short period only had elapsed after the birthday when the king suddenly encountered Miss Burney in Kew Gardens, where she had ventured to take exercise, under the impression that the sick monarch had been taken to Richmond Gardens. As it was the queen's desire, derived from the physicians, that no one should attempt to come in the king's way, or address him if they did, Miss Burney no sooner became aware of whom she had thus unexpectedly encountered, than she turned round, and fairly took to her heels. The king, calling to her by name, and enraptured to see again the face of one whom he knew and esteemed, pursued as swiftly as she fled. The Willis followed hard upon the king, not without some alarm. Miss Burney kept the lead in breathless affright. In vain was she called upon to stop: she ran on until a peremptory order from Dr. Willis, and a brief assurance that the agitation would be most injurious to the king, brought her at once to a stand-still. She then turned and advanced to meet the king, as if she had not before been aware of his presence. He manifested his intense delight by opening wide his arms, closing them around her, and kissing her warmly on each cheek. Poor Miss Burney was overwhelmed, and the Willis were delighted. They imagined that the king was doing nothing unusual with him in the days of his ordinary health, and were pleased to see him fulfilling, as they thought, an old observance.

The king would not relax his hold of his young friend. He entered eagerly into conversation, if that may be deemed conversation in which he alone spoke, or was only answered by words sparingly used and soothingly intoned. He talked rapidly, hoarsely, but only occasionally incoherently. His subjects of conversation took a wide range. Family affairs, political business, Miss Burney's domestic interests, foreign matters, music,—these and many other topics made up the staple of his discourse. He

was the least rational on the subject of music, for then he commenced singing from his favorite Handel, but with voice so hoarse and ill-attuned that he frightened his audience. Dr. Willis suggested that the interview should close, but this the king energetically opposed, and his medical adviser thought it best to let him have his way. He went on then, wildly as before, but manifesting much shrewdness; showed that he was aware of his condition, and expressed more than suspicion of assaults made upon his authority during his own incapacity. He talked of whom he would promote when he was fully restored to health, and whom he would dismiss—made allusion to a thousand projects which he intended to realize, and attained a climax of threatening, with a serio-comic expression, that when he should again be king he would rule with a rod of iron.*

After various attempts at interruption, the Willises at length succeeded in obtaining his consent to return to the house, and Miss Burney hastened to the queen's apartment to inform her of all that had passed. The queen listened to her tale, with breathless interest; made her repeat every incident; and augured so well from all she heard, that she readily forgave Miss Burney her involuntary infraction of a very peremptory law. That the queen's augury was well founded may be seen in the fact that, on the 12th of February following, king and queen together walked in Kew Gardens—he, happy and nervous; *she*, in much the same condition; and both as grateful as mortals could be for inestimable blessings vouchsafed to them.

During the progress of the king's illness, while all was sombre and silent at Kew, political intrigue was loud and active elsewhere. The voice of the queen herself was not altogether mute in this intrigue. She had rights to defend, she had spirit to assert them, and she had friends to afford her aid in enabling her to establish them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "FIRST GENTLEMAN" AND HIS PRINCIPLES.

WHEN the queen first changed her apartments at Windsor her exclamation as she entered her new abode was an assertion of her desolate helplessness, and a deploring hesitation as to what course she was bound to take. She was soon stirred to action. Her eldest son was active in the field against her, and her spirit was speedily aroused to protect and further her own interests. The parliament had been made acquainted with the condition of the king, by a report from the privy council. With this the legislature was not satisfied. Parliamentary committees sat, before which bodies the king's physicians made detailed depositions, whereby the king's existing incapacity to transact public business was established beyond doubt. Upon this the Whigs, with Fox at their head (he had hurried home from Italy, deplorably ill, to perform this service for the Prince of Wales), declared that the royal incapacity caused the government of the kingdom to fall, as a matter of right, upon the heir-apparent. This assertion, which is a full and complete embracing of the law of divine right, and a trampling under foot of the authority of the parliament, was made in 1788, just one hundred years after the grandfather of these very Whigs had established the authority of the people in parliament above that of the crown, and made the king, who reigned and did not govern, merely the first magistrate of a free people. Strange indeed is it that the Whigs should be found advocating this doctrine of divine right, in favor, too, of a worthless libertine; but, in the time of George I. they too had substituted septennial for triennial parliaments.

On the other hand, the Tories, with Pitt for their leader, declared that thus to annihilate the sovereignty of the people in parliament was treason against the constitution, which, in a juncture like the present, bestowed on the people's representatives the right of naming by whom they would be governed. Thus the Tories were in truth radical reformers: and, in truth quite as serious, both parties were equally insincere, fighting only for place, and caring little for aught beyond that *Karba* of the hypocritical politician.

The whole country, upon this, became Tory in spirit—as Toryism had now developed itself. Fox in vain explained that he meant that the administration of the government belonged to the Prince of Wales, only if parliament sanctioned it. In vain the Prince of Wales, through his brother the Duke of York, proclaimed in the House of Lords that he made no claim whatever, but was, in fact, the very humble and obedient servant of the people.

It was precisely because he did assert this claim that the queen and her friends were alarmed. Should the prince be endowed with the powers of regent, without restriction, the queen would be reduced to a cypher, Pitt would lose his place, the ministry would be overthrown with him, and, should the king recover, there might be difficulties in the way of the recovery also of his authority.

Party spirit ran high on this matter, but there was little patriotism to give it dignity. Among the ministry, even, there were waverers, who were on the prince's side when the king's case seemed desperate, and who veered round to the sovereign's party as soon as there appeared a hope of his recovery. These men loved the sunshine, and could not exist in the shade.

A restricted regency, the Prince of Wales affected to look upon with ineffable scorn. His royal brothers manifested more fraternal sympathy than filial affection, by pretending to think their brother's scorn well founded. They all changed their minds as soon as they saw, by Pitt's parliamentary majorities, that they could not help themselves. Ultimately, the prince consented, with a very ill grace, to the terms which Pitt and the parliament were disposed to force upon him. Never did man submit to terms which he loathed, with

such bitterness of disappointed spirit, as the prince did to the following conditions; namely:—

That the king's person was to be entrusted to the queen; her majesty was to be also invested with the control of the royal household, and with the consequent patronage of the four hundred places connected therewith, including the appointments of lord-steward, lord-chamberlain, and master of the horse. The prince, as regent, was further to be debarred from granting any office, reversion, or pension, except during the king's pleasure; and the privilege of conferring the peerage was not to be allowed to him at all.

With a fiercely savage heart did he accept these terms; and when the Irish parliament, in its eagerness to further dissension in England, invited him to take upon himself the unrestricted administration of the government during the royal incapacity, the warmth and ardent gratitude expressed by the prince in his reply, showed how willingly he would have accepted the invitation if he had only dared.

And now the day was appointed for bringing the Regency Bill regularly before parliament—February the third—and the clauses were already under discussion when, a fortnight later, the lord chancellor (Thurlow) announced to the house that the king was declared by his medical attendants to be in a state of convalescence.

When Prince Henry was detected in taking the crown from the head of his invalid and slumbering father, he met the reproof which ensued, with tender expressions of sorrow and respect. There was little of similar depth of feeling when the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of York, saw his father for the first time after his recovery. Queen Charlotte alone was present with her husband and sons. The last entered the king's room and issued therefrom, without a trace of emotion upon their face, or in their bearing. The chagrin with which they saw the power which they had coveted slip from them, might have taught them wisdom, but it only drove them to wine, cards, masquerades, and the profligacy which goes in company therewith. They were not as men rejoicing that heaven had been merciful to their father and king, but as men striving to forget, amid a hurricane of vicious pleasures, that their sire had really

been the object of such mercy. The prince had indeed some misgivings as to what George III. might think of his conduct during the king's malady; but he affected to assert that it would meet with approbation, while that of Mr. Pitt, he thought, would receive from the monarch a strong reproof. The Duke of York was far less careful as to the paternal, and as little, as to public opinion. He ran up scores in open tennis-courts with well-known blacklegs, and promised payment as soon as he had received from his father certain arrears of revenue due to him as Bishop of Osnaburgh.

These princely sons were among the last to acquiesce in the opinion that their father was sane, and competent to again exercise his constitutional authority. Lord Grenville so graphically describes a family scene at Kew, that I cannot do better than borrow it from the letter of which it makes so startling a portion:—"The two princes were at Kew yesterday, and saw the king in the queen's apartment. She was present the whole time, a precaution for which, God knows, there was but too much reason. They kept him waiting a considerable time before they arrived, and after they left him drove immediately to Mrs. Armstead's in Park street, in hopes of finding Fox there, to give him an account of what had passed. He not being in town, they amused themselves yesterday evening with spreading about a report that the king was still out of his mind, and with quoting phrases of his to which they gave that turn. It is certainly a decent and becoming thing that when all the king's physicians, all his attendants, and his two principal ministers agree in pronouncing him well, his two sons should deny it! And the reflection that the Prince of Wales was to have had the government, and the Duke of York the command of the army, during his illness, makes this representation of his actual state, when coming from them, more peculiarly proper and edifying! I bless God that it is some time before these matured and ripened virtues will be visited upon us in the form of a government."*

In the meantime the monarch got so undeniably well and competent to govern, that even his nearest and most expectant heirs could no longer deny the, to them, most unwelcome truth. A ball

* "Memoirs," &c., by the Duke of Buckingham.

was given by White's Club to celebrate this event, and the princes of course were present to show how they were gratified by it! The ball was announced to take place at the Pantheon, and the Prince of Wales, who had engaged to attend, previously did his wretched utmost to render the attendance of others as thin as possible, by canvassing all his friends and admirers to keep away. The club had transmitted to the Prince and the Duke of York a large number of tickets for the accommodation of themselves and the acquaintances to whom, it was presumed, they might be desirous to pay the compliment of presenting them with admissions. The brothers sent the whole of these tickets to Hookham's in Bond Street for sale! The club, on hearing of this insulting proceeding, and to prevent the admission of improper persons at a fête which had a private and exclusive character, intimated by advertisement that no ticket would entitle its holder to admittance which did not bear on it the signature of a subscriber to the ball, or of the person to whom the committee had sent such ticket. This did not teach the duke decency. He affixed his princely title to the tickets, to make them salable and valid; and he himself attended a ball given expressly in his honor at the Horse Guards.

The first, and graceful, feeling of the monarch, that he was bound to make a public expression of his thanks to heaven, for his recovery, caused his ministers and friends, and particularly the queen, much embarrassment. They were afraid of the excitement and its probable consequences. But George III. was now in the condition once noticed by Hunter, the surgeon, in himself. "My mind," said the latter, "is still inclined to odd thoughts, and I am tempted to talk foolishly; but I can govern myself." The king was in better health than is here indicated, and he bore himself throughout the day—the 25th June, 1789—as became a grateful man, abounding in piety, and not dispossessed of wisdom. The disgraceful rivalry of his eldest son had almost marred the day. The followers of the latter were posted along the first part of the route between the palace and St. Paul's, and their cheers, associated with his name, put him in high good humor, which was however converted into as high displeasure, when the running fire of cheers between Charing Cross and the cathedral was raised only in honor

of his father. His conduct, and indeed that of his brothers York and Cumberland, as also of their cousin the Duke of Gloucester, in the cathedral, during service, disgusted all who witnessed it. They talked aloud to one another during the whole otherwise solemn proceeding; and it is only to be regretted that there was no man present with courage equal to his authority, to sternly reprove, or summarily remove, them.

The scene at St. Paul's, as regarded the king himself, was at once magnificent and touching. The internal arrangements were excellent, and the king was composed and devout throughout the service; attentive to the latter, and especially to the anthem, which he had himself selected. His air of sincerity and gratitude was most marked. The queen was much affected at the solemnity of their first entrance; and the king, who looked reduced, scarcely less so. Lady Uxbridge, who was in attendance on the queen, nearly fainted away. "As the king went out of the church," says Mr. Bernard to the Marquis of Rockingham, "he seemed to be in good spirits, and talked much to the persons about him; but he stared and laughed less than I ever knew him on a public occasion." Mr. Fox and most of the opposition party were there; and while the queen returned thanks for the king's recovery, as she looked upon the sons near her, who interrupted the solemnity of the scene by their talking, she might have felt that she had other things to be thankful for also. She must have known, by the conduct of the Prince of Wales, that had the king's illness lasted much longer, he would have accepted the invitation of the Irish parliament, and assumed a regency in Ireland, with sovereign power. He would have accomplished then what O'Connell, so long after, failed in achieving—a government altogether independent of, and in antagonism with, England.

After the return of the procession, the Prince of Wales and Duke of York entered Carlton House, where having put on regimentals, they proceeded to the ground in front of Buckingham House, at the windows of which the royal family had stationed themselves, the king and queen being most prominent; and there, heading the whole brigade of guards, fired a *feu-de-joie* in honor of the occasion. The grave Lord Bulkeley, a spectator of the

scene, thus describes the remainder of the proceedings: "The prince, before the king got into his carriage—which the whole line waited for, before they filed off—went off on a sudden with one hundred of the common people, with Mr. Wattier in the middle of them, huzzaing him; and this was done evidently to lead if possible a greater number, and to make it penetrate into Buckingham House. The breach," adds Lord Bulkeley, "is so very wide between the king and prince, that it seems to me to be a great weakness to allow him any communication with him whatever; for under the mask of attention to their father and mother, the Prince and Duke of York commit every possible outrage, and show every insult they can devise, to them. . . I believe the king's mind is torn to pieces by his sons," adds the noble lord. And then, in allusion to the king's expressed desire to visit Hanover, the writer remarks thereon: "He expects so relieve himself by a new scene, and by getting out of the way and hearing of the Prince of Wales, with the hope of being able to detach the Duke of York, whom he fondly and doatingly loves, and prevailing on him to marry on the continent; of which there is no chance, for in my opinion he is just as bad as the prince, and gives no hopes of any change or amendment whatever, in thought, word, or deed."

A very short time after the king's recovery, the first remark made by the sufferer, on growing convalescent, to Lord Thurlow, was—"What *has* happened may happen again. For God's sake, make some permanent and immediate provision for such a regency as may prevent the country from being involved in disputes and difficulties similar to those just over." Thurlow and Pitt agreed on the expediency of the measure, but were at issue relative to the details. When the measure *did* come before parliament, Queen Charlotte was equally indignant against the Prince of Wales and against those who advocated his claims. It may be added here that the conduct of her three eldest sons continued to be of the most insulting nature to the queen. They could not forgive her for allegedly standing between them and the power which they coveted. From congratulatory balls, at which she had announced her intention to be present, they kept away all persons over whom they had any influence; and at a ball given by the French ambas-

sador on the 30th May, the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence would neither dance nor remain to supper, lest they should have the appearance of paying the smallest attention to her majesty, who was present.

The assertion of the Prince of Wales that his royal father would approve of what he had done, and censure Pitt, proved to be totally unfounded. The king conveyed to the parliament, through the lord chancellor, his approval of the measures taken by ministers, and expressed his gratitude that so much zeal had been manifested by them and parliament for the public good, and for the honor and interest of the crown. Following this, came a sweep of all who held removable offices under the crown, and who had opposed the queen's interests and the king's cause, by supporting the views of the prince. Among the ejected were the Duke of Queensberry, the Marquis of Lothian, Lord Carteret, and Lord Malmesbury.

Mr. Wright, in his History of England under the House of Hanover, illustrated from the caricatures and satires of the day, states that the popularity of the ministers did not increase in the same proportion as that of the king; for the reason that though the people approved of the constitutional measures they had adopted at the late crisis, the same people very well knew that they were as little impelled by patriotism as their adversaries. Mr. Wright notices "a rather celebrated caricature," by Gillray, entitled "Minions of the Moon," published a little later. It is dated the 23rd December, 1791, but is generally understood to refer to this affair. It is a parody on Fuseli's picture of "The Weird Sisters," who are represented with the features of Dundas, Pitt, and Thurlow. They are contemplating the disk of the moon, which represents, on the bright side, the face of the queen, and on the shrouded side that of the king, now overcast with mental darkness. The three minions are evidently directing their devotions to the brighter side.

CHAPTER IX.

ROYALTY UNDER VARIOUS PHASES.

AMONG the few bishops who took the "unrestricted" side, on the Regency Bill, Bishop Watson of Llandaff was the most active. No doubt his activity was founded on conscientiousness, for there were many able men of the period, who were by no means violent partisans, yet who were ready to maintain that, according to the constitutional law, the right of exercising the power of regent, in the case of incapacity on the part of the reigning sovereign, rested in the next heir, the Prince of Wales. There is as little doubt as to the queen's having looked with considerable disfavor on all who held such sentiments. Among those who did, was, as I have said, the Bishop of Llandaff. If Queen Charlotte felt towards the prelate as Queen Caroline used to do towards those who stood between her and her wishes, the fault, if fault there were, was not attributable to *her*, but to the minister. *He*, right or wrong, and most persons who knew what the conduct of the eldest son of Charlotte was, will agree that he was, at least, morally right,—*he*, the minister, represented to her that all who supported the prince, and opposed the ministerial measure, which gave great power to the queen, were enemies of the sovereign. Charlotte believed this, and perhaps the Whig bishop is not wrong, who says that the queen lost, in the opinion of many, the character she had hitherto maintained in this country, by falling in with the designs of the minister. These many were, however, only the Whigs. It is, nevertheless, unfortunately true that the queen distinguished by different degrees of courtesy, on the one hand, and by meditated affronts on the other, those who had voted with, and those who had voted against the ministers. "inasmuch," says Bishop Watson,

"that the Duke of Northumberland one day said to me, 'So, my lord, you and I also are become traitors.'"

At the drawing-room which was held on the king's recovery, the queen received Bishop Watson with a degree of coldness, which, he says, "would have appeared to herself ridiculous and ill-placed could she have imagined how little a mind such as mine regarded in its honorable proceedings the displeasure of a woman, though that woman happened to be a queen." This is as little gallant towards the sex generally, and civil towards Queen Charlotte in particular, as ever was uttered by St. Kevin, with universal application, from the pulpit, or addressed by him from the rock, with especial application to his persevering Kate.

But, it must not be forgotten that if the queen had, as it were, two faces for the two parties into which society at court was divided, her eldest son exhibited the same characteristic, and he was, accordingly, eminently cordial with the prelate of Llandaff. When, at the drawing-room above-named, the queen looked displeased as the bishop stood before her, the Prince of Wales, who was standing by her side, immediately asked him to come and dine with him. A more unseemly proceeding cannot well be imagined. "On my making some objection," says the bishop, "to dining at Carlton House, the prince turned to Sir Thomas Dundas, and asked him to give us a dinner at his house on the following Saturday." The party was arranged, the guests met, and, while they were waiting for dinner, the prince took the bishop by the button-hole, and, says the bishop, "he explained to me the principle on which he had acted during the whole of the king's illness, and spoke to me, with an afflicted feeling, of the manner in which the queen had treated himself. I must do him the justice to say that he spoke, *in this conference*, in as sensible a manner as could possibly have been expected from an heir-apparent to the throne, and from a son of the best principles towards both his parents." The especial words, "*in this conference*," would seem to imply that the son of Charlotte did not always speak in as sensible a manner as could have been expected from a royal heir-apparent. It would have been as well, too, if the bishop had told his readers what the principle was on which the prince had grounded his conduct

throughout the king's illness; and when he simply talks of the prince as a son imbued with the best principles towards both his parents, he would have done well if he had added, whether he was considering that son politically or morally. I think it must have been politically, for the right reverend prelate did not impress upon his younger friend that a mother's faults should be invisible to the eyes of her children; but, on the other hand, he rather emphatically charged her with ill-humor, by advising the prince to "persevere in dutifully bearing with his mother's ill-humor till time and her own good sense should disentangle her from the web which ministerial cunning had thrown around her." Now, to *persevere* in a line of conduct is to continue in that already entered upon, and the line followed by the prince was one of continual insult and provocation against the queen. The bishop confesses an inclination to think well of her. "I was willing," he writes, "to attribute her conduct during the agitation of the regency question, to her apprehensions of the king's safety, to the misrepresentations of the king's minister, to anything rather than a fondness for power." There is something inexpressibly ingenuous in the paragraph which follows:—"Before we rose from table at Sir Thomas Dundas's, where the Duke of York and a large company were assembled, the conversation turning on parties, I happened to say I was sick of parties, and should retire from all public concerns, 'No,' said the prince, 'and mind *who it is that tells you so*, you shall never retire—a man of your talents shall never be lost to the public.'" This testimony of himself was recorded by the bishop in 1814, and was published by his son, in the queen's life-time, in 1817. Like the passage touching the queen, it gave offence to the principal person concerned in it. The aged queen-consort was not pleased to have her "ill-humor" registered before the world, nor was her son flattered by the innuendo which was conveyed in the paragraph which chronicled his promise of conferring preferment on the Bishop of Llandaff. Dr. Watson died prelate of that small diocese. The chief-butler had forgotten Joseph and his services.

We should do but poor justice to the queen on this occasion if we omitted to state, that if her majesty looked coldly upon the

prelate, it was because the latter had deliberately inflicted an annoyance on the queen. The clergy of the diocese of Llandaff presented congratulatory addresses to both their majesties, upon the king's recovery. These addresses were written by Bishop Watson; and in that which he presented to Queen Charlotte, he inserted a paragraph which he avows, in his memoirs, that he knew would be disagreeable to her. The address in question, after expressing that the sympathy of every family had been extended to the queen in her late distress, complimenting her on the sincerity of her piety, the amiableness and purity of her manners as queen, wife, and mother, and referring, in laudatory terms, to the concern which she had exhibited for the monarch during his late unhappy situation, thus proceeds:—"We observed in the deliberations of parliament a great diversity of opinions as to the constitutional mode of protecting the rights of the sovereign during the continuance of his indisposition; but we observed no diversity whatever as to the necessity of protecting them in the most effectual manner. This circumstance cannot fail of giving solid satisfaction to your majesty; for, next to the consolation of believing that in his recovery he has been the especial object of God's mercy, must be that of knowing that during his illness he was the peculiar object of his people's love; that he rules over a free, a great, and an enlightened nation, not more by the laws of the land than by the wishes of the people."

Upon this text of his own constructing, the bishop makes the following comment in his Autobiography:—"The first part of this last paragraph I *knew* would be disagreeable to the queen, as it contradicted the principle she wished to be generally believed, and the truth of which alone could justify her conduct—that the opposition to the minister was an opposition to the king. Now, as there was not a word of disaffection to the king in any of the debates in either house of parliament during the transaction of the regency, and as I verily believe the hearts of the opposition were as warm with the king, and warmer with the constitution, than those of their competitors, I thought fit to say what was, in my judgment, the plain truth." The bishop, however, loses sight of the fact that queen, ministers, and a great majority of the people

desired a restricted regency, in order that the rights of the sovereign should suffer nothing, in case of recovery; and that queen, ministers, and a great majority of the people felt that the Prince of Wales had no divine right to the regency, but had by his public and private conduct shown that he was entirely unworthy of holding any powers but under constitutional limitations.

Previous to the king's recovery, the Bishop of Llandaff had expressed himself as having been miserably neglected by Mr. Pitt, and "I feel the indignity as I ought." The bishop declares that he was overlooked, for want of political pliancy. However, we have seen that, in the allegedly offended queen's presence, the Prince of Wales ostentatiously patronized the prelate, and subsequently made a post-prandial promise, touching preferment, which he never fulfilled. The bishop strongly suspected that the queen stood in his way. In 1805, the Duke of Grafton wrote to him, to give him early intimation that the Archbishop of Canterbury was not expected to live; but "I had no expectation of an archbishopric," says Dr. Watson, "for the Duke of Clarence had once said to me (speaking in conversation no doubt the language of the court), 'they will never make *you* an archbishop; they are afraid of you.'" In the following year, the bishopric of St. Asaph became vacant, and Dr. Watson applied for it, to Lord Grenville, stating that it "would be peculiarly acceptable to himself." "It was given to the Bishop of Bangor; and the Bishopric of Bangor was given to the Bishop of Oxford." Hereupon, the diocesan of Llandaff, suspecting that the queen's influence was exercised against him, over the king, addressed a letter to the Duke of Clarence, begging him to lay the same, which contained a statement of the writer's wishes, before the Prince of Wales, whom the bishop "most earnestly entreated to take some opportunity of doing him justice with the king." Years, however, passed on; and, in 1810, we find the right reverend prelate expressing himself in doubt "whether it is by her or by his majesty that I am laid on the shelf." In fact, he was by far worse treated at the hands of the Prince of Wales, whose cause he had supported against queen, ministers, and a great majority of the people, than he ever was by the queen herself. The prince had intimated that such a champion should not go without

his reward; and that the prince would not forget the prelate. His highness did, however, completely forget the right reverend father. We do him wrong: he remembered him on one occasion. On May 3, 1812, there was a dinner party at Carlton House. At these parties it was no uncommon thing for the regent to tell stories which sent the queen's fan up to her face, with a remonstrating "George! George!" to induce him to have some respect for decency. On the occasion in question, however, the conversation turned on immorality and irreligion. Mr. Tyrerwhitt, thereupon, told a story how he had been in society with a Sussex baronet, who gave utterance to such profligate and atheistic opinions that Mr. Tyrerwhitt was obliged to leave the room, after recommending the blasphemer and libertine to look into Bishop Watson's "Apology" for that Bible which the baronet so scoffed at. At the royal table, "the baronet's answer was produced and read, expressive of the greatest thankfulness for having had it put into his hands, as it not only had decided and clearly proved the error and fallacy of every opinion he had before entertained, but had afforded him a degree of secret comfort and tranquillity that his mind had previously been a stranger to." The regent, thereupon, bethought himself of his old friend of Llandaff, and ordered Mr. Braddyll to communicate to him the highly gratifying anecdote. Dr. Watson returned his best thanks for "this instance of a prince's remembrance of a retired bishop;" and therewith ended the patronage of the regent, which was not more profitable to the prelate than the alleged opposition or indifference of the queen.

I have before noticed how heartily the queen celebrated the recovery of her consort, and how her sons endeavored to mar the public congratulatory festivals held in joy at the event. The prince's party were somewhat ashamed, it would seem, at what had taken place in connection with White's Club ball; and the club at Brookes's resolved to render themselves blameless in the eyes of the queen, who was supposed to be more indignant than her consort at the measures of their eldest sons and their followers. The club at Brookes's hired the Opera-house, and gave a festival to the ladies, consisting of a concert, recitations, a ball, and a supper. At this festival Mrs. Siddons was engaged to appear as Britannia,

and recite some silly verses, by silly Merry, in which, laudation of the king was qualified by political instructions to the people. "Long may he rule a *willing* land" was declaimed by the actress, with solemn and melodious dignity; and this line was followed by the hint to the people that "Oh, for ever, may that land be free!" A long roll of "infinite deal of nothings" followed, in which scant courtesy was paid to the queen; and Mrs. Siddons, having got to the end of her "lines," astonished the spectators by an exhibition of the "pose plastique," assuming the "exact attitude of Britannia, as impressed upon our copper coin."

Having noticed what took place at the king's drawing-room, omission must not be made of the queen's, held by her in March, especially to receive congratulations upon the happy recovery of her consort. More than usual splendor did honor to the occasion. The queen sat on a chair of state, under a canopy, and surrounded by the great officers of her household. I do not know that there was anything unusual in this, but eye-witnesses declare that the blaze of diamonds which covered her majesty was something more than the ordinary glory. Around the queen's neck, too, was a double row of gold chain, supporting a medallion. "Across her shoulders was another chain of pearls, in three rows; but the portrait of the king was suspended from five rows of diamonds, fastened loose upon the dress behind, and streaming over the person with the most gorgeous effect. The tippet was of fine lace, fastened with the letter G, in brilliants of immense value. In front of her majesty's hair, in letters formed of diamonds, were easily legible the words, 'God save the King.' The princesses were splendidly, but not equally, adorned. The female nobility wore emblematical designs, beautifully painted on the satin of their caps, and fancy teemed with the inventions of loyalty and joy. At half-an-hour after six o'clock, her majesty quitted the drawing-room, for duties still more interesting."

What these duties were, after the long drawing-room, Mr. Boaden, from whose *Life of Kemble* the details are borrowed, does not inform us; but he adds, in a burst of eloquence not unlike the tone of some of the dramas, of which he discourses so pleasantly, that he cannot forbear from expressing the full conviction

of his understanding and his heart, that no more glorious being than the consort of George III. ever existed. "I have lived," he says, "to see a miserable delusion withdraw some part of the affection of the multitude for a time; but she was in truth the idol of the people, and they paid to her that sort of homage, as if in her person they were reverencing the form of VIRTUE itself."

The same unreserved panegyrist, describing her majesty's visit to Covent Garden Theatre, on the 15th of April, 1789, states that she was accompanied by three of the princesses—the Princess Royal most unassuming, we may parenthetically add, of all Charlotte's daughters; the Princess Augusta so careless as to what she was dressed in, provided only that she were dressed; and the Princess Elizabeth, who was always anxious to be doing little services for people about the court, as though anxious to forget that she was burdened by being great, and by the formalities which she must observe, to give greatness dignity. Mr. Boaden strikingly and briefly describes the scene. "The queen entered the royal box alone; the princesses not being, for a few minutes, ready. On the appearance of the queen, a shout arose, of transport, from the spectators; the curtain ran up, and displayed a transparency which had the words, in striking letters, *Long live the King!* and *May the King live for ever!*" For all this, no preparation could be sufficient; and tears fortunately came to her relief. In this state she paid her compliments to her people. On the entrance of the princesses, the emotion somewhat subsided—

"It seemed she was a Queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her."

The entertainments of the evening had no allusion whatever to the event. They consisted of *He would be a Soldier*, and O'Keefe's *Aladdin*. The simple introduction, by Edwin, of giving the king's health, was the only allusion made to passing events. But the house cheered, and the queen smiled and nodded her gratification.

Whilst on the subject of theatricals, it may be noticed that the king and queen not only patronized Mrs. Siddons, but that the patronage which they showed to this lady was not confined to wit-

nessing and applauding her performances on the stage. She was a frequent visitor at Buckingham House and Windsor; and she was among the first to discover that the king's mind was affected. On occasion of one of her visits, after her task was done of reading a play, at a high desk, before which she stood, the king went up to her, and presented her with a blank paper—blank, with the exception that his signature was at the bottom of it. Such a gift intimated that the giver bound himself to make any amount of pecuniary provision which the will of the actress might choose to name, above the royal signature. The paper was doubtless received with a graceful and grateful dignity, but with equal propriety it was, on the earliest opportunity, presented, blank, as it was received, to the queen. Her majesty was very pointed in the expression of her approbation at conduct so delicate and dignified; but the virtue of Mrs. Siddons was left to be its own reward.

While the Duke of York was leading a "gay" life, running in debt, and falling asleep over his cards (his constant habit), to find himself a great loser when he awoke, his next brother, Clarence, with some lively propensities, too, contrived to maintain considerable popularity. He was of a popular profession. At the age of thirteen, the king sent him as midshipman on board a man-of-war, and told him to fight his way. He obeyed the injunction by having a *set-to* with another "middy," soon after he was afloat, and secured, in this way, the respect of his fellow-officers. He served under Keith, Hood, and Nelson. His sole remark on first seeing the last-named gallant "shadow," was, that his tail seemed more than he had strength to carry. The little duke was present in several actions, and shared in several victories. When the Spanish commander, Don Juan de Langera, was brought prisoner on board the "Prince George," and was told that the smart and active midshipman whom he had observed on duty at the gangway, was a prince of the blood, and son of the reigning king, the brave but unlucky captain exclaimed, "Well may England be queen of the seas, when the son of her sovereign is engaged in such a duty." The companions of the young prince were not the most suitable for a youth of his condition and prospects, as far as refinement is concerned; they were rude, but I question if their principles of

conduct were not as good as any by which modern middys and lieutenants are influenced. In some respects they were better, for I do not imagine that if any one of the lieutenants of Keith, Hood, or Nelson, had fallen into such a scrape as befell Lieutenant Royal of the Tiger, he would have expressed "satisfaction" at being permitted, at the theatre, to use the identical glass through which the hostile commander had watched the destruction of a British ship. The rough and ready manner of old days is better than the refinement which takes such form and expression as this; and William Henry was little the worse for the former, although Beau Brummell *did* say of him, that he was never good for anything, but to walk about a quarter-deck, and cry "luff."

Walpole writes of him, in 1789, "The Duke of Clarence, no wonder, at his age, is already weary of a house in the middle of a village, with nothing but a green short apron to the river, a situation only fit for an old gentlewoman, who has put out her kneepans and loves cards." The writer adds that were the duke a commoner and a candidate, Richmond, if it were a borough, would return him unanimously. "He pays his bills regularly himself, locks up his doors, that his servants may not stay out late, and never drinks but a few glasses of wine." Miss Burney's report would lead us to a different conclusion. Walpole adds, "Though the value of crowns is mightily fallen of late at market, it looks as if his royal highness thought they were still worth waiting for. Nay, it is said, he tells his brothers he shall be king before either—this is fair, at least."

William Henry was not always so blameless in his economy, as Queen Charlotte loved to see him. His hospitality at the Admiralty was unbounded; but when it is remembered that the exercise of it during fifteen months, ran him in debt to the amount of not less than three and twenty thousand pounds—why, such hospitality is rather to be censured than eulogized. He was as profuse when king, till his treasurer, Sir F. Watson, confessed his inability to go on.

The second son of Queen Charlotte delivered his maiden speech in the House of Lords at the close of 1788. A few months after, he made another speech, in private society, which might have had

a very fatal issue. He stated that Colonel Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond) had been addressed at Daubigny's club, in language which no gentleman would have quietly listened to, as the colonel had done. The latter, on parade, asked for an explanation. The duke refused, ordered him to his post, and offered him "satisfaction" if he felt himself aggrieved. The colonel appealed to the club as to whether the members adopted the duke's statement. They remained silent; and the result was a duel on Wimbledon Common, on the 26th of May, 1789. Lord Rawdon accompanied the duke, and the Earl of Winchelsea attended on the colonel. The duel ended with no bloodier finale than the loss of a curl on the part of the duke. The latter, it was found, had not fired,—he refused to fire, bade the colonel fire again, if he were not satisfied, and rejected every inducement held out to him to make some explanation. On this the parties separated.

There was some littleness of spirit in what followed. The colonel was present at a court ball, at which the queen presided, and formed part in a country dance of which the Prince of Wales, and other members of the royal family, were also a portion. The prince, who was remarkable for his gallantry, did not exhibit that quality on the present occasion. He passed over the colonel, and the lady his partner, without "turning" the latter, as the laws, of *contre-danse* required. The prince's conduct was imitated by both his brothers and sisters, and the colonel's partner was thus subjected to most unwarrantable insult. The queen, who according to Mr. Rush, had marked her opinion of the colonel's conduct, by graciously speaking to him, remarking the chafed look of her son, and addressing some inquiry to him, was answered that he was heated, because he disliked the company. Upon this hint, the queen rose, and the festive scene was brought to a disturbed and sudden conclusion.

The fall of the year was passed in the south of England, with Weymouth for head-quarters. The king and queen were not without peculiar annoyances here, chiefly in the threats of assassination, conveyed in private letters. The queen indeed, like the king, disregarded them, but she feared the evil effect they might have on his excitable mind. Among the visits paid by them to

private individuals, was one to the Roman Catholic proprietor of Lulworth Castle, Mr. Weld, the brother of Mrs. Fitzherbert. They were present in the chapel attached to the castle, during the celebration of divine service, and remained while the anthem was sung,—without any ill-effects resulting to Protestantism.

In January, 1790, the fears of the queen were again excited for her consort, at whom a stone was thrown by a mad Lieutenant Frick, as his majesty was on his way to the House of Lords. The muse was hardly more sane or loyal than the lieutenant, for Peter Pindar wrote of this incident :

"Folks say it was lucky the stone missed the head,
When lately at Cæsar 'twas thrown ;
I think, very different from thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone."

The popularity of the queen was hardly greater than that of the king. At the time of the latter's illness, she was assailed with unmeasured vituperation by the opposition papers. Even her interviews with Pitt were made base account of, in order to raise the public odium against her. In the present year the "Hopes of the Party," a caricature so named, by Gillray, served to show the supposed wishes of the opposition. The caricature represents many revolutionary horrors. Among them is what is termed "a pair of pendants," showing the queen and prime minister each hanging, in the new French fashion of *aristocrats à la lanterne*, from a lamp iron. "It is commonly believed," says Mr. Wright, in the History from which a passage has been already quoted, "that Pitt and Queen Charlotte were closely leagued together to pillage and oppress the nation ; and she was far less popular than the king, whose infirmity produced general sympathy, and who had many good qualities that endeared him to those with whom he came in contact. In another part of Gillray's picture, the king is brought to the block, held down by Sheridan, while Fox, masked, acts as executioner. Priestly, with pious exhortations, is encouraging the fallen monarch to submit to his hard fate." Later in the year, in September, the queen's second son, Frederick Duke of York, married Frederica, eldest daughter of the King of

Prussia. The marriage was solemnized on Michaelmas Day, at Berlin. The bride was then in her twenty-fourth year, her husband in his twenty-eighth. She was fair, virtuous, accomplished, and kindly-hearted—by far too good a wife for the profligate prince to whom she was allied. The newly-married pair travelled to England through France, where they met with but rough treatment from the republican mob, some of whom very unceremoniously scratched the royal arms off their carriages. The ceremony of marriage was re-performed in England on the 23rd of November by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in presence of the entire royal family. By an addition of eighteen thousand pounds to the duke's income, his revenue amounted to 35,000*l.* a year; and an annual 30,000*l.* was settled on the duchess, in case of her surviving him.

The queen, accompanied by the king and the elder branches of her family, paid a visit of welcome to the young couple, which was the most formal and ceremonious matter that can well be conceived. The visit took the form of a tea-party ; it ought, therefore, to have been social and chatty, but it was as stiff and silent as much ceremony and formal etiquette could make it. The king's tea was solemnly handed to him by the Prince of Wales, while the Duchess of York, receiving a cup from the duke, presented it, with much reverence, to the queen. But in the cups which cheer and not inebriate, ceremony was soon dissolved ; and the king getting loquacious, the family party, before the night was far gone, became as mirthful and pleasant as if it had been made up of more mirthful and pleasant materials.

Despite the great popularity of the excellent duchess, the caricaturists spared neither her nor her royal father and mother-in-law. In one of the satirical prints by Gillray, the king and queen—the latter most outrageously caricatured—are represented in ridiculous attitudes of joy : the king is fairly "kicking up his heels" in ecstasy, offering eager welcome to the duchess. The queen is holding out her apron to receive some of the wealth and jewels which her daughter-in-law was popularly supposed to have brought with her. The latter has *her* apron full of money, and the duke is introducing her to his parents.

The poor duchess, it may here be stated, was soon one of the unhappiest of wives. The profligacy and shameless infidelity of her husband, to whom she had been fondly attached, disgusted her. His extravagance involved him in a ruin from which he could never relieve himself, and which his creditors never forgot. It made many a hearth cold, and it brought misery to that of the duchess. For six years she bore with treatment from the "commander-in-chief" such as no trooper under him would have inflicted on a wife equally deserving. At the end of that time, the ill-matched pair separated, and the duchess withdrew from the world; but in her retirement she forgot none of the duties which it could fairly demand of her. She was beloved by all, and was popularly and affectionately mentioned by the popular voice as "the poor soldier's friend."

She was indeed the friend of all who needed her service, and did not refuse even to give to poor "Monk" Lewis the meed of admiration which his little vanity required. He was once met coming in tears from the duchess's drawing-room; and on intimating to his questioner that they had their source in the very kind and flattering things the duchess had said to him, the weeper was roughly consoled by his acquaintance, with the soothing advice, to "Never mind, as perhaps she did not mean it!"

Never were the alleged avarice of the king and queen more bitterly satirized than during this year (1791). The king, however, was a cheerful giver, and the amount of property which the queen left at her death proves that she was no hoarder. The caricaturists, nevertheless, smote them mercilessly. Peter Pindar assailed them in coarse and witless lines, that had in them a certain rough humor, but as ill-natured as rough. Gillray exhibited them as cheapening wares in the streets of Windsor. In another print, the king, in the commonest of garbs, was seen toasting his own muffins; and the queen, with a hideous twist given to her now plain features, and with pockets bursting with the national money, was depicted busily engaged in frying sprats for supper. In another, the queen is sourly commanding her highly-disgusted daughters to take their tea without sugar, as a saving to papa. There were many of a similar cast, and not a few which exposed

the vices to which the princes of the family—young men of great hopes and with much kindness of feeling, but with little principle—had unfortunately surrendered themselves.

The king himself was ever depicted as slovenly both in dress and gait—the queen as mean in attire and sharply sour of visage. The latter always wears a far more acute, but a less inquiring, air than her husband. This was a true reflection. After Dr. Johnson had his celebrated interview with the monarch at Buckingham Palace, he is said to have declared that "His majesty seems to be possessed of some good nature and much curiosity; as for his *nous*, it is not contemptible. His majesty, indeed, was multifarious in his questions; but, thank God! he answered them all himself."

The public discontent and the general distress increased greatly at this time, and had their effect in throwing a gloom over the court circle. The old formality, and not a very diminished festivity were still, however, maintained there, and the republican fashions of France were held in abhorrence at Windsor.

The sons of Queen Charlotte were not so formal in their behavior towards her, before witnesses, as the daughters were. The Duke of York was now the most observant of ceremony, but he exhibited therewith a show, perhaps a reality, of very tender feeling. Even on common occasions the household of the queen was encumbered by much stiffness of observance of etiquette. It was not an uncommon occurrence for the Duke of York to attend at his mother's toilette, conversing with her during its closing progress. When this was the case, and the dresser's task was done, that lady could not leave the room, if the duke happened to stand between her and the door; to cross the duke would have been a terrible breach of good manners. Nor could the queen help the dresser; all that the illustrious lady could do was to watch till the duke changed his position, and then with a smile, and a "*Now*, I will let you go," give freedom to the dresser, longing for liberty.

The Prince William (Duke of Clarence) was the least courteous of the sons of Charlotte. But it must be remembered that he not only went early to sea, but it was at a time when roughness of manner was considered as more becoming to a naval officer than refinement; to support the character, the young prince probably

assumed more coarseness of style and speech than was really natural to him. The queen's birth-day drawing-room, in 1791, was followed by a ball, at which the pretty Princess Mary was to dance her first *minuet* in public, and her brother, the sailor prince, had promised to be her partner. But previous to the ball there was a dinner, and at a birth-day dinner, there was more champagne drunk by the prince, than on ordinary days. Under its inspiration, the duke found his way to the table of some of the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting. There he ruled as king, insisted upon more champagne, compelled the not unwilling gentlemen to drink with him glass after glass, laughed at its effects upon them and himself, smacked the servants on the shoulder, abused them good-humoredly, praised his sister Mary, had more champagne, kissed the hand of old Madam Schwellenberg, with infinite mock heroics, was always going, and never went, and ended all he said with the common oath of gentlemen, a loudly uttered "by God!" With a morning so spent, he was not likely to be steady enough for the minuet at night. In fact, he was intapable of appearing at the ball at all; much to the chagrin of the queen; still more to that of the Princess Mary, to whom, however, the offender made less apology the next morning, than confession, that on the queen's birth-day he had been "too far gone" to think of dancing.

The Prince of Wales was not more temperate even on ordinary occasions; and he was less heartily courteous to ladies than his brothers, while perhaps he was more formally polite. Miss Burney describes him as staring at her, when she was in attendance upon the queen, not haughtily or impertinently, she says, but in an "extremely curious manner"—probably as Don Juan may have looked upon Zerlina.

With all the queen's respect for the formality of court, she enjoyed herself most when she was least observant of it. Reading the letters of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, she liked to talk them over with Miss Burney, who could explain so many circumstances connected with them which would, otherwise, have been incomprehensible to the queen. She loved to hear her dresser's graphic account of Warren Hastings' trial, whither she had sent her with a reticule stuffed full of cakes from the queen's own table. At

Cheltenham, when she accompanied the king thither, previous to his late illness, the royal residence was of such contracted dimensions, and so scant of accommodation, that her majesty dressed and undressed in the drawing-room. Many of her ladies would not have submitted half so cheerfully as *she* did to such an arrangement. In the rural expeditions of the royal pair, there was, indeed, a comic sort of mixture of formality and fun. At Weymouth, for instance, when the king went to take his "dip," the royal machine was followed by another full of fiddlers, and other most musical persons, who, as the monarch plunged into the ocean, saluted him and the bold deed with "God save the King," horribly out of tune!

It was when the royal pair were at Weymouth that, on one occasion, the mayor of the borough, after presenting an address, and receiving the stereotyped answer, boldly walked up to the queen to kiss her hand. "You must kneel," whispered the master of the ceremonies. Mr. Mayor not heeding the court guide, continued standing, and in that position, kissed the royal hand. As he retired, the highly offended master of the ceremonies remarked angrily: "Sir, you ought to have knelt." "Sir," said the mayor, "I can't; don't you see I have got a wooden leg?"

It is upon record that the queen *once* attempted to write some verses; and having got to the third line, gave the matter up in despair—leaving her "reader" to finish and perfect the rhymes. The occasion was, on presenting a pair of old-fashioned gloves to Lord Harcourt, who had an affection for ancient gear, and cared more for old gloves than new verses. Miss Burney acquitted herself, however, very well with her *impromptu*; indeed, she may be said to have been the queen's laureate, during the five years she served that sovereign. Her royal mistress employed her to compose some congratulatory verses on the king's recovery from his serious indisposition; and of these it may be said that if Warton, over whom paralysis was then pending, might have written better, Henry James Pye, the succeeding laureate, could hardly have written worse.

The taste of the queen was itself not unimpeachable. With regard to the drama, she would rather have seen little Quick in

Tony Lumpkin, than Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*. So, her "reader" was not called upon to exert her powers upon any great works. The first book she was required to read aloud was Colman's broad farce of *Polly Honeycomb*. The young lady must have had a difficult task with the novel-reading Polly, whose heart beat for Mr. Scribble, and into whose head her sire could not beat a favorable opinion for "the rich Jew's wife's nephew," Mr. Ledger. The young princesses were listeners, and it could hardly have been edifying for them to hear the rollicking Polly say of her father: "Lord, lord! my stupid papa has no taste; he has no notion of humor and character, and the sensibility of delicate feeling." "A novel," says Miss Honeycomb, "is the only thing to teach a girl life," and she adds, "Every girl elopes when her parents are obstinate and ill-natured about marrying her." Her ridicule of the long-lived affection of her parents is expressed in the coarsest manner; and she thinks it a good joke that her father recommends her to read the "Practice of Piety;" she runs away with a scamp, and her honest lover, rightly dis-enamored, declares of her that "he would not underwrite her for ninety per cent." What Miss Pope made of *Polly* and *King of Scribble*, when this farce was first produced, in 1760, it is not worth inquiring. Miss Pope was considered great in it; but it is worth noticing that when Miss Burney was reading the piece to the queen and her daughters, an actress whose name can never be separated from that of the queen's third son, and to his disgrace, was then turning half the heads in town with her *Polly*. Mrs. Jordan was well supported by Palmer, in *Scribble*, and the piece seems to have found its way to court, as the *Dragon of Wantley* did in the preceding reign, on the strength of its popularity.

The reader to the royal audience performed her vocation under great disadvantages. She read on in mortal silence on the part of those who listened; neither comment, applause, or feeling of any sort was ever exhibited; and when Miss Burney had to read other of the elder Colman's plays, and once ventured to relieve the voice fatigued by long reading, by making some remark on the construction of the piece, the innovation was submitted to without being commended.

This scene of a queen whose high moral character and purity of taste have been long matters for eulogy, seated amid her daughters, listening to a farce which would hardly now be tolerated by a Transpontine audience, is not a pleasant one. But it should be remembered that society had not yet freed itself from the uncleanness with which it had been overwhelmed during the two preceding reigns. The unspeakable degradation into which the first two Georges dragged the country must not be forgotten, though it may not be detailed. While detesting the restrictions with which monarchy had been loaded in the great revolution, they indulged unrestrainedly in the worst coarseness of vice. Kept back from pressing despotically upon the people, they yielded unbridled sway to their own passions, and their infamous example corrupted three-fourths of society. Caroline herself would listen to stories told her by Sir Robert Walpole, upon which the eye of the student of history cannot rest without a blush of indignation mantling in his cheek. If the Stuarts were vicious, they were, in a certain degree, gentlemanlike in their vices. The first two Georges were as vicious, but they had none of the refinement of the Stuarts, and would have been to the full as tyrannical had the men of England left them the power. Their conduct was enough to render monarchy detested, and the name of Brunswick execrable. The domestic virtues of George III. and Queen Charlotte insured respect for the first, and surrounded the latter name with something like a halo of love. If there be any yet among us who sing, "Hail Star of Brunswick," with any mental reservation, the reason may probably be traced to impressions received from the records of the first Georges. The tone of society had not yet recovered itself fully, when Queen Charlotte had "*Polly Honeycomb*" read aloud to herself and daughters. It is true that her majesty also listened in like company to the teaching of Mrs. Hannah More; but even that high moralist hardly, as yet, understood how the work of morality might best be sped. Even ten years later than the time when Colman's farces were deemed not unfitting to be read to an audience of mother and children, Mrs. More, in "*Cælebs*," was recommending the observance of modesty on the part of ladies, on very selfish grounds. In allusion

to the "naked style" of dress which was then the fashion with women, Mrs. More admonitory and significantly exclaims: "Oh, if women in general knew what was their real interest; if they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice; the coquet would adopt it as an allurements; the pure as her appropriate attraction; and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction." When the Reverend Sidney Smith read this passage, he remarked that if there were any truth in it, "nudity becomes a virtue, and no decent woman for the future can be seen in garments." This is, perhaps, more smart than strictly said. The volume from which the passage is taken upon which the reverend gentleman so commented, was a favorite with Queen Charlotte, who certainly abhorred the style of dress which is censured in "Cælebs." When the Lady Charlotte Campbell, famous for her beauty, and for her subsequent connection with Queen Caroline, first went to court, she was attired in the scant costume of the period. She was, in fact, in the very highest of the fashion, and as she was passing before Queen Charlotte, the latter recommended her to "let out a tuck in her petticoat!"

While on the subject of fashion, it may here be noticed that when the marriage of the princess royal with the head of the House of Wurtemberg had been determined on, her majesty made the bridal dress, and helped to deck her daughter with it. As a king's eldest daughter, she had a right to be attired in a dress of white and silver. The princess, however, was about to marry a widower, and it appears that custom, consequently, required the bride to wear white and gold. And so the robe was fashioned accordingly, and the preference of the princess was made to yield to etiquette. This marriage, however, did not take place till 1797.

In 1792, the prince's pecuniary affairs were in a worse condition than ever. Several executions had been in his house, from one of which he had been saved by the benevolence of Lord Rawdon. His debts now amounted to 400,000*l*. The queen advised him to press the king, through the lord chancellor, to apply

for an increase of income. What the prince required was 100,000*l*. yearly, and if that were granted he proposed to set aside 35,000*l*. per annum, for the liquidation of his debts. He had now abandoned racing, a silly pursuit which had cost him yearly not less than 30,000*l*.; and having done that, he feigned to be shocked at his equally embarrassed brother, York, remaining on the turf. He added, that if his request was not acceded to, he should shut up Carlton House, go abroad, and live upon 10,000*l*. a-year. It was very properly suggested to him that he would do much better, if the queen's wishes and his own could not be carried out, by staying in England, and showing the people that he could adapt his circumstances to his revenue. This was a course, however, which he had never seriously determined to follow. He was made up of contradictions, and although he was at this period more than ever attached to Mrs. Fitzherbert, it did not prevent him from maintaining the well-known actress, Mrs. Crouch, in the post of "favorite." Mrs. Fitzherbert met this course by ridiculing it, and by coquetting on her side. This hurt the prince's vanity, and brought him again under her influence. What his homage was worth may be judged of by the fact that it was paid to many deities, and while he was maintaining Mrs. Crouch, forgetting poor Perdita Robinson, making love to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire (who was separated from her husband, but did not on that account in the slightest degree regard the prince), he had also opened an intercourse with Lady Jersey, who was not half such a prude as the duchess, and who was the most shameless of those to whom the heartless prince had pretended to surrender his heart. With many loves, or what were called such, Mrs. Fitzherbert continued the favorite sultana. He built for her a residence at Brighton, where she kept up the establishment of a queen—really looked like one, for she was a superb woman—had as brilliant diamonds as Queen Charlotte herself, and was greeted by all the bathing women with the respectful appellation of "Mrs. Prince."

But the queen had soon to deplore another misalliance. Her son, Prince Augustus, (Sussex,) when travelling in Italy, had become attached to the Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore; and after a courtship, during which the prince wrote

love-letters to the lady that, with respect to style, were neither sublime nor beautiful, and, with regard to grammar, were calculated to make Lindley Murray die of despair, the parties were married privately by an English clergyman, and were re-married, at St. George's, Hanover Square, on their return to England. Of this union two children were born, of whom the daughter (once known as Mademoiselle d'Este) still survives, the wife of Lord Truro, who, when Mr. Sergeant Wylde, endeavored to establish the validity of her father's marriage, and acquired the lady's hand by way of *honorarium*. The moment the marriage was first declared invalid by the ecclesiastical court, Lady Augusta separated from her husband. The latter appears to have borne the separation very philosophically, but he did not marry again during Lady Augusta's life. In his later days, when his brother, William IV., was king, he married the lady who now survives him, under the title of Duchess of Inverness. But a marriage of more importance still remains to be noticed.

CHAPTER X.

LENGTHENING SHADOWS.

THE subject of the marriage of the Prince of Wales will come more fully under our notice in the life of Caroline of Brunswick. Here it may be mentioned that the period at which the question of the marriage of the Prince was first moved, is not known with certainty. It was soon, however, publicly ascertained that whenever that much-desired event should take place, the prince's debts were to be paid, on the condition that after such settlement and the fixing of his establishment as a married man, he was never to incur such liabilities again. The agreeing to this condition barred him from ever again applying to parliament for pecuniary relief.

There is little doubt as to the wish of Queen Charlotte that her son should marry a Princess of Mecklenburgh. It was sufficient

for the prince that his mother had such desire that he should oppose it. According to Lord Liverpool, the intimation of the prince's wish to marry was abruptly made to the king, who received the information with a cheerful complacency, and simply required that the lady chosen should be a Protestant and a princess. Mrs. Fitzherbert was neither.

The king offered to send a commissioner to the German courts on the pleasant mission of reviewing the daughters of the sovereign dukes there, and reporting on their eligibility. The prince's choice, however, appears to have been made, if that can be called choice which fixes on an object utterly unknown. He named his cousin, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick. Her mother was Augusta, sister of the king, whose birth had taken place at St. James's Palace, under circumstances which gave such offence to Caroline and George II. The king made no objection: and, yet, he must have known that if the object selected was pretty, she was far less fair than the lady of Mecklenburgh, whom Charlotte would fain have had for a daughter-in-law; and that her reputation, even in Germany, where the best people then construed liberally of female conduct, was none of the best. She was known as a bold, dashing, careless girl, whose tongue was ever in advance of reflection; who called the coarsest things by the coarsest names, and who only needed temptation and opportunity to fall into any sin that had a pleasant side to it. I believe that she was not worse than many of her contemporaries with whose doings fame was less busy. Her great defect was a want of self-control, if that be a great defect compared with a want of cleanliness. But in this latter respect, Caroline's neglect was not singular. In her young days dirtiness had not yet quite gone out of fashion.

It is credibly asserted that the prince's present favorite, Lady Jersey, led him to select the Princess of Brunswick for his wife. It was Lady Jersey's object that he should have a legal consort, who must draw him away from his (illegal) wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert; but it was also Lady Jersey's object that the wife should not possess attractions that should prove more powerful than her own.

It will suffice to record here that the marriage took place on the 8th of April, 1795, under unseemly auspices.

The behavior of the prince at the ceremony undoubtedly may be received as confirming the accounts of his aversion to the bride. He confessed to the Duke of Bedford (one of the two unmarried dukes who supported him at the marriage) that he had taken several glasses of brandy before proceeding to it. He must have taken many, for he was so drunk that the two dukes could scarcely keep him from falling. The conduct of the prince was, of course, the subject of much remark, and it was set down, at the time, not to brandy, but remorse—remorse at the idea of that other marriage which he had contracted with the woman whom he undoubtedly did love, if he ever entertained for woman at all a sentiment worthy of the name. Very few days passed after the solemnization of the ceremony, before “many coarse and indelicate strictures on the bride’s person and behavior were currently reported, as coming directly from the prince, in every society in London.” So says Lord Holland, and that noble writer, who pronounces as a bad and worthless woman—mad, at least, if not bad—a princess whom his party, if not he himself, held up, in the days of her persecution, as a martyr of virtue, goes on to say, and his testimony is incontrovertible, that the ill-usage which the Princess of Wales was exposed to at Brighton and elsewhere, from the prince and his mistress, Lady Jersey, was notorious, unpardonable, and so utterly disgraceful, “that persons of rank (afterwards indebted to him for advancement in it) have plumed themselves upon refusing to meet him at dinner at my house (Holland House, Kensington), observing that he was not fit company for gentlemen.”

It began miserably, continued miserably, and ended miserably. As Lord Holland observes, neither the prince’s reconciliation with Mrs. Fitzherbert, nor his subsequent intimacies with Lady Hertford and others (although such returns and changes of love were usually accompanied by similar changes and returns of a train of favorites, friends, and dependents), ever softened his hatred to the princess. When, in 1820, on the death of Napoleon, some officious courtier ran up to him (then George IV.) to apprise him of the news, which he supposed would be welcome to him, in these words, “Sir, your greatest enemy is dead!”—“Is *she*, by G—d?” was the royal husband’s dignified and pious ejaculation.

“Many seeds of discontent,” says Lord Holland, “were imperceptibly sown during the year 1795, among the supporters of the ministry, which time brought to maturity. Among these may be reckoned the influence of Carlton House. The Prince of Wales thought himself duped by Mr. Pitt, about the payment of his debts at the time of his marriage. He had been treated superciliously, more than once, by Mr. Pitt, and he had never liked him, though his own dread of revolutionary principles, quickened by a recent quarrel with the Duke of Orleans, had rendered him eager, and even vociferous, for the war. The last injury, real or supposed, which he had received from Mr. Pitt, by the latter’s acquiescing in devoting, on his marriage, the whole increase of his revenue to the payment of his debts, sank into his weak and fretful mind deeper than usual, because he was continually reminded of it by his connection with a woman whom he loathed.” Meanwhile, the queen maintained the long-standing reputation of her court with undiminished strictness. An illustration of this strictness is afforded us by an anecdote told of her majesty and an English duchess, who was aunt to a niece of rather blemished reputation, but to which it was hoped some lustre might be restored, if she could only be made to pass through a court atmosphere. The duchess, on asking the queen to receive her niece at the drawing-room, of course, insisted that the young lady’s fame had been unfairly attacked, and that she trusted to her Majesty’s clemency and generosity to set it fair again with the world. The queen remained silent; whereupon the duchess, previous to retiring, beseechingly inquired what she might be permitted to say to her niece. “Tell her,” said Queen Charlotte, “that you did not dare to make such a request to the queen.” The duchess, who held some post in the royal household, felt that such a speech involved her own dismissal.

Never was the court so unpopular as at this time. In October, 1795, the king, on proceeding to the House of Lords, was not only assailed by seditious cries, but was fired at by some assassin among the mob. On his return from the house, he was pelted with stones, and, later in the day, when driving to the queen’s house, in a private carriage, without guards, the excited mob, with cries of “Bread—cheap bread!” “No war!” and “No king!” made an

attempt to force open the door of the vehicle in which he was riding. The same spirit was shown in 1796. On the 1st of February, the king and queen went to Drury Lane, to see "The Fugitive." On their return, a stone was thrown at the carriage, which passed through one of the glass panels and struck the queen in the face. Soon after, a female maniac was discovered in the palace, making no secret of sanguinary designs against "Mrs. Guelph," her alleged "mother." Added to these private vexations, the negotiation entered into, at the king's express desire, to establish a peace with France entirely failed, and the difficulties of the situation were further increased by Spain uniting with our other enemies against us in war.

In the month previous to that last mentioned, the birth of the Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was speedily followed by the separation of the parents. We may cite here an incident of the christening, as the Queen Charlotte is rather the heroine thereof than the infant princess.

Lady Townshend held the little princess at the font. Some time elapsed before the officiating prelate took her from Lady Townshend, whose state of health, at the time, was such as to make her incapable of standing long, without some peril to her own future hopes. The Princess of Wales pitied her, and asked the queen, in a low voice, if she would not command poor Lady Townshend to be seated. But Queen Charlotte liked nothing so little as an interruption of established ceremony; and, blowing the snuff from her fingers, she exclaimed, "No, no! she may stand—she may stand!" The queen was nearly as strict, in public, with her own children. They, on such occasions, never sat down in her presence, unless commanded; never spoke, unless first spoken to; and once, it is said, when the queen was playing at whist, one of the princesses, standing behind her chair, fell fast asleep from sheer fatigue.

The domestic troubles of the queen were now, in great part, connected with the affairs of her eldest son and her daughter-in-law. They will be found alluded to in the life of the latter. Another marriage, scarcely more promising, soon occupied her attention. The widowed Prince of Wurtemberg proposed for the hand of the princess royal. His first wife was the daughter of

Augusta, and sister of the Caroline of Brunswick for whom the queen, her mother-in-law, had such small measure of affection. This first marriage had been an unhappy one. The prince had taken his wife to Russia, where she is said to have become so thoroughly corrupted as to have shocked the unclean Czarina, Catherine, herself. From Russia she never returned; but how, when, or where, she died, no writer seems to be able to state with certainty. That she died there in confinement cannot be doubted; and yet her sister Caroline used to express her belief that she had been seen in Italy, long after the reported period of her death. Queen Charlotte had an especial dislike to the projected match of this prince with her daughter, nor would the king consent until he had been satisfied that the prince had not been a cruel husband to his first wife, and that he had not become a widower by unfair means. What the nature of this satisfaction was, no one knows. The interview took place on the 18th of May. After a thirty years' residence in Wurtemberg, during which time that locality was raised to the rank of a kingdom, and the daughter of our own Charlotte was visited more than once by the first Napoleon, of whom her husband was a very active ally, Charlotte Augusta, the "good queen-dowager," and a childless widow, visited England once more, in order to obtain medical relief for a dropsical complaint. On her voyage back, in worse health than when she came hither, the vessel had nearly perished in a storm. To her terrified attendants she calmly remarked, "We are as surely under the protection of God here as upon the dry land—be not afraid!" She survived her mother ten years, dying in October, 1828.

We have noticed that the princess royal was married in 1797. Soon after she had set out from St. James's, early on a morning in June, in tears, and without a relation to bid her adieu, all having gone through that ceremony the night before, in order to be saved the trouble of early rising, the mutiny in the navy broke out—a circumstance which hardly annoyed the king more than the agitation for parliamentary reform; for it was more easily suppressed. There was some compensation for these vexations in the visit to Duncan's victorious North Sea fleet, and in the triumphs of our other naval squadrons. The year ended appro-

priately with the royal procession to St. Paul's to render fervent thanksgiving for the success of the arms of England.

It was early in 1798, that the first book was stereotyped in England, and the queen was the origin of this innovation—not that she had any idea of innovation. The facts are simply these. The press had been teeming with productions offensive alike to virtue and religion. To protect both was an anxious object with the queen, and of both she became the champion. She procured from a German Lutheran divine (Freylinghausen) his “Abstract of the whole doctrine of the Christian religion,” and this she submitted to the judgment of Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London. The prelate, well pleased to see the State thus submissive or suggestive to the Church, read the pamphlet—not only read it, but approved of, and translated it into English. He caused it to be printed in stereotype, and this translated book, submitted by the queen to the bishop, was the first volume that was ever printed in stereotype in England. With stereotyping, the name of Queen Charlotte should always be mentioned in honorable connection.

The year 1798 was marked by the Irish rebellion, the national subscription for the exigencies of the state, and for the uneasiness felt at court at the standing toast of the Whigs—“The sovereignty of the people!” That and the following year were the years of the volunteer mania. The king and queen were too happy to encourage this sort of enthusiasm; and, even in their retirement at Weymouth, the volunteer reviews were among the most cherished of their amusements. They hoped they had reconquered the love of a people on whom the burden of war pressed heavily. They were at least not safe from popular fanaticism. On the 15th of May, 1800, the royal family attended Drury Lane theatre, after a review in the morning. As the king entered the box, and was in the act of bowing to the audience, he was fired at from the pit. The queen and her daughters were entering as the shot was fired; and the king kept them back with his hand, lest, as he said, “there might be another.” After Hatfield, the assassin, had been secured and carried off, the king and his family sat calmly down, and witnessed the whole representation. This coolness was deservedly admired. On the return to the palace, the

king replied, to a sympathizing observation of the queen, “I am going to bed with a confidence that I shall sleep soundly; and my prayer is, that the poor unhappy prisoner, who aimed at my life, may rest as quietly as I shall.”

The other domestic incidents in the life of the queen or king are not of sufficient interest to be worth the detail. We may make exception of one, however, which introduces us once more to the earnest and indefatigable Lady Huntingdon.

Early in the present century, we again meet with this lady, busy at, with, and in defiance of, courts. In her zeal as a reformer of manners and morals, she was bold without being indiscreet; and she was never more bold than when she attacked, courteously and courageously, no less a personage than Dr. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury. This right reverend lord primate had given several grand routs at his palace. The archbishop was an old-fashioned man; and what had been tolerated in his father and mother must also be permitted to himself and wife, the magnificent Mrs. Cornwallis—leader and slave of *ton*. Let the world have justice done to it, the majority therein were solely scandalized at these irreverend proceedings. But Lady Huntingdon was the only one bold enough to give expression to what she felt. With the energy and tact natural to such a woman, she contrived to obtain the grant of an audience with the primate and his lady, and thither she went, accompanied by the Marquis of Townshend.

The priests of the sacred cities of Anahuac were not more horror-stricken, when Cortéz asked them to burn their gods, than the primate of all England was, when the good lady pressed upon him sacrifices which would entail the necessity of spending very dull evenings. As for Mrs. Cornwallis, she tarred and feathered Lady Huntingdon, that is, metaphorically, by flinging missiles which soiled her who flung them, and scattering light ridicule, which was blown back upon the face and reputation of the scatterer. Lady Huntingdon again and again assaulted the archiepiscopal fortress, but she was driven back by repeated discharges of “Methodist!” and “Hypocrite!”

She could do nothing at Lambeth, and, accordingly, she turned her face towards Kew. Nor had she long to wait before Queen

Charlotte and her royal consort admitted her to an interview, to which she was conducted by Lord Dartmouth and the Duchess of Ancaster.

The sovereigns listened to the simple yet earnest story. The king was especially warm in expressing his indignation, and the queen took her full share in such expression. "I had heard something of this before," said George III., "but I knew not if all was as bad as Lady Huntingdon has detailed it. The archbishop has behaved very ill to the lady. I will see if he dare refuse to listen to a king." The gay and orthodox courtiers present began to think that the world was at an end. Here was the State placing itself above the Church! Mentally, they no doubt denied the royal supremacy.

In an after-conversation, the honest king confessed that Lady Huntingdon herself had been painted to him in very odd colors, and, in admitting her to an interview, he was partly influenced by his curiosity to see whether she was as strange a creature as she had been described by her enemies. To his expressions of admiration for herself and her work, the queen added similar assurances; and, could the archbishop have seen two sovereigns thus complimenting a "Methodist" and a "hypocrite," no doubt the primate, zealous for nightly "drums," would have burst into tears, and have declared that the sun of England was set for ever!

"His majesty," said Queen Charlotte, "had complaints made against yourself, in part, Lady Huntingdon, but chiefly against your students and ministers, whose preaching annoys one or two of our bishops, who are careless." The king nodded assent, adding, that he had employed an old joke in answer, and intimated that these students and ministers could not be made bishops of, as then they would cease to annoy anybody by preaching. It was objected that even the Lady Huntingdon could not be made a bishop of, and so the evil would be as rife as ever. "I wish we could," said Queen Charlotte, with a smile at the idea, "I am sure her ladyship would shame more than one upon the bench!"

The king then conversed with Lady Huntingdon, chiefly upon old times and persons of his father's court, at which she had for a while been a frequent visitor. "We discussed a great many

subjects," says the lady herself, in her account of the interview, "for the conversation lasted upwards of an hour, without intermission. The queen," she adds, "spoke a good deal, asked many questions, and, before I retired, insisted on my taking some refreshment. On parting, I was permitted to kiss their majesties' hands; and when I returned my humble and most grateful acknowledgments for their very great condescension, their majesties immediately assured me they felt both gratified and pleased with the interview, which they were so obliging as to wish might be renewed."

The queen repeatedly expressed her admiration of Lady Huntingdon's conduct on this occasion, one result of which was a stringent letter, addressed by the king to the primate. In this royal remonstrance and reproof, the writer told the archbishop that he held such "levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass, in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence . . . where so many have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned. From the dissatisfaction," adds the king, "with which you must perceive I hold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and on still more pious principles, I trust that you will suppress them immediately, so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner."

When it was necessary to administer such a reproof as this to an archbishop, we may readily believe that only a scurvy sort of reputation attached itself to the clergy generally. This had been the case for many years. Speaking of the queen's drawing-room, held in January, 1777, Cumberland, who was present, says: "Sir George Warren had his order snatched off his ribbon, encircled with diamonds to the value of 700*l*. Foote was there and lays it upon the parsons, having secured, as he says, his gold snuff-box in his waistcoat-pocket upon seeing so many black gowns in the room."

Foote's remark was only in jest, but it shows the estimation in which the clergy was held. They were for the most part, and yet

with some noble exceptions, but wretched teachers both by precept and example. Where clerical instruction was thus doubly defective, lay practice was not of a very pure character. Only two or three years before Lady Huntingdon waited on Queen Charlotte and the king at Kew, an incident illustrative of my remark occurred at one of her majesty's drawing-rooms. A great crowd had assembled, and amid the throng—while the Prince of Wales was conversing with the king—he felt a sudden pull made at the hilt of his sword. He looked down and perceived that the diamond-guard of the weapon was broken off, but it remained suspended by a small piece of wire, the elasticity of which had prevented it from breaking, and so preserved the diamond-studded guard. No discovery was made as to the author of this felonious attempt, and the prince did wisely in refusing to fix on the gentleman who stood nearest to his side, as the offender. Such attempts were common enough in the great gallery at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV., and even acts of greater felony than this—for not only were purses cut from the person—but on one occasion, after a grand *re-union* in the gallery, the whole of the costly hangings were swept off the same night by a thief, too exalted for the king to be willing to punish him as he deserved.

In 1801 the Prince of Wales was in full opposition against the crown and Pitt. The opposition had a Jacobinical character, and affected Jacobinical opinion without any reserve. Lord Malmesbury remarks of the prince that even "his language in the streets is such as would better become a member of opposition than the heir to these kingdoms." This conduct was followed at a time when the state of the king's health began again to cause some anxiety. He had contracted a chill and severe cramps by remaining too long in a cold church, on February 13th. We find Lord Malmesbury recording on February 17th, "King got a bad cold. Takes James's powders. God forbid he should be ill." And the next day he writes: "King better. Lord Radnor saw him yesterday morning; and he clearly had *only* a bad cold." One day later, on occasion of an audience of the king being sought by Mr. Pelham, the same writer says: "Pelham came back to me from court; he had seen and consulted the Duke of Portland, who ap-

proved his seeing the king, but said it would not be *to-day*, as the king was unwell, and on such occasions, it was not usual to disturb him but on great public business." On the 21st matters appeared worse. "Bad accounts from queen's house; the answer at the door is, the king is better; but it is not so. He took a strong emetic on Thursday, and was requested to take another to-day, which he resisted." It would seem that the progressive seriousness of the symptoms produced no corresponding effects in the heir-apparent. On Sunday, February 22, the diarist writes: "His majesty still bilious; not getting better; apprehensions of getting worse. Fatal consequence of Pitt's hasty resignation. Princess Amelia unwell. Queen not well. At Carlton-house they dance and sing." As the king grew worse, the intrigues of the husband of Caroline became more active. The regency was the object of these intrigues. In the meantime the condition of the sovereign grew daily more unsatisfactory. On the 29th of February the king's pulse was at 130 during the night. "This makes," says Lord Malmesbury, "in favor of the mental derangement, and proves it to be only the effect of delirium in consequence of fever, but it puts his life in very great danger."

His mind had been extraordinarily excited at this period by an agitation which was being carried on against the Church, and in favor of the emancipation of the Romanists. The king had strong views of what he was bound to by the coronation oath, and the idea became the rooted torment of his mind. "The king, on Monday," writes Lord Malmesbury, "after having remained many hours without speaking, at last, towards the evening, came to himself, and said, 'I am better now, but will remain true to the Church.' This leaves little doubt as to the idea uppermost in his mind. And the physicians do not scruple to say that, although his majesty certainly had a bad cold, and would under all circumstances have been ill; yet, that the hurry and vexation of all that has past, was the cause of his mental illness, which, if it had shown itself at all, would certainly not have declared itself so violently, or been of a nature to cause any alarm, had not these events taken place." They were events which were weighing in the mind of

George III., just as the loss of the American colonies had done, in the preceding century."

The Duke of York at this juncture is said to have behaved with great propriety towards Queen Charlotte and the princesses. How his elder brother behaved is thus recorded: "The Prince of Wales, on Sunday, the 22nd of February, the second day of the king's illness, and when he was at his worst, went in the evening to a concert at Lady Hamilton's, and there told Calonne, the rascally French ex-minister, 'Savez-vous, M. de Calonne, que mon père est aussi fou que jamais?'" Later we have it recorded, that "the king at Windsor, about 6th or 7th instant (March), read his coronation oath to his family;—asked them whether they understood it? and added, If I violate it I am no longer legal sovereign of this country; but it falls to the house of Savoy." Subsequently, Lord Malmesbury writes: "Lady Salisbury said the king was quite well enough to have the queen and princesses at dinner. *Qui prouve trop ne prouve rien*. Any degree of fever could render this improper in anybody, and if you take away the fever, you have the intellectual derangement without a cause, or hopes of recovery. I fear there is so much fever that his life is in imminent peril. The Duke of York deeply affected, and worn out with his assiduous attentions at the queen's house."

Lord Vincent, the first lord of the admiralty, declared on the 2nd of March, that not only was his majesty much better, but that, throughout the present attack, he had never been so ill as he was at the moment when, in his previous illness, he had been pronounced by Warren to be convalescent. The king's fever increased alarmingly that very night. On Tuesday, March 3rd, Lord Malmesbury thus graphically describes the crisis: "King so much worse last night, that his life was despaired of. About ten he fell into a profound sleep; and awoke in about six hours quite refreshed and quite himself. His majesty said he was thirsty, and on being asked what he wished to drink, said, 'if allowed, a glass of cold water.' This was given him. It put him into a perspiration. He fell asleep again, and awoke in the morning with the fever abated, and better in every respect. The

crisis of his disorder. Crowds of people round queen's house, and their expressions of joy very great."

The cure, however, was not yet complete. Much care was required. The king was disposed to talk on that very subject which had temporarily threatened to overthrow his intellect. And his anxiety for the Church, joined to seeing and conversing with two of his daughters, before he was strong enough to argue the question connected with one, or to bear the pleasant excitement of intercourse with his family, produced a disagreeable, although not an enduring, relapse.

The Prince of Wales was the most reluctant of his family to believe in the recovery of his father, whom he openly declared as being more deranged than ever, although he might possibly be improving in bodily health. He affected to complain of being kept in ignorance of what was going on at the queen's house; but his ignorance arose from the little care he gave himself to become wiser.

The recovery, however, was considered genuine. The illness itself had been marked by one circumstance which distinguishes it from that under which the king suffered so severely in 1788. In the earlier attack sleep never relieved him. Not that he did not sleep well, but that it did not compose his nervous system. He would sleep indeed, soundly, but awake from it, like a giant refreshed by wine, more turbulent than ever. In the illness from which he had just recovered, his sleep was healthy and refreshing, and he invariably woke from it, quiet and composed.

The first persons whom he saw after his recovery were the queen and princesses and the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland. To the Duke of York, whom he saw alone on the 7th of March, he said, after thanking him for his kindness to his mother and sisters, "I saw them yesterday, because I could send *them* away at any time; but I wish to see you *alone*, and for a long time, and therefore I put it off till to-day." In inquiring about the queen's health, of the Duke of York, the king expressed great solicitude for them; and the duke acknowledged that they had suffered greatly, but added, that their chief anxiety was lest, now in getting well, he should be less careful about his health than

prudence would warrant. The king confessed to having presumed too much on the strength of his constitution, but promised to be less neglectful for the future. And the conversation turned to political affairs, to the ministry, to what had been done during his malady, and at last to that question of Romanist emancipation, which had so shaken his mind, as being connected with that ruin of the Church of England which he thought must follow, and which church he had sworn he would protect. Some weeks before his illness he had said to the Duke of Portland that, "were he to agree to it, he should betray his trust and forfeit his crown, that it might bring the framers of it to the gibbet." He was beginning to use language almost as strong, to the Duke of York, at the first introduction between father and son, after the recovery of the former. The Duke of York, however, very judiciously stopped him, with the assurance that Pitt had abandoned all idea of pressing the Catholic question, that therefore it were wise to let the discussion of it drop also; and that all political parties who had behaved with great propriety during his illness, had now but one common anxiety—that to see him well again. "I am now quite well; quite recovered from my illness," remarked the king to Mr. Willis, on the occasion of directing him to write to Pitt, "but what has *he* not to answer for who has been the cause of my having been ill at all?" Pitt was much affected by this reproach, and it is said to have influenced him to surrender the question rather than press it to the peril of the king's health. Indeed, the king had so determinedly expressed himself on the subject, that the Duke of Portland had declared that his majesty had rather suffer martyrdom than submit to this measure.

The interview between the king and the Duke of York was followed by one between the sovereign and the Prince of Wales. Lord Malmesbury says of the latter, that "his behavior was right and proper. How unfortunate that it is not sincere, or rather that he has so effeminate a mind as to counteract all his own good qualities, by having no control over his weaknesses."

The queen continued in a great state of anxiety touching the king's health, notwithstanding his complete recovery having been declared. He was at times very nervous and depressed—at

others, still more nervous and excited. There was less a fear of mental derangement than that his faculties might never recover their former tone. He occasionally behaved strangely in public; was too familiar with the members of the cabinet which succeeded that of which Pitt had been at the head; and, again, was too readily and profoundly affected—too soon elated or cast down by trifles. On Thursday, March 26, 1801, Lord Malmesbury writes: "Drawing-room to-day very crowded. Queen looking pale. Princesses as if they had been weeping. They insinuate that the king is too ill for the queen to appear in public, and to censure her for it. Dukes of York and Cumberland there. The Prince of Wales was at the drawing-room, but behaved very rudely to the queen." And yet just previously he had made an ostentatious manifestation of his delicacy. Lords Carlisle, Lansdowne, and Fitzwilliam, with Mr. Fox, informed his royal highness that they had formed a coalition, offered him their services, and proposed to hold a conference at Carlton House. The prince is said to have pleaded, in excuse for declining all they offered, the state of the king's health; but out of respect to his sire, he said that he should consider it his duty to inform Mr. Adington, the minister, of the nature of their proposals. This he did; and it was, perhaps, because he regretted the step he had taken that he behaved rudely to his royal mother in her own public drawing-room!

The king's condition still required care and watchfulness. Thus, on May 25, Dr. Thomas Willis writes to Lord Eldon: "The general impression yesterday, from the king's composure and quietness, was that he was very well. There was an exception to this in the Duke of Clarence, who dined here. 'He pitied the family, for he saw something in the king that convinced him he must soon be confined again.'

"This morning, I walked with his majesty, who was in a perfectly composed and quiet state. He told me, with great seeming satisfaction, that he had had a most charming night, 'he could sleep from eleven to half after four,' when, alas! he had but three hours' sleep in the night, which, upon the whole was passed in restlessness—in getting out of bed, opening the shutters, in praying violently, and in making such remarks as betray a consciousness

of his own situation, but which are evidently made for the purpose of concealing it from the queen. He frequently called out, 'I am now perfectly well, and my queen—my queen has saved me!' While I write these particulars to your lordship, I must beg to remind you how much afraid the queen is lest she should be committed to him; for the king has sworn he will never forgive her if she relates anything that passes in the night."

The Princess Elizabeth subsequently addressed a letter to Dr. Thomas Willis, in which she states that she has the queen's commands to inform him that "the subject of the Princess of Wales is still in the king's mind, to a degree that is distressing, from the unfortunate situation of the family." The writer adds: "The queen commands me to say, that if you could see her heart, you would see that she is guided by every principle of justice, and with a most fervent wish that the dear king may do nothing to form a breach between him and the prince. For she really lives in dread of it; for, from the moment my brother comes into the room till the instant he quits it, there is nothing that is not kind that the king does not do by him. This is so different to his manner when *well*, and his ideas concerning the child (the Princess Charlotte) so extraordinary, that I am not astonished at mamma's uneasiness. She took courage, and told the king that now my brother was quiet, he had better leave him, as he (the prince) had never forbid the princess seeing the child when she pleased. To which he answered, 'That doesn't signify. The princess shall have her child; and I will speak to Mr. Wyatt about the building of the wing to her present house.' You know full well how speedily every thing *is now ordered* and done."

"The princess spoke to me on the conversation the king had had with her—expressed her distress; and I told her how right she was in not answering, as I feared the king's intentions, though most rightly meant, might serve to hurt and injure her in the world." For a few days the symptoms ameliorated; then, on the 12th of June, Dr. Thomas Willis wrote to Lord Chancellor Eldon: "His majesty still talks much of his prudence, but shows none. His body, mind, and tongue are all upon the stretch every minute; and the manner in which he is now expending money in various

ways, which is so unlike him when well, all evince that he is not so right as he should be. The queen, to use her own words, built her faith upon the chancellor, and doubted not of his succeeding in everything with his majesty. "He failed in some, nevertheless. He urgently requested the king to allow Dr. Robert Willis to remain in attendance on him. The king hated all the Willises, and Dr. Robert not less than any of them. He concludes a note to Lord Eldon on the 21st of June by saying: 'No person that has ever had a nervous disease can bear to continue the physician employed on the occasion.' This holds much more so in the calamitous one which has so long confined the king, but of which he is now completely recovered."

The health of the sovereign prevented him from attending the concerts and other entertainments which he was accustomed to honor with his patronage. He was, however, sufficiently recovered to enjoy a sojourn at Weymouth, and, on his return to Kew, to ride over occasionally to visit the Princess of Wales at Blackheath. The daughter of the latter, the Princess Charlotte, was now four years of age, and the question of her separation from her mother was a frequent subject of discussion. In the meantime, the little princess was very often a visitor at St. James's or Windsor, by command of the queen, and, of course, unaccompanied by her mother.

On the 29th of October, the king opened parliament in person. The pleasant announcement was made in the royal speech that the eight years' war had come to a conclusion. The gratification of the public was, however, somewhat marred by finding that the cost of carrying it on had doubled the national debt, and that the supplies required for the year amounted to forty millions.

The royal family now repaired to Windsor; and for the description of a home scene there we will again have recourse to one who describes what he saw, and of which he was a part. Lord Malmesbury was a guest at the castle during the 26th, 27th, and 28th of November. "I went there," he says, "to present to the king and queen copies of the new edition of my father's works. I saw them both alone on the evening of the 26th, and was with them that and the next evening at their card party at the lodge.

Each evening the queen named me of her party, and played at cribbage with me. I was with the king alone near two hours. I had not seen him since the end of October, 1800—of course, not since his last illness. He appeared rather more of an old man, but not older than men of his age commonly appear. He stoops rather more, and was apparently less firm on his legs; but he did not look thinner, nor were there any marks of sickness or decline in his countenance or manner. These last were much as usual—somewhat less hurried and more conversable; that is to say, allowing the person to whom he addressed himself more time to answer and talk than he used to do when discussing on common subjects, on public and grave ones. I at all times, for thirty years, have found him very attentive, and full as ready to hear as to give an opinion, though, perhaps, not always disposed to adopt it and forsake his own. He was gracious even to kindness. He asked how I continued to keep well; and on my saying, amongst other reasons, that I endeavored to *keep my mind quiet*, and dismiss all unpleasant subjects from intruding themselves upon it, the king said, "Tis a very wise maxim, and one I am determined to follow; but how, at this particular moment, can you avoid it?" And without waiting he went on saying, "Do you know what I call the peace? *An experimental peace*, for it is nothing else. I am sure you think so, and perhaps do not give it so *gentle* a name; but it was *unavoidable*. I was abandoned by everybody—allies and all. I have done, I conscientiously believe, for the best, because I could not do otherwise; but had I found more opinions like mine, better might have been done."

His majesty continued, at greater length than it is necessary to follow, to give his opinions upon the men and questions of the day; and this he did with great calmness, discrimination, and foresight. He was not one that believed Jacobinism was dead merely because it was quiet; and he spoke of the policy of Prussia of that day, and of the king who adopted it, as men speak of both in the present day—a mixture of atrocity, treachery, and meanness. Lord Malmesbury says little of the queen, but enough to give an idea of her manner. "The queen," he says, "kept me only a quarter of an hour. She said she should see me again in the evening, as I

must be tired of standing so long with the king. Spoke kindly of my father and my dear children. Princess Mary was all good humor and pleasantness: her manners are perfect, and I never saw or conversed with any princess so exactly what she ought to be."

CHAPTER XI.

THE END OF GREATNESS.

THE utmost regularity marked the course of the king's life during the short time which elapsed between his last illness and that of 1804. It was the period when anecdotes were being constantly told, and perhaps sometimes made, of his simplicity and gentle nature. The queen, with a great love for display, could readily adapt herself to the circumstances required by the exigencies of the time; and she as much enjoyed the quietness of their domestic life as she had done the most brilliant days and episodes of her reign. Her eldest son, who, in spite of his conduct, loved his mother as well as he could love anybody, caused her continual anxiety; but this was little compared with the trials which awaited her from another source. The best insight within the precincts of the court is afforded us by Lord Malmesbury, by whose authority we will once more be guided.

The mental maladies of the king usually occurred after taking cold; but this fact did not seem to have rendered him in any way cautious and prudent. Thus, early in the present year he caught a violent cold followed by gout, in consequence of remaining in wet clothes after returning from a walk in the rain. The malady speedily assumed the appearance of something more formidable than a mere attack on his bodily health. At the evening assembly at the queen's house, held in celebration of her majesty's birth-day, the king was unusually incoherent in his style of speaking. The queen played at cards, as was her custom; but her anxiety was

very manifest, and she never kept her eyes from off the king during the entire time the assembly lasted.

In the course of a few weeks the king grew worse; and, in addition to his ordinary physicians, the attendance was required of persons accustomed to these peculiar cases. The royal dislike to the Willises (father and son) was the cause of Dr. Symonds being called in. The august patient was in extreme danger during the 12th and 13th of January. He partially recovered; but the mania, in a modified form, still continued. He remained in this condition till May,—fanciful, suspicious, and unsteady in his manners and conversation, particularly with the queen and royal family and his usual society. "He was apparently quite himself," says Lord Malmesbury, "when talking on business and to his ministers. He then collected and re-collected himself. Dr. Symonds was by no means so efficient a man in these cases as the Willises, against whom the monarch had taken a rooted antipathy. In the king's first illness, as Willis, the clergyman, once entered the room to visit the patient, the latter asked him if he, a clergyman, was not ashamed of himself for exercising such a profession. Willis gently hinted that the Saviour himself went about healing the sick. 'Aye, aye!' said the king, 'but he hadn't 700*l*. a year for it.'"

The king's illness proved temporary; but he had troubles enough to keep his mind in a continual agitation. On May 26th, 1804, Lord Malmesbury thus writes:—

"The king calls the Greenvilles 'the brotherhood,' says, 'they must always either govern despotically, or oppose government violently.' Duke of Portland has little doubts of the king's doing well; quiet will set him right, and nothing else; he has been fatigued by being too much talked to on the new arrangements. . . . Lady Uxbridge, at half-past two, very uneasy about the king; said his family were quite unhappy; that his temper was altered. He had just dismissed his faithful and favorite page (Brown), who had served him during his illness with the greatest attention. Quiet and repose were the only chance. She said the chancellor was to go to Windsor with him, which she was glad of. King has stipulated, before he went to Windsor, that he would not go to chapel, nor on the terrace, nor take long rides. Lady Ux-

bridge thinks Dr. Symonds an unfit man; that the Willises, and particularly the clergyman Willis, was a much properer person to be about the king when he was getting well; so thinks Mrs. Harcourt."

The following day we find the following entry in the Diary:—"Sunday, May 27. Mrs. Harcourt confirms all that Lady Uxbridge had told me; that the king was apparently quite well when speaking to his ministers, or those who kept him a little in awe; but that towards his family and dependents his language was incoherent and harsh; quite unlike his usual character. She said that Symonds did not possess in any degree the talents required to lead the mind from wandering to steadiness; that in the king's two former illnesses, this had been most ably managed by the Willises, who had this faculty in a wonderful degree, and were men of the world, who saw ministers, and knew what the king ought to do; that the not suffering them to be called in was an unpardonable proof of folly (not to say worse) in Addington; and that now it was impossible, since the king's aversion was rooted; that Pitt judged ill in leaving the sole disposal of the household to the king; that this sort of power in his present weak (and, of course, suspicious) state of mind had been exercised by him most improperly; he had dismissed, and turned away, and made capricious changes everywhere, from the lord-chamberlain to the groom and footman; he had turned away the queen's favorite coachman; made footmen grooms, and *vice versa*, and what was still worse, because more notorious, had removed lords of the bedchamber without a shadow of reason; that all this afflicted the royal family without measure; that the queen was ill and *cross*; the princesses low, depressed, and quite sinking under it; and that unless means could be found to place some very strong-minded and temperate persons about the king, he would either commit some extravagance, or he would, by violent carelessness and exercise, injure his health, and bring on a deadly illness. I asked where such a man did exist, or had existed. She said, none she knew of; that Smart, when alive, had some authority over him; that John Willis, the clergyman, also had acquired it, but in a very different way; the first obtained it from regard and high opinion, the other from fear; that, as was

always the case, cunning and art kept pace in the king's character with his suspicions and misgivings; and that he was become so very acute that nothing escaped him. Mrs. Harcourt ended her recital by great recommendations of secrecy, and submitting it to me whether I would or would not state it to Mr. Pitt. I asked her if the chancellor knew it. She said, *all*; he is the only person who can in any degree control the king; he is the best man possible, and when he is near, things go on well. I said, in that case, Mr. Pitt *must* know it; and if he knew it, would, if he could, apply a remedy; and that if he did not, I must suppose he was at a loss what to do; and that the hearing what he already knew from me would be useless to him, and look like a pushing intrusion on my part. After her, Lord Pembroke came into my room, and asked me whether I was aware of what was passing at the queen's house; and he then repeated, but in a still stronger manner, and with additional circumstances, what I had before heard. We then both dwelt on the very serious and dangerous consequences to which it might lead, and in vain sought about for a remedy."

And again, on June 1st, we find Lord Malmesbury recording as follows:—"General Harcourt, who came to me in the evening from the queen's house, gave me a most comfortable account of the king. He had seen him often and for a long time, and that he was, in looks, manner, conduct, and conversation, quite different from what he had been since his illness,—very different indeed from what he was at Windsor; and General Harcourt, who is not a sanguine man, really seemed to think most favorably of the king."

Some of the king's acts smacked rather of a humorous eccentricity than anything worse. Thus, early in this month, when Lord Pelham carried his seals of office to the queen's house to deliver them up to the king, the latter said, "Before I can allow you to empty *your* hands, you must empty mine;" and therewith he thrust upon him the *stick* of captain of the yeoman of the guard. Lord Pelham looked as much horrified as if his majesty had offered to knight him, and the poor sovereign remarking this, observed to him encouragingly, "It will be less a sinecure than formerly, as I intend living more with my great officers." The noble lord was too awkwardly placed, and had too much respect for the king, to return

the unwelcome stick. There was something additionally comical in the circumstance, in this: Pitt was hurt at his majesty thinking of conferring an office without previous communication with *him*; and Pelham was hurt at Pitt's having entrapped him, as he supposed, into the not very exalted office of captain of the yeoman.

The poor monarch had, in reality, enough provocation at home, to say nothing of the anxieties caused him by the aspect of foreign affairs, to render irritable, if not to throw off its balance, a mind so unhinged and ill at ease as his own. It was at this period that a contest was going on between him and the Prince of Wales, relative to the residence and education of the Princess Charlotte. The monarch, with much reason, wished her to reside at Windsor, there to be educated in the character of "a queen that is to be." The prince opposed the proposition, for the opposition's sake, being also moved thereto by advisers who belonged to the party in parliament adverse to the crown. It was very much feared that if his wishes were seriously disregarded, the consequences to his health would be serious. The prince himself hardly knew his own mind, and perhaps had no well-grounded opinion upon the matter at all.

"The two factions," says Lord Malmesbury, "pulled different ways. Ladies Moira, Hutchinson, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, were for his ceding the child to the king; the Duke of Clarence and Devonshire House most violent against it; and the prince was inclined to the faction he saw last. In the Devonshire House cabal, Lady Melbourne and Mrs. Fox act conspicuous parts, so that the alternative for our future queen seems to be, whether *Mrs. Fox* or *Mrs. Fitzherbert* shall have the ascendancy."

Father and son had an interview. After a whole year's estrangement, for *one day* child and parent agreed tolerably well; but they did not long continue to be of one mind. The conduct of the prince was insulting to the authority of the king, and to his office as father. To some extremely sensible remarks on the educational plan best calculated to promote the welfare and happiness of the princess, her father, the Prince of Wales, returned an answer so improperly worded, that the chancellor declined to present it to the king. The latter was made irritable and ill at no answer having reached him from the prince, and he was only beguiled

into patience by being misinformed that the prince had misconceived the king's letter, and that it was necessary to set him right on the misconceived points before a reply could be expected.

The queen was rendered more anxious than any other member of the royal family, of whom Lord Malmesbury simply records that "the sons behave tolerably, the princesses most perfectly." At this time the queen, with all her natural anxiety, exhibited some strangeness of conduct. "She will never receive the king," says the noble diarist from whom we have just quoted, "without one of the princesses being present; piques herself on this discreet silence, and, when in London, locks the door of her *white room* (her *boudoir*) against him. The behavior of the queen alarms me more than all the other of Mrs. Harcourt's stories; for if the queen did not think the king likely to relapse, she would not alter in her manners towards him; and her having altered her manners proves that she thinks he *may* relapse."

If the royal invalid thus met with scant courtesy at the hands even of his consort, whose fears made her unkind, he received still less at the hands of some of his servants. For instance, when Addington, Lord Sidmouth, broke with Pitt, and repaired to the king to surrender the key of the council-box (he had been president of the council), the king told him somewhat angrily, "You must not give it to me, but to Lord Hawkesbury." The retiring statesman excused himself, on the ground that he and Lord Hawkesbury were not on speaking terms; to which George wisely enough rejoined, that *that* was no affair of *his*. He would thereupon have ended the audience, but Addington remained talking to and at him for an hour, and so fatigued and displeased him, that when the king returned to his family (the scene passed at Windsor) he said, "That — has been plaguing me to death!" It was soon after this occurrence that Pitt's administration was broken up by the death of the great statesman, and Lord Grenville and Fox came in as chiefs of the cabinet of "All the Talents." The Prince of Wales is recorded as having gone most heartily and unbecomingly with them; lowering his dignity by soliciting offices and places for his dependants, and by degrading himself to the "size of a common party-leader."

We may add here that the king himself occasionally committed errors that must have considerably annoyed those of his family and cabinet who entertained more correct views and opinions. Thus, it is pretty well known that George III. was very reluctant to admit Sir Arthur Wellesley to act as commander-in-chief. It is mentioned by Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party," that Nelson himself was looked coldly upon at court, even when he made his first appearance there after the glorious victory of the Nile. Incompetent and unsuccessful officers were there conversed with, while scarcely a word of recognition was vouchsafed to the diminutive conqueror. He had doubly offended. His connection with Lady Hamilton was an offence to both king and queen. He had besides accepted an "order" from the King of Naples, without first asking permission. He had been told not to wear it *above* the order of the Bath, but his reply was that the latter order was in its right place; and as the King of Naples had affixed his own on the spot which it then occupied on the admiral's coat, he would let it remain where the Neapolitan king had graciously condescended to put it. This independent line of conduct was not likely to gain favor either with the king or queen; and though they submitted to have victories gained for them by his head and hand, they had very little esteem for him who won their battles. The king is known to have been very averse to the public funeral with which honor, poor enough, was done to the remains of the hero. He was, nevertheless, sensitive touching the honor of the country, and fierce in his remarks against the public men who seemed to disregard it. His invective would have been terrible against such men as Earl Grey, Gladstone, Graham, Cobden, and others, whose sympathies, if we may judge from their speeches, is rather with the Muscovite, than with the heroic bands of England and France. God help our country, if she should ever fall so low, as to have her honor and welfare entrusted to such keeping! But, to return to our record.

The remaining years of the king's life were years of gradual decay on his part, and of watchfulness over him on the part of the queen. Apart from state occasions, the royal couple lived in a retired manner, but with all the elegancies of refinement around

them. The minute details of such a life would not be interesting. The most marked incident of 1805 was the visit of the Princess of Wales, with the Princess Charlotte, to Windsor Castle, where the queen paid her daughter-in-law less attention than the king, who treated her with a distinction that was offensive alike to queen and prince. With something of like distaste the queen acquiesced in the king's wish to make a permanent residence of Windsor, for which purpose nearly the whole of the splendid library was removed from the queen's house to the castle.

The king, however, still enjoyed all occasions on which he could display any magnificence. The retirement was rather a sanitary than a voluntarily adopted measure; and exciting scenes injured him and alarmed his consort. Thus, at the gorgeous installation of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, on St. George's day, 1805, his conduct was marked by the petulant vivacity of a boy, rather than by the gravity of a monarch who had occupied the throne for nearly a quarter of a century. The queen witnessed it with amazement. He was ostentatiously patronizing with the Princess of Wales; joking with some of the lords, solemnly trifling with others; and spoke of the spectacle with the sentiment of a stage-manager, who had "got up" a showy piece with unqualified success.

The following picture of the "economy of the royal family at Windsor," at this time, is quoted as interesting from its faithfulness, showing the position of the queen in her household, and being generally "germane to the matter."

"Our sovereign's sight is so much improved since last spring, that he can now clearly distinguish objects at the extent of twenty yards. The king, in consequence of this favorable change, has discontinued the use of the large flapped hat which he usually wore, and likewise the silk shade.

"His majesty's mode of living is now not quite so abstemious. He now sleeps on the north side of the castle next the terrace, in a roomy apartment, not carpeted, on the ground-floor. The room is neatly furnished, partly in a modern style, under the tasteful direction of the Princess Elizabeth. The king's private dining-

room, and the apartments *en suite*, appropriated to his majesty's use, are all on the same side of the castle.

"The queen and the princesses occupy the eastern wing. When the king rises, which is generally about half-past seven o'clock, he proceeds immediately to the queen's saloon, where his majesty is met by one of the princesses—generally either Augusta, Sophia, or Amelia; for each in turn attend their revered parent. From thence, the sovereign and his daughter, attended by the lady in waiting, proceed to the chapel in the castle, where divine service is performed by the dean, or sub-dean; the ceremony occupies about an hour. Thus the time passes until nine o'clock, when the king, instead of proceeding to his own apartment and breakfasting alone, now takes that meal with the queen and the five princesses. The table is always set out in the queen's noble breakfast-room, which has been recently decorated with very elegant modern hangings; and since the late improvement by Mr. Wyatt, commands a most delightful and extensive prospect of the Little Park. The breakfast does not occupy half an hour. The king and queen sit at the head of the table, and the princesses according to seniority. Etiquette in every other respect is strictly adhered to. On entering the room, the usual forms are observed, agreeably to rank.

"After breakfast the king generally rides out, attended by his equerries; three of the princesses, namely, Augusta, Sophia, and Amelia, are usually of the party. Instead of only walking his horse, his majesty now generally proceeds at a good round trot. When the weather is unfavorable, the king retires to his favorite sitting-room, and sends for Generals Fitzroy or Manners, to play at chess with him. His majesty, who knows the game well, is highly pleased when he beats the former, that gentleman being an excellent player. The king dines regularly at two o'clock; the queen and princesses at four. His majesty visits, and takes a glass of wine and water with them at five. After this period, public business is frequently transacted by the king in his own study, where he is attended by his private secretary, Colonel Taylor. The evening is, as usual, passed at cards in the king's drawing-room, where three tables are set out. To these parties, many of the principal nobility residing in the neighborhood are invited.

When the castle clock strikes ten, the visitors retire. The supper is set out, but that is merely a matter of form, and of which none of the family partake. These illustrious personages retire to rest for the night at eleven o'clock. The journal of one day is the history of a whole year." The history is not a lively one, perhaps, but it shows agreeably the domestic simplicity of the court. He who was at the head of the latter did not want for a certain religious heroism under affliction. On his growing blindness being compassionately alluded to by some one, in his hearing, the king remarked—"I am quite resigned, for what have we in this world to do but to suffer and perform the will of the Almighty." He was resigned, however, partly because he was not yet deprived of hope. Three years later, in 1809, the jubilee year of his reign, he was unable to attend the grand fête given by Queen Charlotte at Frogmore, in honor of the event; and though he rode out, his horse was now led by a servant. On foot, he felt his way along the terrace by the help of a stick. Stricken with such an infliction as rapidly advancing blindness, his predilection for the "Total Eclipse" of Handel was, at least, singular. It affected him to tears, and the queen could not listen to the performance of this composition without being similarly affected. And yet the king himself seemed mournfully attached to both the music and the words. One morning, we are told, the queen, or the Prince of Wales—for each has been mentioned—but probably the former, on entering the king's apartment, found him pathetically reciting the well-known lines from Milton—

Oh dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon
Irrevocably dark! Total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
Oh first created beam, and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus deprived thy prime decree!

Indeed, although a royal, it was a troubled household. Circumstances in the lives of two of the sons of the king—York and Cumberland—caused him great anxiety; but the death of his youngest, and perhaps best-loved daughter, Amelia, in 1810, finished the

ravage which care and other causes had inflicted on his intellect. Walcheren and Amelia were said to be ever in his thoughts, as long, at least, as he had the power to think, and the privilege to weep. The idea of the loss of his royal authority, too, pressed heavily upon him. The time came, in 1811, when such deprivation was necessary, and that year commenced the unbroken period of what may be termed his gentle insanity.

When the unquestionable presence of this calamity necessarily introduced into parliament the regency question, Scott (Eldon) made one of the most extraordinary assertions that parliament was ever called upon to listen to. He affirmed that, when the king was incapable, the sovereignty, for the time being, resided in the great seal. He added that parliament had a right to elect the regent, the principle of hereditary right not being here applicable. The right of the queen was spoken of; but it was intimated, as if from authority, that the queen was not likely to oppose the government of her son.

That government was established; but the care of the king's person remained with the queen, who was assisted by a council. This rendered an almost constant attendance at Windsor necessary; but the restraint was compensated for by an additional ten thousand a-year.

The queen's letters to Lord Chancellor Eldon are all expressive of the utmost gratitude, for services rendered, and of suggestions touching offices expected. She is anxious that, at "*her council*," the great officers of state should be present, to receive the reports of his majesty's health, made by the physicians who are in daily attendance upon him. When a gleam of improvement manifests itself in the king's gloomy condition, she is anxious that too much should not be made of, nor expected from it. Of these promises of amelioration, none was more readily sensible than the king himself; and his inclination to believe that he was well, or on the point of becoming perfectly so, was an inclination which she thought was by no means to be encouraged. Her urgency on this point is remarkable, and is singularly at variance with common-sense; for a quiet acquiescence in the king's often expressed conviction, that he was convalescent, would seem to have been less likely to agitate

him, than as often a repeated assurance that he was entirely mistaken. The queen's letters, on this melancholy matter, do not exhibit much dignity, either of sentiment or expression; nor, indeed, was she a woman to affect either. She cared as little for sentiment as she did for grammar, and she is said, at this time, to have exhibited a disregard for a consistent use of pronouns. In Lord Eldon's Life, by Horace Twiss, there is a note of hers addressed to the lord chancellor, which commences with "The Queen feels," passes into an allusion touching how severe "*our*" trials have been, and ends with an "*I hope Providence will bring us through.*"

But she could write merry little notes too, and to the same august person. With the establishment of the regency, it seemed as if a great burthen had been taken from her; and her sprightliness at and about her son's festivals was quite remarkable in an aged and so naturally "staid" a lady. On occasion of the regent's birth-day, in 1812, she dispatched a letter to the lord chancellor, in court. It commences merrily with a sort of written laugh at the surprise the grand dignitary will doubtless feel at seeing a lady's letter penetrate into his solemn court; and thus sportively it runs on with a gay invitation to come down to Frogmore, to spend the regent's birth-day. "You will not be *learnedly* occupied," perhaps, suggests the mirthful old lady, "but you will be, at least, legally engaged, in the lawful occupation of dining."

The office held by the queen was not a pleasant one, but she contrived to reconcile it with a considerable amount of enjoyment. The events of her life which brought her in collision with her daughter-in-law, will be found detailed in the story of the latter. Those of her office as guardian of the king sometimes brought her in connection with touching incidents. Thus, she one day found him singing a hymn to the accompaniment of a harpsichord, played by himself. On concluding it, he knelt down, prayed for his family, the nation, and finally that God would restore to him the reason which he felt he had lost! At other times he might be heard invoking death, and he even imagined himself dead, and asked for a suit of black that he might go into mourning for the old king! These incidents were great trials to the queen, who witnessed

them, or had them reported to her. But she had trials also from another source.

In 1816, the public distress was very great, and those in high places were unpopular, often for no better reason than that they *were* in high places, and were supposed to be indifferent to the sufferings of the more lowly, and harder tried. The queen came in for more than her due share of the popular ill-will, but she met the first expression of it with uncommon spirit; a spirit indeed which gained for her the silent respect of the mob, who had begun by insulting her. As her majesty was proceeding to her last drawing-room, in the year 1815, she was sharply hissed, loudly reviled, and insultingly asked what she had done with the Princess Charlotte. She was so poorly protected, that the mob actually stopped her chair. Whereupon, it is reported, she quietly let down the glass, and calmly said to those nearest to her:—"I am above seventy years of age, I have been more than half a century Queen of England, and I never was hissed by a mob before." The mob admired the spirit of the undaunted old lady, and they allowed her to pass on without further molestation.

Her son, the Prince Regent, sent several aides-de-camp to escort his mother from St. James's to Buckingham House, but she declined their attendance. They told her that having had the orders of the regent to escort her safely to Buckingham House, they felt bound to perform the office entrusted to them by the prince. "You have left Carlton House, by his royal highness's orders," said Queen Charlotte, "return there by mine, or I will leave my chair, and go home on foot." She was, of course, carefully watched in spite of her commands, but the cool magnanimity she displayed was quite sufficient to procure for her respect from the crowd.

Although the king had some lucid intervals, he never again became perfectly conscious of the bearing of public events, and if he was deprived of some enjoyment thereby, he was also spared much pain. He was as little aware of what passed in his own family, and although he could make pertinent questions, and sometimes argue correctly enough, from wrong premises, he was unable to comprehend the meaning of much that was told to him. Thus the marriage of his grand-daughter, a circumstance to which he used

to allude playfully, was now to him a perfect blank. This ceremony took place on the 2nd of May, 1816. It will be more fully alluded to hereafter. In this place, it may, however, be stated, that the drawing-room in honor of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte to Prince Leopold was held at Buckingham House. It was brilliant, the queen was gracious, and only the regent exhibited a want of his usual urbanity, by turning his back on a lady who was about to enter the service of the Princess of Wales. The bride did not look her best on this public occasion. She stood apart from the royal circle, in a recess formed by a window, with her back to the light, and was "deadly pale." There was an expression of pleasure on her countenance, but it was thought to be forced. "Prince Leopold," says a contemporary writer, "was looking about him, with a keen glance of inquiry, as if he would like to know in what light people regarded him." The queen either was, or pretended to be, in the highest possible spirits, and was very gracious to everybody. All the time I was in this courtly scene, and especially as I looked at the Princess Charlotte, I could not help thinking of the Princess of Wales, and feeling very sorry and very angry at her cruel fate. . . . I dare say the Princess Charlotte was thinking of the Princess of Wales, when she stood in the gay scene of to-day's drawing-room, and that the remembrance of her mother, excluded from all her rights and privileges in a foreign country, and left almost without any attendants, made her feel very melancholy. I never can understand how Queen Charlotte could dare refuse to receive the Princess of Wales at the public drawing-room, any more than she would any other lady, of whom nothing has been publicly proved against her character. Of one thing there can be no doubt. The queen is the slave of the regent."

Of this assertion, however, very grave doubt may be entertained. The regent, at this time, certainly loved "the old queen," as she was familiarly called, if a service of tender respect, deference, courtesy, and apparent good-will, may be taken as proofs of such a love existing.

Her own health was now beginning to give way, and she sought to restore it by trying the efficacy of the Bath waters; but with

only temporary relief. She was at Bath, when the news of the death of the Princess Charlotte reached her, in November 1817, and her health grew visibly worse under the shock. Her absence from the side of the young princess at this period which was followed by such fatal consequences, was at the request of the princess herself, who knew that the queen's good-will, in this case, was stronger than her ability. The popular voice, however, blamed her, and it was unmistakeably expressed on her return to London.

The last visit paid by the queen to the city, differed in every respect from that which she had paid it when a bride. Her first visit had been one of form and ceremony; mingled, however, with a hearty lack of formality in some of the occurrences of the day. She went amid the citizens surrounded by guards, and this attendance was not as doubting the loyalty of the Londoners, but that royalty might look respectable in their eyes. On the occasion of the last visit, her majesty intimated to the Lord Mayor, Alderman Christopher Smith, that she wished to be received without ceremony; and this wish the corporate magnates construed as meaning without protection; there was as little of that as of civil politeness. The High Constable of Westminster attended near her majesty's carriage as far as Temple Bar, the westward limit of his jurisdiction. On arriving there, however, he found no one in authority to receive the queen, and accordingly he continued to ride by the side of the royal carriage until it reached the Mansion House. The mob was a-foot, active, numerous, and rudely-tongued that day. As the queen passed through she was assailed by the most hideous yells, and many of the populace thrust their heads into the carriage, and gave expression to the most diabolical menaces. If it be true, as has been reported, that the queen minutely detailed in writing the memoirs of her own life, the events of this day must have been penned by a trembling, but indignant hand. At the Mansion House, so little protection was afforded her, that the foremost of the people were almost thrust upon her, their violence of speech shocked her ears, and they attempted, but unsuccessfully, to disarm one of her footmen of his sword. In the evening of this melancholy last visit she dined with the Duke of York, and it was there that she first suffered from a violent spasmodic attack, from

the effects of which she never perfectly recovered. The Lord Mayor stoutly maintained that the visit had very much improved her majesty's health. He thought, perhaps, that excitement was a tonic to age and infirmity. The queen's health really suffered materially from the excitement; and it was not with her wonted calmness that she could even listen, on the following Sunday, to the usual weekly sermon, always read aloud to her, by one of the princesses.

It is certain that from the early part of the year 1818, the aged queen may be said to have been in a rapidly declining state. Her condition, however, was not highly dangerous till the autumn, when her spasmodic attacks became more frequent and the progress of dropsical symptoms more alarming. Her sufferings were very great, and if she experienced temporary ease, the slightest variation of position renewed her pain. She continued in this condition until the 14th of November, when, by a slight rupture in the skin of both ankles, from which there took place a considerable effusion of water, the venerable lady experienced some relief. Her condition, however, was not bettered thereby, for mortification soon set in, and that portion of her family which was in attendance upon her, soon learned that all hope was abandoned; after an interval of more than eighty years, England was again about to lose a queen-consort; but no queen-consort had for so long a period shared the throne of the empire as Charlotte. For fifty-seven years she had occupied the high place from which she was now about to descend. On Tuesday, the 16th November, 1818, at one o'clock, P. M., the queen calmly departed, at her suburban palace at Kew. Her last breath was drawn in the arms of her eldest son, the regent, whose attentions to her had been unremitting, and the Duke of York, and the Princess Augusta, and the Duchess of Gloucester were also present. The Princess Elizabeth of Hesse Homburg was said to have been absent, on account of some difference between herself and her royal mother, but it was afterwards ascertained that a reconciliation had taken place between mother and child before the princess left the kingdom for her own home. How far the queen had acquitted herself as a parent towards her children was made a "vexed question" at the time of her death;

and an endeavor was made to connect the fact of the dispersion of several of the princes and princesses in foreign countries, with the mother as an irritating cause thereof. The *Times*, at the period of which we are treating, entered largely upon this subject; and that organ was evidently inclined to conclude that her majesty had not succeeded in attaching to her the hearts of her children. "The Duke of Cumberland," said the *Times*, "is out of the question. The inflexible, but well-meant, determination of the queen to stigmatize her niece, by shutting the doors of the royal palace against her, may excite strong feelings of estrangement or resentment on the part of the duchess and her kindred. But that the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge, at the same time should have quitted, as if by signal, their parent's death-bed, is a circumstance which, in lower life, would have at least astonished the community." We have noticed that the Princess Elizabeth was on good terms with her royal but dying mother, when the latter parted with her daughter. This much is at least asserted by the *Morning Post*. The *Times* says, more speculatively, that "the departure of the Princess Elizabeth, the queen's favorite daughter, who married, and took leave of her, in the midst of that illness which was pronounced must shortly bring her to the grave, may, perhaps, have been owing to the express injunctions of her majesty. The Duke of Gloucester stands in a more remote degree of relationship; Prince Leopold more distant still; but they all quitted the scene of suffering at a period when its fatal termination could not be doubted; and, as these have departed, it is no less apparent to common observers that the Queen of Wurtemburgh might have approached the bed of a dying mother, from whom, by the usual lot of princes she has been so long separated, as that her royal parent has not accepted from her the performance of that painful duty." The same authority, however, confesses that the leading members of the royal family who remained in England were unwearied in their attendance on their dying parent, and so far set an example to the people of England, over whom they had been placed by Providence.

The influence of Queen Charlotte in political affairs, even had she been as much inclined to exercise it as her enemies charged

her with, was but small. It could not be otherwise in a country with such a constitution as ours—a limited monarchy, the ministers of which are sure to be made responsible for grave consequences arising from the surrender of their authority to a power unrecognized by the constitution. That the influence, however, was not quite dormant was seen in the fact of the government paying the debts of her majesty's brother, the Prince of Strelitz, with 30,000*l.* of the public money; and the same influence was suspected when the queen's friend, the Earl of Suffolk, who had undertaken to arrange the embarrassed affairs of the Prince of Strelitz, was appointed to the office of secretary of state.

If the queen was not always a liberal recompenser, she, at least, was a punctual payer. In this respect, she excelled the king himself. On the other hand, when the latter was at issue with his brothers or children, because of objectionable marriages entered into by them, the queen did not aggravate the quarrel, although she felt keenly on the subject. She was in many respects, a "homely" woman, but in matters of homeliness the king set the example. He watched incessantly over the mental and physical education of his children; "and the daily discipline of the nursery itself did not escape his paternal solicitudes." But, says the *Times*, "that her majesty's voluntary tastes were not exactly those which had been inferred from the habits of her matrimonial life, may be conjectured from the revolution which they seemed to undergo soon after the period when her royal husband ceased to exercise the supreme authority in this realm. At that period, a transition was observed 'from grave to gay.' The sober dignity, the chastened grandeur, the national character of the English court, seemed to vanish with the afflicted sovereign. A new species of grandeur now succeeded, in which there was more of the exterior of royalty and less of its becoming spirit. A long series of what was meant to be festivities—crowded balls, and elaborate suppers, glittering pomp, gaudy and gorgeous, yet fluttering decoration—reckless, capricious, yet never-ending, profusion—all the apparatus of commonplace magnificence were introduced with the regency and countenanced, or apparently not discountenanced, by the queen." It

must be remembered, however, that in these matters she had no control over the regent, indeed we have, in a former page, seen her called his "slave." During her life, she, at all events, had influence enough to maintain a regal retinue about the person of her afflicted husband. She had no sooner expired, however, when her son dismissed immediately nearly the whole of this retinue, on the ground of its uselessness to the unconscious king, and the very great expense it was to the country. The country was not unwilling to see a few thousands a-year economized by stripping the fine old monarch of some of the superfluous grandeur by which he was surrounded. The country, nevertheless, was sorely perplexed and bitterly indignant when it saw that the thousands which had been paid to numerous officers in daily service on the king, were now to be paid to the Duke of York, who, for ten thousand a-year, constrained his filial affection to the severe labor of inquiring after his sick sire once a week.

The queen's funeral took place on the 2nd of December, at Windsor. It was a public funeral, in the accepted sense of that term, but the arrangements were inappropriate. The procession mainly consisted of military, horse and foot, as if they had been escorting a warrior, and not a woman, to the tomb. The members of the peerage did scant honor to the queen whom they had professed to reverence when alive. Few, and those not of note, were present. The absence of peeresses was especially noted. Indeed, the public funeral of Charlotte was more private than the private funeral of her predecessor Caroline.

The will of Queen Charlotte was that of a woman of foresight and good memory rather than of feeling and affection. The will was proved by Lord Arden and General Taylor, the executors. It was in the general's handwriting, and was witnessed by Sir Francis Millman and Sir Henry Halford. The personal property was sworn to as being under 140,000*l.*

The substance of the will was as follows:—the royal testatrix directed that her debts, and the legacies and annuities noticed in her will, should be paid out of the personalty, or sale of personals, if there should not be wherewith in her majesty's treasury to provide for those payments. The personal property was of

various descriptions; part of it comprised the real estate in New Windsor, which she had purchased of the Duke of St. Albans, and which was known as the Lower Lodge (left to the Princess Sophia); but the personalty of the greatest value may be said to have been those splendid jewels, which she cherished so dearly, and for which she affected to have such little care. These the systematic sovereign divided into three parts:—Those presented to her by the king, on her marriage, worth 50,000*l.*; those presented to her by the Nabob of Arcot, for the acquisition of which she paid by a temporary forfeiture of what she very little regarded—popular favor; and those purchased by herself, or which she had received as presents on birthday occasions. Such *souvenirs* were to her the most welcome gifts that could be made to her on that or any other anniversary. Of these jewels she made the following disposal: She directed that the diamonds given to her by the king on her marriage, should revert to him only on condition that, with survivorship, there should be recovery of his mental faculties. If he were not restored to reason, she then directed—what he never would have consented to had his reason been restored to him—that they should be made over to the House of Hanover, as an heirloom. Such a disposal of property that should have remained in England transferred the diamonds to Hanover whenever that kingdom should be divided from England by the accession, in the latter country, of a queen—who, according to the law of Hanover, could not reign in that continental kingdom.

The splendid tribute which the Nabob of Arcot had deposited at her feet she divided among four of her daughters. The excepted daughter was the Queen of Wurtemberg, whom she looked upon as exceedingly well provided for. To the remaining four the careful mother did not bequeath the glittering gems, but the value of them after they were sold, and after certain debts were discharged from the produce of the sale. The four princesses divided between them what remained. The jewels which she had bought, or had received as birthday presents, were also to be divided among the same four daughters, according to a valuation to be made of them. The diamonds were valued at nearly a million. In ready money the queen left behind her only 4,000*l.*

Frogmore was bequeathed to the Princess Augusta; and her plate, linen, pictures, china, books, furniture, &c., were left to the four princesses already named. Of her sons the testatrix made no mention, nor to them left any legacy. There were other persons mentioned, but who came off as badly as though they had never been named. Her majesty directed that certain bequests as set down in certain lists annexed to her will, and to which due reference was made, should be paid to them; but not only were no such lists so annexed, but it was ascertained that her majesty had never drawn any out herself nor directed any to be drawn by others.

There *was*, however, another list, touching which the aged queen had been by no means so forgetful. This list contained a detail of property which the testatrix declared she had brought with her, more than a half a century before, from Mecklenburgh Strelitz. Thither she ordered it to be sent back—to the senior branch of her illustrious house. After millions received from this country during her residence in it, she would not testify her gratitude for such magnificence by permitting it or her family in England to profit by the handfull of small valuables she had brought with her from Strelitz. To the head of the house of Mecklenburgh Strelitz reverted the few old-fashioned things brought over here in the trunks of the bride; and, if they have been worth preserving, the old-world finery of Sophia Charlotte of Strelitz and England is now possessed by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh, the daughter of Charlotte's son, Adolphus of Cambridge.

The will was dated only the day previous to her majesty's demise. It had been put together at various periods since the 2nd of the previous May, by an officer of her majesty's establishment—no doubt General Taylor. About a fortnight previous to her majesty's decease, she was for the first time made acquainted with her dangerous condition by a communication delicately conveyed to her by order of the prince regent, and to the effect, "that if her majesty had any affairs to settle it would be advisable to do so while she had health and spirits to bear the fatigue." The royal sufferer well comprehended what was meant by such a message, and was very seriously affected by it. She had entertained strong

hopes, amounting almost to confidence, that, by the skill of her medical attendants, she would be again restored to health. This recommendation to set her "house in order" was an announcement that her case was hopeless. Affected as she was, she did not lose her dignity or self-possession, but resigned herself to death, even while regretting she was about to depart from life. This was natural; and as there had never been any false sentiment about Queen Charlotte, so was she above exhibiting any in her last moments. Her patience was extreme; and in the acutest of her agony, she never once suffered a murmur of complaint to escape her.

It has been said that the queen left no diamonds to her daughter, the dowager queen of Wurtemberg. She left her, however, a superb set of *garnets*. The reason assigned was, that garnets were the only precious stones that could be worn with mourning, which the dowager queen had announced her intention of wearing for life. Queen Charlotte had, as ladies averred who spoke with *connaissance du fait*, the finest wardrobe in Europe, the highly-consolated legatee of which was Madame Beckendoff, the queen's chief-dresser. It may be noticed here that the queen's debts—chiefly contracted, it was said, by allowing her contributions to charitable objects exceed her available income, which is no excuse whatever for any one incurring debt—amounted to 9,000*l*. The debt was acquitted out of the produce of the sale of the diamonds.

While on the subject of the will and the jewels, it may not be amiss to mention that the queen, after wearing her diamonds and other gems, on public occasions, invariably consigned them to the care of Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, & Co., the well-known goldsmiths of Ludgate Hill. The queen herself put her diamonds into the hands of one of the partners of that house, by whom they were conveyed to the Bank. The only exception to this rule was after the last drawing-room was held by her, when her majesty was too ill to make her usual consignment, and retired, rather hurriedly, to Kew. A few days subsequently, the diamonds were placed in the ordinary London guardianship, by the Princess Augusta, who carried them up expressly from Kew. The queen, however, held in her own keeping the "George" and the diamond-hilted sword

worn on public occasions by her consort. These were kept in a cabinet, at Windsor Castle. Immediately after the queen's death, this cabinet was examined by the prince regent, but neither George nor diamond-hilted sword was to be found therein; and the heir was not more astonished than perplexed; for the queen had left no intimation as to where the valuables were deposited.

The inquiry set on foot was not at first encouraging. Suggestions could only be made that the coveted property might have been deposited by the late queen in some of the cabinets which would remain locked until after the royal funeral. Some surmised that George III. himself had stowed them away, and that his heirs might be extremely puzzled to discover the place of deposit. This was considered the more likely, as her majesty had, on one occasion, missed from her room a gold ewer and basin of exquisite workmanship, enriched with gems. They were missed previous to the last mental indisposition of the king, who professed that he knew nothing whatever about them, but greatly feared that they had been stolen by a confidential servant. His majesty was strongly suspected of having been himself the thief. Many months after his malady had set in, the ewer and basin were discovered behind some books in his study, to which he alone had access. It is supposed that, having concealed them by excess of caution, he totally forgot the circumstance, through growing infirmity of intellect.

In a few days it was announced, that all that was "now missing of the late king's jewels were his star and garter," valued at about seven thousand pounds. How the diamond-hilted sword was discovered, is not stated in the current news of the day; but, while that was recovered, the garter appears to have been lost, for no mention of such loss had been previously made.

The consort of Queen Charlotte survived until January, 1820. Her son, Edward, Duke of Kent, died a week previously. During the last years of the old king—who seemed to grow in majesty as his end approached—he lived in a world of his own, conversed with imaginary individuals, ran his fingers ramblingly over his harpsichord, and was, in every other respect, dead to all around him. He passed out of the world calmly and unconsciously, after

a long reign—and perhaps a more troubled reign than that of any other king of England. Of the children of Charlotte, four ascended thrones. George and William became successive kings of England; Ernest, king of Hanover; and Charlotte Augusta, queen of Wurtemberg. These and her other children, all save one, have followed their mother to the tomb. The married daughters, Charlotte and Elizabeth, died childless. Of her married sons, only the King of Hanover and the Dukes of Kent and Cambridge left heirs behind them,—the first, a son; the second, a daughter, our present queen; the last, a son and two daughters. Thus, of the numerous family of George and Charlotte, there are in the second generation but five representatives. The sole surviving child of the sovereigns just named is Mary, their fourth daughter, born in 1776, and married in 1816, at the age of forty, to her cousin and old admirer, the Duke of Gloucester, who was born in the same year as the princess. This venerable lady has lived through an eventful time; but, of all the events she has ever witnessed, or borne a part in, perhaps none was more important (not, indeed, as regarded herself,) than the visit which her royal highness so recently received from the Emperor and the Empress of the French. The duchess was as pleased with this manifestation of the union between England and France as universal England was pleased; and it is said that, in contrasting the facts and feelings of the times, and this incident with those of a by-gone period, when mutual rage made foes of the nations that should be for ever friends, she thought of that one of her sisters, who, more largely than the rest, shared in the general error, of a natural-born enmity between the two countries; and thus contrasting, and thus thinking, the fourth daughter of Queen Charlotte exclaimed, with a placid smile, “But what *would* have been thought of it by the Princess Augusta?”

CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK.

Sie ist ein Weib. Was sag' ich denn von ihr
Nicht Unrecht ihr zu thun?

DINGELSTEDT.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ON the 12th of January, 1764, Charles William Frederick, the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, landed at Harwich (the then portal by which royal brides and bridegrooms had ingress to and egress from England), to take the hand which had been already asked, and not over-graciously granted, of the Princess Augusta. This half-reluctance was on the part of the king and queen; but especially of the latter. There was none on the part of the bride.

The young prince was a knightly man, lacking a knightly aspect. His manner was better than his looks. His reputation as a hero was, however, so great, that the people of Harwich, expecting to see an Adonis, nearly pulled down the house in which he temporarily sojourned, in order to obtain a better view of the illustrious stranger. When the prince did show himself, they were rather disappointed, and the ladies seemed disposed to exclaim, as the Irish mayoress did when she saw the *Torso*, “But where are the features?” His renown for courage, however, made amends for all shortcomings; and even the Quakers of Harwich warmed into enthusiasm. One, more eager than the rest, not only forced his way into the prince's apartment, but took off his hat to him, called him “Noble friend!” kissed his hand, and protested that,

though not a fighting man himself, he loved those who *could* fight well. "Thou art a valiant prince," said he, "and art to be married to a lovely princess. Love her, make her a good husband, and the Lord bless you both!"

The bridegroom got no such warm greeting from any other quarter as he did from the Quaker; and it is to be regretted that he did not follow the counsel which was offered him by his humble and hearty friend. He loved his wife, and made her such a husband as heroes are too wont to do—who are accustomed to love their neighbors' wives better than their own.

The marriage took place on the 16th, with something, if not of maimed rites, at least of diminished ceremony. The "Lady Augusta" was wedded with as little formality as was observed—under the same roof, too—at her birth. The latter vexed Queen Caroline, because there was too little of etiquette followed at it. The wedding troubled Queen Charlotte, lest there should be too much, and of too costly a sort. Not a gun was fired by way of congratulatory salute, as had been done when Anne, the daughter of Caroline, married the Prince of Orange. More trifling testimonies of respect were denied on this occasion, even when the bride had petitioned for them, on the ground that there was no precedent for them in the "Orange marriage." The bride, fairly enough, complained at quotation of precedent in one case, which had been followed in no other.

The servants of the king and queen were not even permitted to put on their new attire, either for the wedding ceremony, or the drawing-room next day. They were ordered to keep their new suits for the queen's birthday. The ceremony performed, the bridal pair betook themselves to Leicester House, where they presided at a right royal supper; and this was the last time that kings, queens, princes, princesses, and half the peerage, met together in Leicester Square to hold high festival.

Political party-spirit ran very high in the early years of King George's reign; and such especial care was taken to keep the prince from encountering any of the opposition, that, as Walpole remarks, he did nothing but take notice of them. He wrote to fidgety Newcastle, and called on fiery Pitt, and dined twice with

"the Duke"—of Cumberland. On the evening of the second dinner, he was engaged to attend a concert, given in honor of himself and wife, by the queen. As he did not appear inclined to leave the table when the hour was growing late, Fironce, his secretary, pulled out his watch. The ducal host took the hint, and expressed a fear, which sounded like a hope, that the hour had come when his guest must leave him. "N'importe!" said the prince; and he sat on, sipped his coffee, and did not get to the queen's concert until after eight o'clock, at which hour, in those days, concerts were half concluded.

By way of parenthesis, it may be stated that Fironce, the duke's secretary, who sought to influence his master thus early, long continued to aim at exercising the same power. In 1794, Fironce was the Duke of Brunswick's prime minister, when the command of the Austrian army, against France was offered to the duke. The latter was inclined to accept, and Fironce had nothing to say against it; but Fironce's wife (who was a democrat) had, and she forbade her husband furthering the object of Austria. But, to return.

During the short sojourn between the bridal and the departure, the whole of the royal family went to Covent Garden Theatre to see Murphy's decidedly dull and deservedly damned comedy, "No One's Enemy but his Own,"—a comedy which even Woodward could not make endurable. The feature of the night, however, was the difference which the public made between their reception of the king and queen and that given to the newly-married pair. For the latter there was an ebullition of enthusiasm; for the former, who were suspected of being more cold to the bridegroom than his deserts warranted, there was little fervor; and the then young Queen Charlotte was not a woman to love either bride or bridegroom the better for *that*.

On the following night, the same august party appeared at the Opera House. The multitude which endeavored to gain access to the interior would have filled three such houses as that in the Haymarket. Ladies, hopeless of reaching the doors in their carriages, left them in Piccadilly, and gathering up their hoops, attempted to make their way on foot, or in sedans. So great were

the concourse and confusion in the Haymarket, that the gentlemen, to force a passage for these adventurous ladies and themselves, drew their swords and threatened direful things to all who stood between them and their boxes.

In the meantime, the house was overflowing; and Horace Walpole, who has faithfully painted the scene—except, perhaps, where he presumes to construe the politeness of the prince into contempt for his royal brother and sister-in-law, tells us—"The crowd could not be described. The Duchess of Leeds, Lady Denbigh, Lady Scarborough, and others, sat in chairs between the scenes; the doors of the front boxes were thrown open, and the passages were all filled to the back of the stoves. Nay, women of fashion stood in the very stairs till eight at night. In the middle of the second act, the hereditary prince, who sat with his wife and her brothers in their box, got up; *turned his back* to king and queen, pretending to offer his place to Lady Tankerville, and then to Lady Susan. You know enough of Germans and their stiffness to etiquette, to be sure this could not be done inadvertently; especially as he repeated this, only without standing up, with one of his own gentlemen, in the third act."

After a brief sojourn, the slender young prince, who looked older than his years (twenty-nine), left town with his bride, for Harwich. Bride and bridegroom travelled in different coaches, with three or four silent and solemn attendants in each. Never did newly-married couple travel so sillily unsociable. The farewell speech, too, of the bridegroom, ere he went on board, rang more of war than of love. He had already, he said, bled in the cause of England, and would again. In this, he kept his word, for *he* was the Duke of Brunswick, who fell gloriously at Jena, at the age of three-score years and eleven, subsidized by Great Britain, and unthanked by ever-ungrateful Prussia, so deservedly punished for her habitual double-dealing, on that terrible day.

As bride and bridegroom travelled from the court to the coast, in two coaches, so now did they traverse the seas in two separate yachts. No wonder they were storm-tost. Such a sight must have been more bitter to the son of Saturn and Ops than the gall which the Roman soothsayers offered at his altar. Their passage

from Holland, where they landed, to their home in Brunswick, was quite an ovation. The little courts in their route did them ample honor; there were splendid receptions, and showy reviews, and monster *battues* at which ten thousand hares, and winged game in proportion, were slaughtered in one morning; after which, in the evening, the slayers all appeared at the opera in their hunting-dresses! Finally, the "happy couple," arrived at Brunswick, where the various members of the ducal family greeted their arrival, and—no less a person than the Countess of Yarmouth, the Walmoden of George II., the mistress of the bride's grandfather, bade them welcome. Surely *etiquette* is the name of the monster which strains at gnats and swallows camels!

In such way were married the "Lady Augusta," daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Charles William Frederick, Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. Of this marriage were born two most unhappy women: Charlotte, in December, 1764; and Caroline, in May, 1768. There were also four sons: Charles, born in 1767; George in 1769; William in 1771; and Leopold in the following year. Of these, two died gloriously; the first fell in battle at the head of the Black Brunswickers, on the bloody field of Quatre Bras; the last perished not less gloriously in an attempt to save the lives of several persons, when the river Oder burst its banks, in 1785. Of this family, although we may mention all its members incidentally, we have only especially to do with the second daughter Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, ultimately queen consort of our George IV.

"In what country is the lion to be found?" asked her governess, after a lesson in natural history. "Well," answered the little Princess Caroline, "I should say, you may find him in the heart of a Brunswicker!" In these sort of dashing replies the girl delighted. She was as much charmed with dashing games. In the sport of the "ring," in which the aimers at that small object are mounted on wooden horses fixed on a circular frame, she was remarkably expert. On one occasion, when she was flying round with something more than common rapidity, one of her attendants expressed fear of the possible consequences. "A Brunswicker dares do anything!" exclaimed the undaunted Caroline; adding,

"A Brunswicker does not know that thing, fear." The sport and comment may be considered vulgar; but in the first, Maria Theresa delighted, too, and was as independent and fearless as Caroline. The greater heroine perhaps may lend refinement to the game. In other respects, the education of Caroline was a very imperfect one.

Accustomed to enjoy a place, even when very young, at her father's table, she early acquired a habit of self-possession, became as pert as young Cyrus, and as forward as the juvenile Wharton. "How would you define time and space?" said her father, once, to Mirabeau. The Princess Caroline, then twelve years old, anticipated the witty Frenchman's answer, by replying, "Space is in the mouth of Madame von L——, and time is in her face." When told that it was not fitting for so young a lady to have an opinion of her own, she observed, correctly enough, "People without opinions of their own are like those barren tracts which will not bear grass." As her mother seldom asked any other question than "What is the news?" and loved the small gossip which arises out of such a query, the princess was more frequently engaged in serious discussions with her instructresses than with the duchess. The Countess von Bade having remarked that she herself was wicked, because an evil spirit impelled her, and that she was, by nature, too feeble to resist, "If that be the case," observed the free-thinking young lady, "you are simply a piece of clay moulded by another's will." The orthodox Lutheran lady was about to explain, but the daughter of a mother who had brought "her girls" up to membership with no church in particular, cut short the controversy, with an infallible air that would have done credit to Pope Joan, "My dear; we are all bad—very bad; but we were all created so, and it's no fault of ours." The utterer of this speech was doubly unfortunate: her intellect was fine, but it was ill-trained; she was the daughter of a kind-hearted woman, incapable of fulfilling, with propriety, the duty of a mother; and she became the wife of a prince who was, as Sheridan remarked, "too much a lady's man ever to become the man of one lady."

The princess, at a very early period, discovered how to be mistress of her weak mother. Therewith, however, she had a heart

that readily felt for the poor, was terribly self-willed, and played the harpsichord like St. Cécilia.

Her thoughtlessness was on a par with her sensibility; and it is said that a very early seclusion from court, to which she was condemned by parental command, was caused by a double want of discretion. She was too fond, it was reported, of relieving young peasants in distress, and of listening to young aides-de-camp who affected to be miserable. She was taught that princesses were never their own almoners, and that it did not become them to converse with officers of low degree. On her return to court, an aged lady, whose years were warrant for her boldness, recommended an exercise, in future, of more judgment than had marked the past. "Gone is gone, and will never return," was the remark of the pretty, sententious, young lady, "and what is to come will come of itself." It was the remark of a girl brought up like that very "Polly Honeycomb," whose story Colman wrote, and Miss Burney read, to Queen Charlotte. Like that heroine, the Princess Caroline had not the wisest of parents. Like her, she was addicted to romance, and was too ready to put in practice all that romances teach, and to enter into correspondence and associations at once pleasant and dangerous. Again and again was forced seclusion adopted as the parental remedy to cure a wayward daughter of too much warmth of heart and too little gravity of head.

Her heart, however, would not beat warmly at the bidding of every new suitor. An offer was made to her, when very young, by a scion of the house of Mecklenburgh, whose offer was supported by both the parents of Caroline. That princess ridiculed the lover, and flatly refused the honor presented for her acceptance. She similarly declined the offers of the Prince of Orange and Prince George of Darmstadt. Her father was now reigning Duke of Brunswick, burning with desire to destroy the French Republic, and eager to obtain a consort for his daughter. He cannot be said to have succeeded much more happily in the latter than in the former. As for this daughter, she would herself have been happier, in those days when her education—or no education—was scrambled through, had she possessed any religious principles. But, she was like other German princesses, who, as it was

not known into what royal families they might have the good-luck to marry—Russo-Greek, Roman Catholic, or Protestant—were taught morality (and that but indifferently) in place of faith and a reason for holding it. One consequence was, that they deferred believing anything convincingly until they were espoused;—and then they joined their husband's church, and remained precisely what they were before.

The princess was in something like this state of suspense; and her sire was in a state not very dissimilar with regard to the part he should take in the war of Germany against France, when the Duke of York, commander of the English force in Holland, destined to act bravely inefficient against the French, visited the ducal court of Brunswick. He is said to have been very favorably impressed with the person and attainments of the Princess Caroline; and it has been supposed that his favorable report of her first led the king, his father, to think of the daughter of "the Lady Augusta" as a wife for his son, George.

It will have been already seen, in a preceding page, that the king was more than ordinarily anxious for the marriage of his son, and that the latter was made to perceive that, however his affections may have been engaged, it was his interest to marry in obedience to the king's wishes. He was overwhelmed with debts, and payment of these was promised as the price of his consent. The wildest stories have been told with regard to the share which the prince took in furthering his own marriage. Some say that he especially selected the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, as the lady he had resolved to marry: others affirm that, while coldly consenting to espouse her, he wrote her a letter, expressive of his real feelings, and not at all flattering to those of his proposed wife. The latter is said to have replied to this apocryphal letter with spirit, and to have declared her readiness to incur all risks, and her resolution to win the heart which now affected to be careless of her. Due notice was given to parliament of the coming event, and a dutiful and congratulatory reply was made by that august assembly.

The king knew nothing of his niece but by report; but he was resolved that the union, upon which he had now determined, and

to which he was engaged by his message to parliament, should take place, be the princess of what quality she might. He had himself married under similar circumstances, and nothing had come of it but considerable felicity, and a very numerous family.

The able and renowned diplomatist, Lord Malmesbury, having received the instructions of the king to demand the hand of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick for the Prince of Wales, proceeded to the duchy—a lover by proxy, to perform his mission. He had no discretionary powers allowed him. That is, although little was known of the princess at the English court, he was not commissioned to give any information to that court which might have ultimately saved two persons from being supremely miserable. He was commissioned to fetch the princess. The fitness of the princess was the last thing thought of. Surely there never was anything so lumbering and so ridiculous—so opposite to nature and common sense—so stripped of all that is due to young hearts—as the matrimonial transactions of princes. The bride herself used often to say, in after-life, to the attendants—who, while they served, sneered at her—that, had she only been allowed to have paid a visit to England, to have first made the acquaintance of the prince, what a world of misery they might both have been spared! The fact was, there was no time to be lost. All the marriageable princesses in Germany were learning English, for the express purpose of bettering their chances of becoming Princess of Wales. They all waited for an offer; and that offer, after all, was made to a princess who had not made the English language her particular study.

The hymeneal envoy reached Brunswick on the 28th of November, 1794. He was received with as hilarious a welcome as that which was given to the Earl of Macclesfield at Hanover, when he appeared there with the Act of Settlement which opened the throne of England to the Electoral family. There was the same hospitality, the same offer of service, and the business was opened, as so much earthly business is, with a grand banquet at court, on the same night, at which Lord Malmesbury saw the future Queen of England for the first time. She was embarrassed on being presented to him, but the experienced diplomatist was not so. He

looked at, and studied the appearance of the princess, and he saw "a pretty face—not expressive of softness; her figure not graceful; fine eyes; good hair; tolerable teeth, but going; fair hair, and light eyebrows; good bust; short; with what the French call 'des épaules impertinentes.' *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*" This is as concise as if the observer had been making out the princess's passport, and drawing up her *signallement*. She was, at the time, a pretty woman, she had delicately-formed features, and her complexion was good. We, who can only remember her as she appeared when on her last visit to England, in the House of Peers, at Alderman Wood's window, or at the balcony of Brandenburg House, with features swollen and disfigured by sorrow and an irregular life, can have no idea of how she looked in her youth. Her eyes were described then as being quick, penetrating and glancing; they were shaped *en amande*, as the French express the most beautiful shape the eyes can assume; and they were, moreover, not merely beautiful, but expressive. Her mouth was delicately formed; she could be noble and dignified when she chose, or occasion required it. It might be said that her only defect, personally, consisted in her head being rather too large, and her neck too short. But setting this aside, there was a greater defect still, though it was one not uncommon to the ladies of the time. There was, in fact, to use a Turkish phrase, "Garlick amid the flower." The pretty creature was not superfluously clean. To say that she was so superficially, would, perhaps, be even more than truth would warrant. As for her mother, that Princess Augusta, at whose birth, at St. James's Palace, there was such confusion, and who had been, in her time, so "parlous" a child, Lord Malmesbury found her full of nothing, but her daughter's marriage, and talking incessantly. Her talk was not of the wisest, particularly if she indulged in it, in presence of her daughter, for part of it consisted in abuse of Queen Charlotte, the future mother-in-law of Augusta's child. It was as *mal-apropos* as her taking, in her younger days, Sir Robert Rich for Sir Robert Walpole, and asking him very impertinent questions, while she was laboring under that false impression. The duchess spoke of Queen Charlotte as an envious and intriguing spirit; alleged that she had exhibited that

spirit as soon as she arrived in England, and that she was an enemy of her mother, the Princess of Wales, as well as of herself, Augusta. She accused the queen of having been exceedingly jealous of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and also of herself, the new Duchess of Brunswick. She added that the queen had so little feeling, that while the Princess of Wales was dying, her majesty took advantage of the moment to alter the rank of her highness's ladies of the bed-chamber. The duchess's judgment of King George, her brother, was that he was more kind-hearted than wise-headed, which was not far from the truth.

But the duchess was most eloquent upon the projected marriage, the virtues of her daughter, and the care which had been taken by precept and example, to establish such virtues in Caroline. The duchess had very excellent ideas as to the duties of a mother-in-law, as appears from her expressed resolution never to interfere in the household of the newly-married royal couple. Indeed the idea of visiting England, at all, was odious to her. If she were to repair thither, she was sure, she said, that her visit would result in discomfort to herself, and a jealousy and vexation excited against her in the hearts of others. Poor lady, she did not foresee that a dozen years later she would be a fugitive from Brunswick, seeking an asylum in England, after forty years' absence, and enacting one of those unseparated sovereigns of whom there were so many flying to and fro in Europe, that when the mother of "George Sand" encountered the Queen of Etruria hurrying from her pocket kingdom to a place of imaginary safety, she exclaimed, *Voilà encore une reine qui s'enfuit!* "There is another queen running away!"

The duchess affected to treat the marriage of her daughter with the Prince of Wales as perfectly unexpected by her, but as she added, that "she never could give the idea to Caroline," we may fairly suppose that the thought of such a thing being possible had really entered for a moment into her own mind. George III., however, had been accustomed to speak disapprovingly of the marriage of cousins-german, and with good reason. It is only to be regretted that he did not act in accordance with his own expressed opinions on this point. It may be noted as a strange fact, that the prelate who performed the marriage ceremony, which made of the

two cousins, so closely akin by blood, man and wife, would have been very much shocked had he been asked to do the same office for a man about to marry the sister of his deceased wife, and with whom he had not the slightest blood relationship.

The duchess, as has already been remarked, spoke of her brother, George III., as having more amiability than intellect. If amiability mean the power of loving others, she very much qualified the remark by observing, that "He loved her very much, *as well as he could love anybody*;" an equivocal phrase, which is made clear enough by the context: for the duchess added, that her long absence, and his thirty years of intercourse with Queen Charlotte, had caused him to forget the sister whom he loved, as much as he could love anybody.

The court of this duchess, who had been so anxious to make of virtue a fixed possession for her daughter, was not a court where virtue itself was a fixed resident. The mistress of the duke was quite as important a lady there, as the duchess; and yet the lady herself, or one of those who held the post which was shared by many, had the sense to be a trifle ashamed of her position. The *trait* is worth noticing. Her name was Hertzfeldt. She had ennobled the name by putting a *de* before it, but she had not dared upon the prefix of the Teutonic *Von*. Lord Malmesbury thus notices her. "In the evening with Mademoiselle de Hertzfeldt—old Berlin acquaintance, duke's mistress—much altered, but still clear and agreeable; full of lamentations and fears; her apartments elegantly furnished, and she herself with all the *apparel* of her situation; she was at first rather ashamed to see me, but, she soon got over it."

Mademoiselle de Hertzfeldt, too, was among those who were anxious that the Princess Caroline should be worthy of the position now open to her. This was a strange *entourage* for the bride; and there were both strange people and strange things at this ducal court. Some of the names of the officials and residents call up memories of the past. There was a Count Schulemberg among the former. We hear also of a Herr von Walmoden, the son of that "Master Louis," whose mother was "the Walmoden" of whom George II. made a Countess of Yarmouth, and whose father

was that royal sovereign himself. There was also an exemplary couple in the court circle. Herr and Frau von Waggenheim, of whom indeed little is said, save that the gentleman drank, and that the lady thought the example worth following. This was but an indifferent place from which to select a future Queen of England, but depraved as the court was, there were others more so, from which, nevertheless, princesses had gone to be honored wives, and virtuous matrons, in other circles.

The ducal family were never so well-pleased as when they could get the envoy from the bridegroom in one of their own little *cote-ries*, and there it was the delight of the duchess to make much of him, and inundate him with stories of by-gone times. She was particularly pleased to tell anything disparaging of Queen Charlotte. That her brother, King George, had on her marriage, presented her with a handsome diamond ring, as a wedding gift. This generosity rendered the queen peevish and jealous, and her majesty is said to have actually wished that the gift should be recalled, and conferred upon herself. In such tales the duchess delighted, and she had an attentive listener.

To him she further told that the king had proposed to marry one of his daughters to her favorite son, Charles; requiring only that he should first pay a visit to England, a course to which she strongly objected, and apparently for very efficient reasons: "She was quite sure if he was to show himself none of the princesses would have him."

On the 3rd of December, these very small matters were varied by the arrival of Major Hislop, who brought with him the portrait of the royal bridegroom; and a private letter to Lord Malmesbury urging him "most *vehemently* to set out with the Princess Caroline *immediately*."

And thereupon, on the 8th December, 1794, followed the marriage, whereat the vehement lover appeared only by proxy. All parties behaved with due decorum. The paternal and warrior duke, a man infirm of purpose, was rather embarrassed, but performed his office with dignity. The duchess was of course overcome, and shed tears. The bride herself was affected, as maiden well might be, at a rite which took her

from a home where she had enjoyed the highest possible freedom, and which flung her on the bosom of a husband whose arms were scarcely opened to receive than they were raised to reject her.

The wedding-day was spent in a remarkably comfortable style of celebration. First, after the ceremony, there was an early and an "immense" dinner. Then a grand court was held, at which felicitations were made to the new Princess of Wales. This was followed by grave whist for the older aristocrats, and gayer games for the younger people, addicted to more liveliness. Last of all came a great supper, but how the terrible meal was got through, the court historians do not say. We only learn that during the progress of the banquet, Lord Malmesbury informed the Duke of Brunswick of the nature of the contents of the prince's letter, and the wish therein expressed so vehemently for his instant departure with the impatiently-expected bride. He of course supposed that the duke would at once appoint a day for the solemn departure. But the sovereign of Brunswick was not a man who liked to compromise himself. He accordingly answered oracularly: "We depend entirely on you, my lord; you cannot possibly decide in a wrong way." It was leaving Lord Malmesbury ample powers, of which he was anxious to avail myself; but he had much to do with and for the bride, before he led her safely to the asylum of her husband's cold hearth.

The bride was, meantime, herself anxious to depart to her new home; her mother, fussy, fond, and agitated, was desirous to accompany her a part of the way; and Lord Malmesbury, who had been honored with the gift of a "snuff-box" (it may have been of pinchbeck for any account that is given of the material) from the duke, and a diamond watch from the princess, was quite as willing to get to the end of his mission. There was the impatient prince too, in London; but the diplomatist held his powers from the king, and rather obeyed the precise and deliberate order of the monarch, than the urgently gallant appeals of his princely son.

In due form, therefore, the marriage treaty, drawn up in English and Latin—French was prohibited, by royal order—was signed by

all the high contracting parties on the 4th of December. After the pleasant labor, there followed a sumptuous banquet, and the envoy and duchess announced to the bridegroom at home, that his bride would set out on the 11th, provided by that time intelligence was received of the sailing from England of the fleet which was to serve for a wedding escort across the sea.

The Duke of Brunswick was a man who, whenever he asserted that he was going to speak to you with perfect frankness, was really about to treat you with anything but candor. Even in his breast, however, the feelings of the father were not always dormant; and occasionally he manifested considerable perception with regard to the true nature of his daughter's position. "He was perfectly aware," says Lord Malmesbury, "of the character of the prince, and of the inconveniences that would result with almost equal ill effect, either from his liking the princess too much or too little." The duke was as thoroughly cognizant of the peculiar disposition of Queen Charlotte, and, curiously enough, "he never mentioned the king." The paternal comment on his own daughter was thoroughly impartial: "She is not a fool," said he, "but she has no judgment; and she has been severely brought up, as was very necessary with her." He knew well where peril lay, and, to do him justice, he did his little best to save his daughter from the danger.

The severity of the education of the princess was only imaginary; or, if it had existed, it had been entirely ineffective. We may judge of this, by remarking what the duke begged of the envoy,—to recommend to the princess, discretion; to pray of her not to be curious, nor free in giving her opinions aloud upon individuals and things—a fault which this severely-trained young lady inherited from her mother, who, throughout her life, had been given to "*appeler un chat, un chat!*" and who was excessively free, easy, and loud-tongued in her dissertations upon both men and manners. The poor duke probably thought of the mother, too, when he asked Lord Malmesbury to advise his daughter never to be jealous of her husband, and "if he had any *gouts*, not to notice them." The duke added that he had written all this down in *German* for his daughter's benefit, but he thought it would

be none the worse for being repeated orally by Lord Malmesbury. These audiences and consultations of the morning were succeeded by dinners and operas in the evening, and the Princess Caroline was of course the heroine of either festival.

A cynic might have laughed, a more religious philosopher would have sighed, at the further illustration of the severity of manners at the ducal court, and the "serene" anxiety for the proper conduct of the newly-married princess. The duke actually sent his mistress to engage Lord Malmesbury to set the bride in a right path. Mademoiselle de Hertzfeldt represented to the envoy, the necessity of being very *strict* with the princess. The courtesan champion of morality represented the duke's daughter as not clever, neither was she ill-disposed; "but of a temper easily wrought on, and had no *tact*." The good lady thought that the envoy's advice would have more effect than the paternal counsel; as, "although the princess respected him, she also feared him, as a severe rather than an affectionate father; that she had no respect for her mother, and was inattentive to her when she dared." No more terrible testimony could be rendered against a daughter than this. For if a girl love not her mother, whom shall she ever love? and if she hide not her disregard from the mother whom she cannot in her heart honor, whom will she ever truly regard? The mother's heart has the claim to the first homage from every child, and evil is that child's heart who lets a stranger perceive that there is anything hollow in the homage. It may be added here that the princess was as anxious in imploring guidance and direction from Lord Malmesbury, as any of her relatives; and she was probably quite as sincere in asking for counsel.

At dinner and supper, concert and opera, there was the same diet and the same song. Four hours of a morning, the paternal admonitions were poured into the bride's ear; and for hours of an evening, Lord Malmesbury had to listen to what the princess had been told. The advice was good of its sort, but its constant repetition shows that the duke had great fears touching his daughter's character. The duke wished to make her feel "that the high situation in which she was going to be

placed, was not simply one of amusement and enjoyment; that it had its duties, and those perhaps hard and difficult to fulfil." Lord Malmesbury was especially invoked not to desert the princess in England. The duke was quite right in foreseeing that future peril, and *what* future peril for his daughter, lay in that direction. "He dreaded the prince's habits." Well he might. They were not dissimilar from his own; and where is the hearth that shall know happiness when vice is the *lar* to which the sojourners round the household hearth do homage. On the very evening that the duke told the envoy that he dreaded the prince's habits, Lady Eden, who had just arrived at Brunswick from London, told Lord Malmesbury, that "Lady —," meaning, doubtless, Lady Jersey, "was very well with the queen; that she went frequently to Windsor, and appeared as a sort of favorite." "This, if true," says Lord Malmesbury, "is most strange, and bodes no good." The intelligence seems to have strongly impressed the envoy; and when, in the evening, he sat next the Princess Caroline at supper, he counselled her "to avoid familiarity, to have no *confidants*, to avoid giving any opinion, to approve but not to admire excessively, to be perfectly silent on politics and party; to be very attentive and respectful to the queen—to endeavor, at all events, to be well with her." He was evidently thinking of the rival that was already well with the queen, and still better with the prince. This condition of things boded no good. The princess, whose eyes were red with tears—the consequence of taking leave of some of the dear young friends of her heart—had good cause to weep on. Never was bridal attended by prospect more forlorn. The bride, however, was as variable as an April day. On the evening following that just noticed, Lord Malmesbury records that he sat "next to Princess Caroline at table; she improves very much on closer acquaintance—cheerful, and loves laughing."

The penalty of her new position came before her, too, in another shape. She was beset with applications for her patronage; and she was induced to seek for Lord Malmesbury's aid to realise the expectations of the petitioners. He at once counselled her to have nothing to do with such matters, and to check or stop sollicita-

tion at once, by intimating that she could not interfere in any way in England by asking political or personal favors for others. Lord Malmesbury added, that if she were sincerely desirous to further the fortunes of a really deserving person, he would find means to enable her to accomplish what she wished. But even then, it were far better, he said, not to engage herself by any promise. He added much more of excellent admonitory advice, in all of which the princess readily acquiesced. He especially counselled her to be discreet in all her questions. She promised solemnly that she would, and forthwith she began to put some queries to him touching the prince's "favorite." Not that she knew Lady Jersey to be the occupier of so bad an eminence. Still the question was indiscreet. "She appeared to suppose her an *intriguante*, but not to know of any partiality or connection between her and the prince. I said, that with regard to Lady * * * *, she and all her other ladies would frame their conduct towards her by hers towards them; that I humbly advised her this should not be too familiar or too easy; and that it might be affable without forgetting she was Princess of Wales; that she should never listen to them when they attempted anything like a *commérage*, and never allow them to appear to influence her opinion by theirs. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid I recommended her too much reserve; that probably I thought her too *portée à se livrer*. I said I did; that it was an amiable quality, but one that in her situation could not be given way to without great risk; that as to popularity, it never was retained by *familiarity*; that it could only belong to respect, and was only to be acquired by a just mixture of dignity and affability. I quoted the queen as a model in this respect."

Here was admirable counsel; but we cannot help being struck by one thing. Surely, princes who woo and win by proxy are more degraded than any other class of men. Here was an allegedly impatient bridegroom who had never set eyes upon the bride. To woo her honestly at her father's hearth; to win her triumphantly at the same locality; to enjoy the dear delight which lesser men enjoy in such a case, is a privilege not given to an heir-apparent. At all events, it is not given to one who chooses to be the slave of

* Lord Malmesbury's Diary.

etiquette, and make such bondage the plea for not taking his bride from the hand of her father, and under the paternal roof. Of what pleasant and what proper things are your mere princes (all honor to them, nevertheless) obliged to endure the forfeit. And what degradation are they further compelled to endure. Let this case witness. Here was a bride not merely brought to her bridegroom by the hand of a sort of carrier, but he who had the office was winning, or trying to win, her confidence. He was counselling, guiding, directing. He was for ever by her side, listening to her remarks, suggesting where suggestion was required, and, in fact, a lover in all things save that he had a little more gravity and severity. I would not be a prince if it were only for this one condition of princedom.

Lord Malmesbury thoroughly understood the characters both of the Princess Caroline and the Queen Charlotte. Of the latter, the princess expressed great fear, and added a conviction that she would be jealous of her, and do her harm. On that very account, she was advised to be scrupulously attentive in rendering to this terrible mother-in-law, as she seemed, every mark of respect due to her; and the princess was further counselled to set a guard upon her too prompt tongue in the queen's presence, and to be especially careful not to drop any light remarks. The bride promised all she was asked, and then observed, by way of illustration of her watchfulness, that she was quite aware that the prince was *l'ger*; that she had been prepared on that point, and was determined never to appear jealous, however much she might be provoked. Her monitor commended the wisdom of a resolution which he said he believed (but it must have been in a diplomatic sense) she would never be called upon to put in force. Still more diplomatically, he added, that if she ever *did* "see any symptoms of a *goût* in the prince, or if any of the women about her should, under the love of fishing in troubled waters, endeavor to excite a jealousy in her mind," he entreated her, "on no account to allow it to manifest itself." Sourness and reproaches on the part of even a young neglected wife, it was suggested, not only would not reclaim a husband when "tottering affections" might be won back by patient endurance and softness, but reproof and vexation would

only survive to give additional value to her rival and that rival's charms. In short, my lord as good as intimated, that if she would only re-enact the part of Griselda, she would please her husband; whereas, if she ran counter to his wishes, it "would probably make him disagreeable and peevish, and certainly force him to be false and dissembling."

Poor princess! the humblest girl who knows the dignity of her character, and how to sustain it, would scorn to take the hand of, or trust her destiny to, a man of whom his best friend could say nothing better than what Lord Malmesbury said of his illustrious client the prince. The amiability of the latter was very much like that of Croaker in the comedy—there was no one so easily led, if he were only permitted to have his own way.

But, if the English envoy enlightened the bride upon the character of the prince, her father's mistress, Mdle. de Hertzfeldt, was not less liberal in affording to Lord Malmesbury portraits of the princess, drawn in all lights, and with no lack of shadow. One lecture from the "favorite," which the envoy sets down in French, deserves to be quoted, in spite of its length. Considering its subject, and whence it came, it sounds as if, of old, "a vizard mask 't the pit" had interrupted the performances at Rich's theatre, to read an essay upon virtue. "I conjure you"—thus began the anxious lady—"I conjure you to induce the prince, from the very commencement, to make the princess lead a retired life. She has always been kept in much constraint, and narrowly watched, and not without cause. If she suddenly finds herself in the world, unchecked by any restraint, she will not walk steadily. She has not a depraved heart—has never done any wrong thing—but her words are ever preceding her thoughts. She gives herself up unreservedly to whomsoever she happens to be speaking with; and thence it follows, even in this little court, that a meaning and an intention are given to her words which never belonged to them. How then will it be in England, where she will be surrounded, so it is said, by cunning and intriguing women, to whom she will deliver herself body and soul, if the prince allows her to lead a dissipated life in London, and who will make her say just what they please, and that the more easily, as she will speak of her own

accord, without being conscious of what she has uttered. Besides, she has much vanity, and though not void of wit, she has but little principle. Her very head will be turned if she be too much flattered or caressed, or if the prince spoil her; and it is quite as essential that she should fear as that she should love him. It is of the utmost importance that he should keep her closely curbed; that he should also compel her respect for him. Without this, she will assuredly go astray! I know," added she to the noble envoy, who wrote down her speech in his Diary as soon as it was delivered, "I know that you will not compromise me; for I speak as to an old friend. I am attached heart and soul to the duke. I have devoted myself to, and lost myself for, him. I have the welfare of his family at heart. He will be the most wretched of men if his daughter does not succeed better than her eldest sister. I repeat, she has never done anything that is bad; but she is without judgment, and she has been judged of accordingly. I fear the queen. The duchess here, who passes her entire life in thinking aloud, or in never thinking at all, does not like the queen; and she has talked too much about her to her daughter. Nevertheless, the happiness of the princess depends upon being well with the queen; and for God's sake," exclaimed the duke's devoted mistress, who so airily satirised the duke's lawful wife, "say as much to her as indeed you have done already. She heeds you; she finds that you speak reason cheerfully; and you will make more impression on her than her father, of whom she is too much afraid, or than her mother, of whom she is not afraid at all."

That night, there was a masquerade at the court opera house. Amid the gay and festive throng, the envoy never left the side of the bride, over whom it was his mission to watch. He talked with her in a strain which became so gay a scene; but on every jest hung counsel. She was for giving way to the temper of the entertainment; but as the princess grew more hilarious, and "more mixing," he checked the rising spirit of fun, and prevented its becoming "fast and furious," by treating her with a vast outlay of increased seriousness and respect.

If there was something strange in this scene, what followed was stranger still. Mentor and maiden retired to a box on the *Balcon*,

and there they discussed anew the chances of domestic happiness, and the rules by which it might be accomplished. As *minuets* were being stately walked below, the envoy categorically laid down the regulations, observations of which might purchase connubial felicity. He gave expression to an urgent wish that she would never miss going to church on Sundays, as the king and queen never failed being present;—although, it must be added, that severe as Queen Charlotte was in strictly and formally attending divine worship on the Sabbath, the service itself was no sooner over than (at that period of her life) she proceeded to hold a drawing-room. It was one generally more brilliantly attended than that held on the Thursdays.

The prospect of being compelled to attend church every Sunday was but a gloomy view, it would seem, thus presented at the very gayest portion of the masquerade. The princess probably thought she saw a way of escape; for she inquired if the prince was thus strict in his weekly attendance. Lord Malmesbury dexterously replied, that if he were not, she would bring him to it; and if he would not go with her, she would do well to set a good example and go without him. "You must, in such case," added the bride-trainer, "tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him. This cannot but please him, and will in the end induce him also to go to church."

The princess evidently liked this part of her prospect less and less. We may fairly judge so by her observation, that my lord had "made a very serious remark for a masquerade."

The envoy defended himself from the attack made under cover of this insinuation, and he defended himself with gaiety and success. The princess herself acknowledged as much; and Lord Malmesbury rather naively observes, that after descanting to the bride upon the necessity of regular church-going, when she got to England, he was glad he had set her thinking on the *drawbacks* as well as of the *agréments* of her situation. The attendance at church was, in *his* eyes, a rather severe discipline; but, as he so forcibly impressed on the mind of his charge, "in the order of society, those of a very high rank have a price to pay for it. The life of a Prin-

cess of Wales is not to be one of pleasure, dissipation, and enjoyment. The great and conspicuous advantages belonging to it must necessarily be purchased by considerable sacrifices, and can only be preserved and kept up by a continual repetition of those sacrifices." The princess probably sighed as she weighed the pomp of her position against the piety by which she was to formally illustrate it.

Lord Malmesbury could not play the Mentor without the godless wits of the court treating him to a little railery. On the evening when he had been expatiating on the uses of attendance at church, during the noise and revelry of a masquerade, he encountered Madame de Waggenheim. She was the lady who "drank," and whom the noble diarist sets down upon his tablets as "absurd, ridiculous, ill-mannered, and *méchante*." "How did you find the little one?" said she, alluding thereby to the princess. "Rather old as she is, her education is not yet *finished*." My lord felt the taunt, but parried it and thrust *en carte*, with the remark, that "at an age far beyond that of her royal highness, there were persons in whom the education of which he spoke had not even begun."

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW HOME.

It is to the credit of the Princess Caroline that she took in such good part all that Lord Malmesbury told her, and that she was desirous of having him appointed her lord-chamberlain; a prematurely expressed desire which did her honor, gratified the object of it, and was never realized. She, no doubt, respected him, for the advice he gave her was not only parental, but much of it might have come from a tender and affectionate mother. But *her* mother was a coarse-minded, cold-hearted woman, who had little regard for propriety, was not affected by the disregard of it in her husband, and who told stories at table, in her daughter's presence, that would have called up a blush of shame, if not of indignation, on the cheek of a dragon.

It was after such stories that Lord Malmesbury particularly enjoined the princess, if she cared to please, to commune much with herself, and to think deeply before she spoke. Her family was a strange one, but not stranger, in many respects, than that into which she was going. Her admission there, indeed, at all was, perhaps, a consequence of hate rather than of love. Prince William, Duke of Clarence, had been among the first to speak of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick as a wife for the Prince of Wales. He had been led to do this because he hated the Duchess of York, knew that the princess and duchess hated each other, and felt sure that the marriage of the former with the heir to the throne would be wormwood to the duchess. By what amiable motives are little-minded people in all ranks of life influenced! The Duke of Clarence was, ultimately, one of the bitterest and the most unreasonable of the enemies of this very princess whom he had helped to drag up to greatness.

With regard to the feelings of the princess against the excellent Duchess of York, the envoy endeavored to turn them into a sentiment of respect for one who was worthy of such homage. Indeed, he was so indefatigable with his counsel that the ducal parents became fearful lest there might be even too much of it for his own profit, if not for their daughter's good. It was suggested to him that the princess, in a moment of fondness, might communicate to the prince all he had said to her, and so he "would run the risk of getting into a scrape" with his royal highness on his return. Lord Malmesbury, who was the envoy of the king and not of the prince, replied with readiness, dignity, and effect. "I replied," he said, "that luckily I was in a situation not to want the prince's favor; that it was of infinitely more consequence to the public, and even to me (in the rank I filled in its service), that the Princess of Wales should honor and become her high situation, recover the dignity and respect due to our princes and royal family, which had, of late, been so much and so dangerously let down by their mixing so indiscriminately with their inferiors, than that I should have the emoluments and advantages of a favorite at Carlton House; and that idea was so impressed on my mind that I should certainly say to the prince everything I had said to the Princess Caroline." He

had a difficult pupil in the latter lady. After a whole page of record touching how important it was that she should practise reserve and dignity, there is the condemnatory entry: "Concert in the evening; the Princess Caroline talks very much—quite at her ease—too much so."

In another chapter of the family romance, we find the aunt of the princess—the Abbess of Gandersheim—exhorting her niece to put no trust in men at all; assuring her that her husband would deceive her; that she would not be happy; "and all the nonsense of an envious and a desiring old maid." The gaiety of the princess was eclipsed, for a moment, by the chill cloud thrown across it by the remarks of her aunt. The envoy, however, restored the ordinary sunshine by requesting the princess, the next time the abbess held similar discourse, to ask her whether, if she proposed to give up the prince to her aunt, and take the Abbey of Gandersheim in place thereof, she would then "think men to be such monsters, and whether she would not expose herself to all the dangers and misfortunes of such a marriage?" This sally, with good counsel to garnish it, not only restored the good-humor of the princess, but made her more desirous than ever to attach the envoy personally to her service as soon as her household, as Princess of Wales, should be established. Lord Malmesbury avoided an explicit answer, but entreated her not to solicit anything in his behalf. "I had," he says, "the Duke of Suffolk and Queen Margaret in my thoughts." He, further, was more anxious than ever with reference to the results of this marriage. With a *steady* man, he thought, the impulsive bride might have a chance of bliss; but with one that was not so, he saw that her risks were many and great indeed. In the meanwhile he poured counsel into her mind, as Mr. Gradgrind used to pour facts into the juvenile intellect at Coketown—by the imperial gallon. The princess continued to take it all well, but the giver of it was shrewd enough to see that, "in the long run, it must displease." He was right in his conclusion, for the night after he expressed the conviction, the princess remarked, on some grave monition of his, that she should never learn it all, and that she was too light-minded ever to do so.

Ward and guardian had been running a parallel between the

former and her sister-in-law, younger than herself, the hereditary Princess of Brunswick. The Princess Caroline had asked Lord Malmesbury, which he thought would make the better Princess of Wales, herself or her sister-in-law? To this difficult question the envoy replied gallantly, that he knew which would be the prince's choice; that she possessed by nature what the hereditary princess neither had, nor could ever acquire—beauty and grace. He added, in his character of Mentor, “that all the essential qualities the hereditary princess has, *she* might attain—prudence, discretion, attention, and tact.”—“Do I want them?”—“You cannot have too much of them.”—“How comes my sister-in-law, who is younger than myself, to have them more than I?”—“Because, at a very early period of her life, her family was in danger; she was brought up to exertion of the mind, and she now derives the benefit, *d'avoir mangé son pain bis le premier*!”—“I shall never learn this,” was the remark of the princess, with some confession of her defects. Lord Malmesbury encouraged her by saying that when she found herself in a different situation she would be prepared for its exigencies if she questioned and communed deeply with herself now. In short, he gave excellent advice, and if counsel could have cured the radical defects of a vicious education, Caroline would have crossed the seas to her new home peerless among bridges.

But Mentor's chance of success in perfecting this wayward pupil was rendered all the less by the slander heaped upon Lord Malmesbury, his character, and his motives, by the old aunt of the princess. It is difficult to believe in the existence of such a being; but she was an aunt who found sufficient ground for hating her nieces, if she saw them happy. She loved to dash their hopes of felicity. She found a luxury in setting her relatives by the ears. She had not a human sympathy in her heart for any human being; and, if ever she *did* commit a generous action, it was not for the sake of benefiting the recipient of her apparent kindness, but to excite jealousy or disappointment in others. She was open to flattery, yet crafty enough to discern it, and sometimes self-denying enough to despise it. She loved no human being, was by no human being beloved—and the silly, selfish, savage old maid,

was very well suited with a dignity and an occupation when she assumed the light honors and lighter duties of Abbess of Gandersheim.

At length the hour approached for the departure of the bride, but before it struck, there had well nigh been an angry scene. Lord Malmesbury had faithfully narrated to the prince all that his commission allowed him to narrate, touching his doings. His opinion of the bride, he of course kept to himself. The prince wrote back a complete approval of all he had done, but added a prohibition of the princess being accompanied to England, by a Mademoiselle Rosenzweit who, as his royal highness understood, had been named as “a sort of reader.” What sort is not stated; but the prince, for what reason is not known, would not have her in that, or any other character. The Duke and Duchess of Brunswick were exceedingly annoyed by this exercise of authority, on the part of the royal husband, but they were, of force, compelled to submit. The motive for the nomination of this lady deserves to be noticed, particularly as the duke, who kept a “favorite” at the table where his wife presided, and the duchess, who told coarse and indelicate stories there, which disgusted the “favorite,” had been particularly boastful concerning the very severe education of the princess.

When it was agreed that Mademoiselle Rosenzweit should not accompany the princess as “a sort of reader,” the Duke of Brunswick took Lord Malmesbury aside, and stated that the reason why he wished her to be with the princess was, that his daughter wrote very ill, and spelt ill, and he was desirous that this should not appear. The noble diarist adds, “that his serene highness was not at all so serenely indifferent on the matter as he pretended to be. He affected to be so, ‘but at the bottom was hurt and angry.’”

The last day the unhappy bride ever spent in a home which, considering all things, had been a happy home to *her*, was one of mingled smiles, tears, dignity, and meanness. The duke rose into something like dignity, also, and exhibited a momentary touch of paternal feeling as the hour of departure drew near, and his glory, as well as his paternal affection, was concerned in the conduct and bearing of his daughter.

There was a dinner which would have been cordial enough but for the arrival of an anonymous letter, warning the duchess and the princess of the dangers the latter would run from a profligate "lady,"—the blank of which may be filled up by the name of Jersey. The letter had been addressed to the duchess, but that extremely prudent lady had informed her poor daughter of its contents, and discussed the latter openly with all those who cared to take part in the discussion. Lord Malmesbury suspected the epistle to come from the party of the disappointed Mademoiselle de Rosenzweit. It was a vulgar epistle, the chief point in which was the assertion that the "Lady ——" would certainly do her utmost to lead the princess into some act of injury to her own husband's honor. The princess was not herself much terrified on this point, and for *that* reason, Lord Malmesbury told her very gravely that it was *death* for a man to approach the Princess of Wales with any idea of winning her affections from her husband, and that no man would be daring enough to think of it. The poor bride, something startled, inquired if *that* were really the law. Lord Malmesbury answered, "that such was the law; that anybody who presumed to *love* her, would be guilty of *high* treason, and punished with *death*, if she were weak enough to listen to him; so also would *she*. This startled her." Naturally so; between advice, evil prophecy, menace, dark innuendos, the necessity of going to church, and the possibility of ending on a scaffold, the bride might well be startled.

Nor was the letter, above alluded to, the only one which was a source of uneasiness to the princess. George III. had written to the duchess, expressing his "hope that his niece would not indulge in too much vivacity, but would lead a sedentary and retired life." This letter also was exhibited by the injudicious mother to her daughter, and while the latter was wondering what the conclusion of all this turmoil might be, there was Mademoiselle de Hertzfeldt reiterating that the only way for the prince to manage would be by fear. "Aye," said the virtuous lady, "even by terror; she will emancipate herself, if care be not taken of her. Watched narrowly and severely, she may conduct herself well!"

Amid such a confusion of scenes, incidents, things, and persons,

the Princess Caroline was variously affected. Her last banquet in her father's halls was an epitome of the sorrows, cares, mock-splendor, and much misery of the time to come.

On Monday, December the 29th, 1795, the bride left Brunswick "for good." It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the envoy departed from the palace with his fair companion in his charge. To render her safety less exposed to risk, Major Hislop had gone forward "to give notice in case of danger from the enemy." The cannon from the ramparts of the city thundered out to her their last farewell, and the citizens assembled in crowds to see the princess pass forth on her path, of roses, as they good-naturedly hoped; but, in fact, on her way, strewn with thorns.

For three days the travellers pressed forward in something of long file, making however short journeys and not getting very rapidly over them. On the third day the princess, weary of being alone, with two ladies, invited Lord Malmesbury to ride in the same coach with her. He "resisted it as impossible, from its being improper;" and he continued to discountenance the matter, and she to laugh at him for his inviolable punctilio.

What with the impediments thrown in their way by the war then raging in front of them, between the French on one side and the Dutch and English on the other,—and the alternating features of which, now enabled them to hurry on, now checked their course. What with the incidents of these stirring times, and the hard frost, during which they occurred, cavaliers and ladies made but tardy way, were half frozen, and not inconsiderably dispirited. For a time they tarried at Osnaburg, where Lord Malmesbury narrates an anecdote for the purpose of showing the character of the princess, and which is therefore "bonne prise" for our pages.

It may be premised that there were many distressed French *émigrés* at Osnaburg, some of them "dying of hunger and through want." The rest, the gallant leader of our escort shall tell in his own words: "I persuaded the Princess Caroline to be munificent towards them—she disposed to be, but not knowing *how* to set about it, I tell her liberality and generosity is an enjoyment, not a sworn virtue. She gives a *louis* for some lottery tickets. *I* give *ten*, and say the princess ordered me,—she surprised. I said, I

was sure she did not mean to give for the ticket its *prime* value, and that I forestalled her intention. Next day a French *émigré* with a pretty child draws near the table. The Princess Caroline, immediately of her own accord, puts the louis in a paper and gives them to the child. The Duchess of Brunswick observes it, and inquires of me (I was dining between them) what it was. I tell her *a demand on her purse*. She embarrassed: 'Je n'ai que mes beaux doubles louis de Brunswick.' I answer: 'Qu'ils deviendront plus beaux dans les mains de cet enfant que dans sa poche.' She ashamed, and gives three of them. In the evening the Princess Caroline, to whom this sort of virtue was never preached, on my praising the coin of the money at Brunswick, offers me *very seriously eight or ten double louis*, saying 'Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m'en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre.' I mention these facts to show her character,—it could not distinguish between giving as a benevolence, and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the art of getting rid of the money, and not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers, and give her more true satisfaction than any that human nature could possess. The idea was, I am sorry to see, new to her, but she felt the truth of it; and she certainly is not fond of money, which both her parents are."

This indifference to money was amply manifested throughout the course of her after life. At a period of that life when she was most distressed, she might have earned a right royal revenue, had she cared to sacrifice to it,—her reputation. With all her faults, she had none of the avarice of her mother, especially. She had more of the ignorance of the latter, but even she would not have been led into betraying it, as her mother did, when looking at the Dusseldorff collection of pictures which, at this time, had been removed to Osnaburg to save it from the calamities of war. Her serene highness was shown a Gerard Dow. "And who is Gerard Dow?" said she, "was he of Dusseldorf?" The severity of this lady's education must have been something like that given to the princess. The mother had never heard of Dow. The daughter

wrote ill and spelt worse. She, some years subsequent to the journey upon which we are now accompanying her, described the Princess Charlotte, in a letter, as her "deer angle." She was indeed ever profuse with epithets of endearment. The ladies whom she saw for the first time during this her bridal progress to her husband's house, were addressed by her as "Mon cœur, ma chère, ma petite." Lord Malmesbury again played the monitor when these freedoms were indulged in, and his pupil began to care less for both advice and adviser. The bride's mother, too, got weary of her journey,—afraid of being taken prisoner by the enemy, and was anxious to leave her daughter and return home. The envoy resisted this as improper, until the moment she had placed the princess in the hands of her proper attendants. Lord Malmesbury not only made "her lady mother" continue at her post, but, on leaving Osnaburg, he induced her to give fifty louis to the servants,—very much indeed against her will. She neither loved to give money away herself, nor to have the virtue of liberality impressed upon her daughter as one worth observing. In most respects, however, the daughter was superior to the mother. Thus, when at Bentheim, they were waited on and complimented by President Fonk and Count Bentheim de Steinfort, two odd figures, and still more oddly dressed,—the duchess burst into a fit of laughter at beholding them. The princess had the inclination to do as much, but she contrived to enjoy her hilarity without hurting the feelings of the two accomplished and oddly-dressed gentlemen who had come to do her honor.

The princess was less delicate with regard to odd women. Thus, she met Madame la Presidente Walmoden, at Osnaburg, whom she asked to play cards at her table, and made giggling remarks about her, in half-whispers, to the younger ladies of the party. The princess disliked the presidente; the duchess, on the other hand, had pleasure in her society. Presidente and duchess vied with each other in telling stories; and the latter was comically indelicate, to her heart's content.

There were still great difficulties in the way of their progress towards the sea coast, and more than one wide wave from far-off battles drove them back, again and again, to cities from which they

had before taken, as they believed, a final farewell. In the midst of it all, there was much "fun," some frowning, a little bickering, advice without end, and amendment always beginning. Still, as the party proceeded, half-frozen to death on their way, by the rigor of a winter such as Lord Malmesbury had not felt since he was in Russia, the princess especially loved to talk of her future prospects and intentions. Perhaps the most singular dream in which she indulged was that of undertaking and accomplishing—for she had no doubt as to the result—the reformation of the prince. She felt, she said, that she was made to fill the *vide* in the situation in which he stood, caused by his isolation from the king and queen. She would domesticate him, she said, and give him a taste for all the private and home virtues. His happiness would then be of a higher quality than it ever had been before, and he would owe it all to her. This was the pleasant dream of a young bride full of good intentions, and who was strangely called upon to project the reformation of her husband, even before she had seen him, or could have taken that interest in him which could only arise from esteem founded on personal intercourse. This result, she declared, the nation expected at her hands; and she would realize it, for she felt herself capable of effecting it.

To all this agreeable devising, Lord Malmesbury replied in encouraging speeches, mingled with gravest counsel, and solemn admonition as to her bearing. This the princess generally took in excellent part, while the duchess, her mother, was grumbling at the intense cold, or slumbering uneasily under it; and the servants outside the carriages were as nearly frozen as people could be, but were kept from that absolute catastrophe by generous liquor and the warmth of their indignation.

The bride ought to have been perfect in her character, for her Mentor lost no opportunity in endeavoring to so prepare her that she might make a favorable impression upon the king and queen. It must, too, be said for her, that her amiability, under this reiterated didactic process, was really very great. She felt nothing but respect for her teacher, and that says much for the instruction given, as also for the way in which it was conveyed. On one occasion, we are told, she ended, on retiring for the night, by saying

that she hoped the prince would let her see Lord Malmesbury, since she never could expect that any one would "give her such good and such free advice as myself;" and she added, "I confess I could not bear it from any one but you."

On Saturday, January 24, 1795, the hymeneal travellers, if we may so call them, entered Hanover, blue with cold; of which the benumbed duchess complained, in no very elegant terms. Lord Malmesbury was exceedingly anxious that the princess should be popular here, as, according to the impression of her, reported hence to England, would probably be that of the king and queen on her arrival. Lord Malmesbury told her that she was *Zemire*, and Hanover *Azor*; and that, if she behaved rightly, the monster would be metamorphosed into a beauty; that Beulwitz (at the head of the regency, the most ugly and most disagreeable man possible) would change into the Prince of Wales; that the habit of proper princely behavior was *natural to her*—an assertion which was not true, as even the diplomatist showed, by adding "that it would come of itself; that *acquired* by this (in that respect) fortunate delay in our journey, it would belong to her, and become familiar to her, on her coming to England, where it would be of infinite advantage."

And yet Hanover was not a very particular place, that is, it was not inhabited, the court end of it, at least, by very particular, strict, or strait-laced people. The princess was particularly careful of her conduct before persons, some of whom appear to have generally got intoxicated before dinner was over. Nevertheless, Lord Malmesbury did effect a very notable change for the better in the princess's habits. He had been before addressing himself to the improvement of principle, he now came to a personal matter; and, if one might be pardoned for laughing at any incident in the life of a poor woman, whose life was anything rather than a matter to be laughed at, this is the time when one might do so with least reproach.

The party had been three weeks at Hanover, and, during that time, Lord Malmesbury had held frequent discussions with the princess upon the very delicate matter of the toilette. She prided, or, to use the noble lord's own term, "she piqued herself on dress-

ing quick." He disapproved of this; for a quick dresser is a slovenly and unclean dresser. On this point, however, she would not be convinced; probably, she was the less inclined to be so, as the weather continued intensely cold; and the next luxury to lying in bed, was, being quickly dressed when she got out of it. He could not come to details with a young bride who despised perfect ablutions; but he found a court lady, Madame Busche, through whom he poured the necessary amount of information that should induce the princess to be more liberal towards her skin, in the dispensation of water. He desired Madame Busche to explain to her that the prince was very delicate, and that he expected a long and very careful *toilette de propri  t  *, of which she had no idea. "On the contrary," he says, "she neglects it sadly, and is offensive from this neglect. Madame Busche executes her commission well, and the princess came out, the next day, *well washed all over!*"

But still the envoy's trouble in connection with his charge in no ways diminished. Now, he was gently reproving her for calling strange ladies by very familiar terms; anon, he had to censure her for unasked-for confidences touching past loves; and then, more seriously than all, to reprimand her even, and with strong license of phrase, for her undutiful and sneering conduct towards her mother, who, for being silly and undignified, yet deserved the respect of her own child. On all these occasions there was some pouting, followed by acquiescence in the reproof, and ardent promises of improvement, that were still long a-coming. In the meantime, there was that delicate article of personal cleanliness, upon which the princess became as indifferent as ever. We must again have recourse to the envoy's own description of what passed between him and the pretty wayward girl he was endeavoring to persuade out of dirtiness. On March 6 he says: "I had two conversations with the Princess Caroline. One on the *toilette*, on cleanliness, and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavored, as far as it was possible for a *man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid as what was seen. I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed or changed often enough. I observed that a long *toilette* was necessary, and

gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a *short* one. What I could not say myself on this point, I got said through women: through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harecourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman, was inattentive to it. My other conversation was on the princess speaking slightly of the duchess, being peevish to her, and often laughing at her or about her. On that point, I talked *very seriously* indeed: said that nothing was so extremely improper, so *radically* wrong; that it was impossible, if she reflected for a moment, that she should not be sorry for everything of the kind which escaped; and I assured her it was the more improper from the tender affection the duchess had for her. The princess felt all this, and it made a temporary impression. But on this, as on all other subjects, I have had too many opportunities to observe that her heart is very, *very* light, unsusceptible of strong or lasting feelings. In some respects this may make her happier, but certainly not better. I must, however, say that on the idea being suggested to her by her father that I should remain on business in Germany, and not be allowed to attend her to England, she was most extremely affected, even to tears, and spoke to me with a kindness and feeling I was highly gratified to find in her."

On the 24th of March the travelling bridal party quitted Hanover. The bride made presents to the amount of 800 golden Fredericks—a generosity which cost her little, for the money was supplied by Lord Malmesbury, who took a receipt for it, like a man of business. It was now that the mother and daughter parted—not again to meet till the former was without a duchy and the latter without a spouse. The duchess was considerably affected. The princess kept up her spirits, and behaved with grace and propriety. After passing through Rottenberg and Klosterseven, where they "slept at the curate's," the wayfarers reached Stade on Friday, March 27. Early on the following morning they embarked in Hanoverian boats, upon the Schwinde; by nine they reached the *Fly* cutter, and in that when the wind served, or in boats when it slackened, they proceeded down the river, and at seven o'clock were taken on board the *Jupiter*, fifty gun ship, amid all the dread-

ful noise, confusion, and smoke, which go towards doing welcome to an illustrious traveller. As she was stepping on board, a young midshipman, named Dove, handed her a rope, in order to assist her. He was the first to help her, as it were, into England. Something more than a quarter of a century later, he who thus aided the bride, was charged with the mission of bringing back her body. The fleet re-echoed the thundering salute which burst from the sides of the *Jupiter*; yards were manned, streamers flung out their silky lengths to the wind, and as the princess passed on to Cuxhaven, all went as merrily as became a marriage party.

The next day they cleared the Elbe, and on the following were off the Texel. The princess was cheerful, affable, good-humored, not alarmed by the terrors of the sea or the sight of French privateers, and a favorite with both officers and seamen. She only made one "slip" on the passage, from a repetition of which the jealous Lord Malmesbury guarded her by giving her a lesson in English, and counselling her not to use a nasty word to express a nasty thing. While the royal bride was conning her lesson, her guardian was conferring with "Jack Payne," from whom he learned that the bridegroom at home was not behaving in the most prudish way possible; and that his favorite was comporting herself with the impudence natural to favorites before they fall.

On Good Friday morning, April 3, the *Jupiter* passed Harwich, and in the evening anchored at the Nore. On the following day the bride ascended the Thames to Greenwich, whence, in a barge, on Easter Sunday, and amidst thousands of welcoming spectators, she proceeded to Greenwich, where they arrived at twelve, and found—not a soul from St. James's to receive her. They waited a full hour before the royal carriages arrived, and their delay was attributed to the contrivance of the prince's favorite. In the meantime the officers at the Hospital did their honest best to welcome the poor stranger. At length the carriages arrived, but with them no eager bridegroom. To represent him, came his mistress, with a bevy of lords and ladies. Lady Jersey no sooner beheld the embarrassed princess, than she began to ridicule her dress; and having done that till she was sharply reproved for her effrontery, by Lord Malmesbury, she made a sort of claim to be

placed by the side of the princess in the carriage, on the ground that riding backwards always made her sick. But Lord Malmesbury would listen to no such claim; told her that she was unfit to be a lady of the bedchamber if she were unable to ride with her back to the horses; and although the favorite would have been glad now to ride even in that fashion in the same carriage with the bride, the envoy would not permit it. He placed there two ladies who were not addicted to qualms in such situations; and with the princess occupying a seat alone, and sitting forward, so as to be more easily seen, the *cortège* set out for the metropolis. The bride was but coldly received by the few spectators on the road, and when she alighted at the Duke of Cumberland's apartments, in Cleveland Row, St. James's, at half-past two, she must, I think, have half wished herself back again in Brunswick.

On due notice of the arrival being made to the royal family, the Prince of Wales went immediately to visit his cousin and bride. What occurred at the interview, of which Lord Malmesbury was the sole witness, he has the best right to tell. "I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said: 'Harris, I am not well; pray, get me a glass of brandy.' I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?' Upon which he, much out of humor, said, with an oath, 'No, I will go directly to the queen.' And away he went. The princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and on my joining her, said: '*Mon Dieu, est-ce que le prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.*'"

The eye of the bride had been almost as much offended as the nose of the bridegroom. What could the bringer of the bride say to comfort her? He stammered out that his royal highness was naturally much affected and fluttered—poor, bashful man, and susceptible creature—at the interview; but he would be better by dinner time!

The princess, however, was not herself blameless. She had already entirely forgotten, or entirely disregarded, the good advice given to her by Lord Malmesbury, and, short as the time had been which she had spent at Greenwich, with Lady Jersey, she had been foolish enough to communicate, to that person, the alleged fact of her having been already pre-occupied by a young German. The interesting intelligence was speedily communicated to the prince; and the knowledge so acquired—although the fact itself may have been at first doubted—certainly had great influence on the conduct observed by the bridegroom to the bride.

Lord Malmesbury was exceedingly perplexed. He had been so careful of his charge, that when the chances of war had obstructed the progress of their journey, sooner than take her back to a court, the ladies of which, never expecting to see her raised to a more exalted station than that in which she was born, had treated her with great familiarity, he had conducted her to dull and decorous Hanover. So tender had he been of her, that he would not allow her to remain at Osnaburg, for the simple reason that Count d'Artois was in the vicinity; and although Lord Malmesbury was, as he says, very far from attributing, either to him or to those who attended him, all those vices and dangerous follies which it was said belonged to them in the days of prosperity, yet he felt it highly improper that the Princess of Wales and a fugitive French prince should remain in the same place. His charge could not have had a colder welcome had such a meeting taken place, and all the inconveniences resulted from it which the noble lord foresaw and dreaded. The poor deserted lady was then upon the point of indulging in some sharp criticism upon her welcome, when her troubled conductor, feigning necessity to attend upon the king, left the room, and her alone in it, or with no better company than her meditations.

The usual Sunday drawing-room had just come to a close, and Lord Malmesbury found his majesty at leisure to converse. The last thing, however, thought about by the king was the subject of the princess. His whole conversation turned upon home and foreign politics. That ended, he inquired if the princess was good-humored. Lord Malmesbury reported favorably of her in this

respect, and the king expressed his gratification in such a tone as to induce his lordship to believe that his majesty had seen the queen since she had seen the prince, and heard from him an unfavorable report of the princess.

The after-conduct of the latter was not calculated to create a favorable impression. At the dinner which took place that day, the princess was "flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit," and throwing out coarse, vulgar hints about Lady Jersey, who was present, silent, and biding her time. The disgust of the bridegroom was now permanently fixed; and the disgust raised by lightness of bearing and language passed into hatred, when the princess began to indulge in coarse sarcasm.

The prince, heartily weary of his bargain, asked Lord Malmesbury, after one of these dinners, what he thought of the manners exhibited at them by the princess. The envoy could not defend them; on the contrary, he expressed his unqualified censure, and informed the prince of the paternal injunctions of the Duke of Brunswick, whereby he recommended that a strict curb should be kept upon the princess, or she would certainly emancipate herself. The prince declared that he saw it too plainly, and half reproachfully asked "Harris," why he had not told him as much before. The envoy, thus appealed to, pleaded the strictness of his commission, which was not discretionary, but which directed him to ask for the hand of the Princess Caroline in marriage, and nothing more; and that, had he presumed to give any opinion of his own upon the lady, he would have been guilty of an impertinent disregard of his instructions, which were at once limited and imperative. Lord Malmesbury endeavored to put the gentlest construction upon the sentiments expressed by the Duke of Brunswick concerning his daughter; and added that, for his own part, he had seen nothing but slight defect of character which he hoped might be amended; and that, had he observed anything more serious, he should have considered it his duty to communicate it, but only confidentially, to the king himself. The prince sighed, appeared to acquiesce, but was neither consoled nor convinced.

The ceremonial of the unhappy marriage was celebrated on Wednesday, the 8th of April, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The whole of the royal family previously dined together at the Queen's Palace, Buckingham House, after which they proceeded to their several apartments at St. James's to dress. As the princess passed through the hall of Buckingham House, the king saluted her in the heartiest fashion, and then shook as heartily, by both hands, the Prince of Wales, who had in vain sought to raise his spirits by the adventitious aid of wine.

The bridal party assembled in the queen's apartment, and walked from thence to the state drawing-rooms, which were not rendered less gloomy than usual by any addition of festive light. They were "very dark," says Lord Malmesbury, who walked in the procession, by command of his majesty. The chapel was very crowded. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Moore. The "Prince of Wales gave his hat, with a rich diamond button and loop, to Lord Harcourt to hold, and made him a present of it. After the marriage we returned to the queen's apartment. The prince very civil and gracious, but I thought I could perceive he was not quite sincere, and certainly unhappy, and as a proof of it, he had manifestly had recourse to wine or spirits."

Upon this point Lord Holland has afforded ample corroborative evidence. That noble baron has stated that the Prince of Wales had had such recourse to brandy that he with difficulty could be kept upright between two dukes. The wedding was as melancholy a one as was ever celebrated. The only hearty actor in it was the king, who advanced to give the bride away, with an eager alacrity. As for the bridegroom, after having been got upon his knees, he rose, unconsciously, but restlessly, before the proper time. The archbishop paused, the service was interrupted, and the prince looked very much as if he were inclined to run away. The king, however, had presence of mind for all. He rose from his seat, crossed to where his son was standing with a bewildered air, whispered to him, got him once more upon his knees, and so happily, or unhappily, brought the ceremony to a conclusion.

The usual legal formalities followed; these were succeeded by a supper at Buckingham House, and at midnight the luckless pair retired to their own residence at Carlton House, quarrelling with each other, it is said, by the way. Meanwhile the metropolis

around them was rejoicing and exhibiting its gladness by the usual manifestations of much drunkenness and increased illumination to show it by. Asmodeus might have startled the Spanish student that night with an exhibition such as he had never seen beneath any of the unroofed houses of Madrid!

It sounds singular to hear that the young husband's first serious occupation, on thus beginning life, was the settlement of his debts. These were enormous, and their amount only proved the reckless dishonesty of him who had incurred them. Mr. Pitt proposed that the income of the prince should be 125,000*l.* a-year, exclusive of the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, some 13,000*l.* more. This was eventually agreed to. In addition, parliament fixed the jointure of the Princess of Wales at 50,000*l.* per annum; and the smaller, but present items of 20,000*l.* for jewels, and 26,000*l.* for furnishing Carlton House, were also agreed upon. Out of the above-named revenue, however, a yearly deduction was to be made in order that the debts of the prince should be discharged within nine years. This deduction he denounced, and his brothers joined him in the denunciation, as a breach of contract, he having married solely upon the promise that his debts should be paid off at once. He immediately claimed the amount of the accumulation of the receipts of the Duchy of Cornwall during his minority. He was answered, on the part of the king, that the receipts had been expended on his education and establishment. The consequent debates were a scandal to the nation, a disgrace to royalty, in the person of the prince, and cruelly insulting to the princess, as they betrayed to her the fact that the heir-apparent had accepted her as a consort solely on condition that his debts should be paid off. When the old Romans made a bargain, they confirmed it by breaking a bit of straw between them. This straw was called "*stipula*," and the Princess Caroline was the bit of straw that was broken, the stipulation, in fact, whereby it was agreed that if he married the woman whom he already detested, his creditors should have satisfaction in full of all demands!

Some of these were found heavy. There was a bill of 40,000*l.* to his farrier! Bills like these were allowed. Not so an annuity of 1,400*l.* a year to Mrs. Crouch the actress. The parliament took

a commercial view of the matter, and disallowed the claim on the ground that there had been no valuable consideration for the liability which the prince had voluntarily incurred. For the allowed debts, debentures payable with interest were given, and the prince immediately withdrew into comparative retirement, in order, as Lord Moira stated in the House of Lords, that he might be able to save enough to discharge certain claims upon his honor. These claims were supposed to exist on the part of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel and the Duke of Orleans, from whom the prince had borrowed money. Perhaps they included the 10,000*l.* per annum which he had engaged himself to pay to Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom he had settled in a superb mansion in Park Lane, and comforted with assurances that his attentions to her would be as devoted now as before his marriage! All this was an outrage on the poor bride, whom the prince took down to Windsor on a visit to the king and queen. That persons might not suppose this was a commencement of positive domestic and virtuous life, the husband took with him his mistress, Lady Jersey. The first gentleman in Europe was, in this case, not even the most refined of ruffians.

The usual formality, which George III. loved, of visiting the public at the theatre, was observed on this occasion, and a short time after the royal marriage, the wedded couple were accompanied to Covent Garden by the whole of the royal family. They were very dully entertained with the very worst of O'Keefe's comedies, "Life's Vagaries," in which two cousins fall in love and marry; and so perhaps the piece was thought appropriate. It was followed by "Windsor Castle," a *pièce d'occasion* by Pearce, who brought together in it Edward III., Peleus, the Prince of Wales, Minerva, Thetis, and the Countess of Kent. The last lady is represented as expected at the castle, she is detained on her way by an overflow of the Thames which threatens to drown her, and from which she is rescued by the Prince of Wales; whereupon, all the heathen gods and goddesses are as much delighted as if they formed an Olympian Royal Humane Society, and exhibit their ecstasy by dancing and singing. In such wise were our rulers entertained when George the Third was king.

Queen Charlotte had looked grimly cold upon the princess, but

she gave an entertainment in honor of the event which made Caroline of Brunswick a Princess of Wales. The locality was Frogmore, and the scene was brilliant, save that the hostess looked, as Lord Malmesbury once described her, "civil, but stiff," and her daughter-in-law, superbly dressed, and black as midnight.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

THE princess had cause then, and stronger reason soon after, for her melancholy. She had written a number of letters to her family and friends in Germany. These she entrusted to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, who was about to proceed to Brunswick, for delivery. The illness of Mrs. Randolph kept the doctor in England, and he returned the letters to the Princess of Wales, under a cover addressed to Lady Jersey. The letters fell into the queen's hands. This, however, was only discovered later; and the discovery accounted for the cold reserve of Queen Charlotte towards the princess, for the letters contained some sarcastic remarks upon the queen's appearance and manners. In the meantime, on the packet failing to reach its proper owner, due inquiry was made, but nothing further was discovered, except that the reverend doctor declared that he had transmitted it to Lady Jersey, and that individual solemnly protested she had never received it. That it reached Queen Charlotte, was opened, and the contents read, was only ascertained at a later period.

In whatever rudeness of expression the princess may have indulged, her fault was a venial one compared with those of her handsome and worthless husband. While she was in almost solitary confinement at Brighton, he was in London, the most honored guest at many a brilliant party, with Mrs. Fitzherbert for a companion. On several occasions, these two were together even when the princess was present. The latter, by this time, knew of the private marriage of her husband with the lady, and that he had

denied, through Fox, who was made the mouthpiece of the lie, that his "friendship" with Mrs. Fitzherbert had ever gone to the extent of marriage. If we have to censure the after-conduct of the princess, let us not forget this abominable provocation.

Except from the kindly-natured old king, Caroline experienced little kindness, even during the time immediately previous to the birth of her only child, the Princess Charlotte. This event took place at ten in the morning of the 7th of January, 1796, amid the usual solemn formalities and the ordinary witnesses. Addresses of congratulation were not lacking. Among them the City of London prepared one for the prince, but the conventionally "happy father," who had looked down upon his legitimate child with the simply fond critical remark that "it was a fine girl," declined to receive the congratulations of the City, unless in private. Coriolanus had wounds which he would only show in private, and if the London corporation insisted on alluding to the prince's alleged joys, he was resolved that it, also, should only be in private. The pretext given was that a public reception was too expensive a matter in the prince's reduced condition; and the pretext was so insulting to the common sense of the corporation, that the members very properly refused to "go up" at all.

The truth was, that the prince shrunk from being congratulated upon his prospects as a husband, seeing that he was about to separate himself for ever from the society of his wife. The latter had caused the removal of Lady Jersey from her household. This was effected by the hearty intervention of him whom the Scottish papers not inaptly called that "decent man, the king."

The intimation of the prince's desire for a separation, was conveyed to the Princess of Wales by Lady Cholmondeley. Her royal highness made only two remarks—first, that her husband's desire should be conveyed to her, directly from himself, in writing, and that if a separation were now insisted on, the former intimacy should never, under any circumstances, be resumed.

If his royal highness had acceded to all his consort's wishes with the alacrity with which he fulfilled this one in particular, there would have been more happiness at their hearth. In his letter to her he said, "Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should

either of us be held answerable to the other, because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquillity and comfortable society are, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that." It is what Froissart might call "sadly amusing" to find him offering tranquillity when he was predisposed to persecute, and recommending that their intercourse should take the character of a "comfortable society," when he was about to turn her out of her home, and without any greater fault laid to her charge than that she had outlived his liking. With regard to the princess's expressed determination that if there were a separation now, it must be "once and forever," he agreed to it with alacrity; "even in the event," he said, "of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction, by proposing, at any period, a connection of a more particular nature."

Her royal highness, in her reply, acknowledged that his conduct during the year of their married life saved her from being surprised by the communication addressed to her. She does not complain, desires it only to be publicly understood that the arrangement is not of her seeking, and that "the honor of it belongs to you alone;" and appeals to the king as her protector, whose approbation, if he can award as much to her conduct, would in some degree console her. "I retain," she thus concludes, "every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself enabled, as Princess of Wales, by your means to surrender myself unconstrainedly to the exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—I mean charity. It will be my duty, also, to be influenced by another motive—desire to give an example of patience and resignation under every trial."

Exactly after a year's experience of married life—no fair experience, however, of such a life, one during which she had more reasons to be disgusted with his excesses than he with her waywardness—the luckless pair finally separated. The princess's allowance was at first fixed at 20,000*l.* per annum, but, after some undignified haggling on both sides, touching money, the princess declined the allowance proposed, and throwing herself on the gen-

erosity of the prince, rendered him liable for the debts she might possibly contract.

With a few ladies, the princess retired to a small residence at Charlton, near Woolwich, but on being appointed ranger of Greenwich Park, she removed to Montague House, on Blackheath, where she had the care of her daughter, was very frequently visited by the king, and never on any occasion by her majesty. The king's name was, indeed, a tower of strength to her; the queen's expressed aversion by no means affected public opinion. The public looked upon it as an exemplification of the saying which tells us that a virtue carried to excess may become a vice.

At this period her income was settled. It was partly derived from the prince, who contributed to her, as "Princess of Wales," 12,000*l.* per annum. The exchequer supplied another 5000*l.*; the *droits* of the admiralty added occasionally a few pecuniary grants; and altogether her revenue amounted to about the same which she had previously declined to accept. With it she appeared content, lived quietly, cultivated her garden, looked after the poor, taught or superintended the teaching of several poor children, and, without a court, had a very pleasant society about her, with whom, however, she was alternately mirthful and melancholy.

If her residence at Blackheath was in many respects a sad one, it was not without its sunny side. There were joyous parties there occasionally, and the friends of the princess, in spite of their sorrows and indignation, contrived, with their illustrious protégée, to pass a merry time of it between the lulls of the storm. The merriest hours there, were those passed in playing at blind man's buff, where the princess herself, that grave judge, Sir William Scott, and that equally grave senator, George Canning, were the sprightliest at the game. It is a game which has been dignified by another fallen potentate, and Napoleon Bonaparte, at St. Helena, made more than one hour glad by a romping game at blind man's buff with the ladies and children at the house of Colonel Wilkes.

The Princess of Wales had not been long a resident at Montague House, before her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was removed to a mansion in the vicinity, where, under the superintendence of Lady Elgin, her early education was commenced, with favorable

auspices. It may, however, be questioned whether that be a proper term to employ in a case where a mother is deprived of the right to superintend the education of her own child. But it must be allowed, that though the Princess of Wales had a little taste, about the same amount of knowledge, and could stick natural flowers on ground glass, so as to deceive the most minutely examining, or the most courtly of Germans, she was as little capable of being governess to her own daughter, as her mother had been of being instructress to the Princess Caroline. The interviews between the latter and the Princess Charlotte now occurred but once a-week, and under the circumstances, that was as frequent interviews as could be permitted. The little princess, meanwhile, did not fare badly, nor did she lack wit, or lose opportunity of showing it. She delighted Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, who, during a visit, had told her that when she repaired, as was intended, to Southend, for sea-bathing, she would then be in his diocese,—by at once going down on her knees and asking his blessing.

Her poor mother was always as ready to make friends, but she wanted judgment to balance her tenderness. She never had such cause to repent at leisure for over-hastiness of action as when she made the acquaintance of Sir John and Lady Douglas. The former was an officer lately returned from Egypt, the latter was the mother of an infant whose reported beauty inspired the princess with a desire to see it. Without any previous intimation to Lady Douglas, with whom she was totally unacquainted, the princess, one winter morning, the snow lying deep upon the ground, crossed the heath, "in a lilac-satin pelisse, primrose-colored half-boots, and a small lilac travelling-cap, furred with sable," and presented herself at the gate of Lady Douglas's house. She was invited to enter, under the supposition that she wished to rest. She did not see the infant, but there was an old Lady Stuart there, quite as childish, and of her, the lady in attendance upon the princess (during the hour the visit lasted), made some "fun;" the same old lady "being a singular character, and talking all kind of nonsense."

It was in all respects an evil hour when this acquaintance was first formed. It ripened, for a time, into intimacy, and when the

mutual intercourse was at its highest, in 1802, the princess, who had a strong inclination to patronize infants, and had several placed out at nurse, at her charge, in a house upon the heath, "took a liking" for the infant son of a poor couple named Austin. The boy was born in Brownlow-street lying-in-hospital, and Mrs. Austin was his mother. These two important facts were established beyond all doubt. Why the princess should have resolved to take personal charge of so young an infant, only a few months old, almost defies conjecture. It may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that she knew she was narrowly watched by enemies who felt an interest in accomplishing her ruin, and she was elated with the idea of mystifying them by the presence of an infant at Montague House.

However this may have been, the intercourse with the Douglasses continued with some degree of warmth on both sides. It was ultimately broken off by the princess, who had been warned to be on her guard against Lady Douglas, as a dangerous and not very irreproachable character; and thereon, the Princess of Wales declined to receive any more visits from her. The baronet and his lady, with Sir Sidney Smith, a very intimate friend of both parties, so incessantly besieged the princess for some explanation of her conduct, that she at length called into her council, her brother-in-law, the Duke of Kent.

The duke consented to see Sir Sidney Smith upon the subject, and from him his royal highness learned that Sir John was not so much aggrieved at the refusal of the princess to receive Lady Douglas, as he was at an anonymous letter, accompanying a coarse drawing representing Sir Sidney and Lady Douglas, which had been forwarded to him, and of which he believed the princess to be the author.

The Duke of Kent was a little too credulous, but he did not act unwisely. Apparently afraid that there was ground for the charge implied by Sir John, he was still more fearful of the effect the knowledge of it would have upon the king, then in a highly nervous condition, and he was more than all afraid of the evil consequences it might have, if divulged, of exasperating the existing fierce quarrel between the Prince of Wales and the king, whose visit to the

princess excited the utmost wrath in the bosom of the prince; taking all these circumstances into consideration, he succeeded in advising the parties to "let the matter drop." Sir John consented to do so, if he were left unmolested. It must be added that Lord Cholmondeley, who was perfectly acquainted with the princess's hand-writing, pronounced the letter as certainly not having been written by her. Of the drawing he could form no opinion, except one not at all flattering to the artist.

It was not likely that the matter would rest as the Duke of Kent desired. Sir John himself was not as quiescent as he had promised to be, and the details already mentioned came to the ears of the Duke of Sussex. The latter considered it his duty to make report thereof to the Prince of Wales; and the heir-apparent, of course, called upon Lady Douglas for a statement. His request was complied with, and a deposition was taken down from the lady's own lips. It is a document of too great length to be inserted here, but its chief points may be stated. It professed great admiration of the Prince of Wales, and the exact reverse of his consort. It detailed the circumstances of the origin of the acquaintance between the princess and Lady Douglas, and of the latter becoming one of the ladies-in-waiting to the former. The princess was described as coarse in character, loose in conversation, and impure in action. Circumstances were detailed of her alleged intrigues, of her attempt to corrupt the virtue of Lady Douglas herself, of trying to seduce her into the commission of very serious sin, and of her laughing at her for not yielding to the seduction.

The lady went on to describe the common talk of the princess as being such as to disgust the men, and to cause mothers to send away their daughters if the latter happened to be listeners. The queen was said to be the especial object of the ridicule of the princess, and she hinted at an improper intercourse existing between her majesty and Mr. Addington. The whole royal family, it was further alleged, were the objects of her satire; but all the statements in the deposition fades into nothing before one respecting the princess in which the latter is represented as confessing to Lady Douglas that she was about to become a mother; laughing heartily at the confession itself; hinting that it would not be diffi-

cult to fix the paternity on the prince, and ending by declaring that the matter would be settled satisfactorily by making the world believe that she had adopted an infant belonging to some other person. The deponent then says that she saw the princess a short time previous to her alleged adoption of the child (subsequently proved to be the son of the Austins); that then her condition of health was not to be mistaken; and that some time subsequently, she saw the child and princess together, and that the latter laughingly acknowledged it to be her own. The immediately succeeding details will not bear telling; and this is the less necessary, as they are excessively improbable, and were proved to be untrue. They are followed by others regarding the coolness which sprung up between the princess and lady, with consequent squabbles, and final separation at the end of 1803. In conclusion, we hear of the return of the Douglasses from Devonshire, the refusal of the princess to receive her former lady-in-waiting, the receipt of the anonymous letters and drawings, the appeal to the Duke of Kent, the temporary suspension of hostilities, and lastly, the communication made to the Duke of Sussex, which the latter conveyed to the Prince of Wales, and which was followed by the deposition of which I have endeavored, however imperfectly, to furnish a *resumé*, that may be comprehended without giving offence. Those who are acquainted with the original document will allow that this is no very easy task.

Upon this statement, made in 1805, a commission was formed, under which various witnesses were examined. On the 11th January, 1806, William Cole, page to the princess. He was a discarded servant, and he averred that he had been dismissed by the Princess of Wales, for no worse offence than looking indignant at conduct between his mistress and Sir Sidney Smith which shocked him, the page. He described various immoral proceedings as having gone on during his residence, that he had heard of worse after his departure from other servants; particularly from Fanny Lloyd, who had kindly informed him of the very improper conduct of her royal highness and Captain Manby of the Royal Navy, during the sojourn of the princess at Southend, in the year 1804; and Cole added that he himself had witnessed conduct as

infamous, between the princess and "Lawrence the painter," as early as 1801.

Another witness, Bidgood, who after being in the service of the Prince of Wales near a quarter of a century, was transferred to that of the princess in 1798, went farther than his predecessors. The least offensive part of his depositions was that in which he swore that he had seen Captain Manby kiss the princess, who was in tears at his leaving her. This witness spoke to alleged facts equally startling, respecting her royal highness and Captain Hood. The depositions of the female servants were even more strong in the coarseness and weight of testimony against the princess. All these persons, it must be remembered, were appointed to serve her; she herself having had no voice in the selection. When they became witnesses against her she was not allowed to know the nature of their evidence.

It was in consequence of their allegations having been submitted to his majesty that the king issued his warrant in May, 1806, to lords Erskine, Grenville, Spencer, and Ellenborough, whereby they were directed to, inquire into the truth or falsehood of these allegations, and report accordingly.

The witnesses were all examined on oath; and it is due to Sir John Douglas to say, that he seemed to wish to make of his evidence a simple account of hearsay communications from his wife. He knew nothing of what had taken place between his wife and the princess, but what the former had told him of long after the period of its occurrence. He swore, however, to having been convinced that the princess was about to become a mother. The depositions of most of these witnesses varied considerably from those previously made by them, and fresh witnesses, called to prove the case against the princess, did more harm than good to their own side. Others, who were servants of the princess, distinctly denied that the allegations made against her were true. The proof that young Austin was simply an adopted child was complete. The commissioners were unanimous on this point, and therewith was established the falsehood of the depositions made by the Douglasses with respect to it. The commissioners, however, did not feel so certain upon the other items of evidence; and they

gave it as their opinion, not that the princess should be held innocent until she could be proved guilty, but that the allegations should be credited until they could be satisfactorily disproved.

Never was accused woman more hardly used than the princess in this matter. For a long time she knew nothing of the nature of the evidence tendered against her; and every obstacle was, for as long a time as possible, put in her way to rendering the satisfactory answer, wanting which the commissioners, though they acquitted her of high treason, thought she must be held *quasi* convicted of immorality. She was equal, however, to every difficulty, and she did not lack assistance. Mr. Perceval wrote, in her name, a memorial to the king, which is a masterpiece of ability, so searchingly does it sift the evidence, crush what was unfavorable to her, point out where she had a triumph, even without a witness, indignantly deny the charges laid against her, and which she had not hitherto been permitted to disprove, and touchingly appeal to her only protector, the king himself, for a continuance of his favor to one not unworthy of that for which she so ardently petitions. The memorial would almost occupy this volume entirely; it is only possible, therefore, thus to describe and refer to it. A passage or two from the conclusion will give, however, some idea of its spirit:—

“In happier days of my life, before my spirit had been yet at all lowered by my misfortunes, I should have been disposed to have met such a charge with the contempt which, I trust by this time, your Majesty thinks due to it; I should have been disposed to have defied my enemies to the utmost, and to have scorned to answer to anything but a legal charge before a competent tribunal. But in my present misfortunes such force of mind is gone. I ought, perhaps, so far to be thankful to them for their wholesome lessons of humility. I have therefore entered into this long detail to endeavor to remove at the first possible opportunity any unfavorable impressions, to rescue myself from the dangers which the continuance of these suspicions might occasion, and to preserve to me your Majesty's good opinion, in whose kindness, hitherto, I have found infinite consolation, and to whose justice, under all circumstances, I can confidently appeal.”

The memorial, however, would have been of very little worth, but for the depositions by which it was accompanied. These were sworn to, not by discarded servants, but by men of character—men that is, of reputation. Thus Captain Manby, on oath, replies to the allegation of Bidgood that he had seen the Captain kiss the Princess of Wales:—“It is a vile and wicked invention, wholly and absolutely false; it is impossible that he could ever have seen any such thing, as I never upon any occasion, or in any situation, had the presumption to salute her royal highness in any such manner, or to take any such liberty, as to offer any such insult to her person.” To Bidgood's allegation that the Captain's frequent sleeping in the house was a subject of constant conversation with the servants; Captain Manby again declares upon oath, that he never in his life slept in any house any where that had ever been occupied by her royal highness. “Never,” he adds, “did anything pass between her royal highness and myself, that I should be in any degree unwilling that all the world should have seen.”

This was conclusive; the deposition of Lawrence, the great artist, was not less crushing. In answer to a strongly worded deposition of Cole, the page, Lawrence declares on oath that during the time he was painting the portrait of the princess at Montagu House, he never was alone with her, but upon one occasion, and then simply to answer a question put to him at a moment he was about to retire with the rest of the company. Like Captain Manby, he solemnly swears that nothing ever passed between her royal highness and himself which he would have the least objection that all the world should see and hear.

One of the female servants had accused Mr. Edmondes, the surgeon to her royal highness's household, of having acknowledged circumstances touching the princess, which, if true, would have proved her to have been the very basest of women. Mr. Edmondes was said to have made this statement to a menial servant, after having bled her royal highness. That gentleman, however, denied on oath that he had ever made such a statement as the one in question; and perhaps the animus of the inquisitors was betrayed on the reiterated denial of Mr. Edmondes, by a remark to him of Lord Moira. “Lord Moira,” says the surgeon, “with his hands

behind him, his head over his shoulder, his eye directed towards me, with a sort of smile, observed, 'that he could not help thinking there must be *something* in the servant's deposition,' as if he did not give perfect credence to what I said."

Mr. Mills, another medical man attached to the princess's household, and also accused by a female servant of having intimated, in 1802, that her royal highness was in a fair way of becoming a mother, proved that he had not been in the house since 1801, and declared the accusation to be a most infamous falsehood. Finally, two of the men servants at Montague House swore to having seen Lady Douglas and Bidgood in communication with each other, that is, meeting and conversing together, a short time previous to the commission of inquiry being opened.

With respect to the alleged familiarities said to have taken place between the princess and Sir Sidney Smith, the princess herself remarks upon them, in the memorial addressed by her to the king, to the effect that "if his visiting frequently at Montague House, both with Sir John and Lady Douglas, and without them; at luncheon, dinner, and supper; and staying with the rest of the company till twelve or one o'clock, or even later; if these were some of the facts which must give occasion to unfavorable interpretations, they were facts which she could never contradict, for they were perfectly true." She further admits that Sir Sidney had paid her morning visits, and that they had frequently on such occasions been alone. "But," said the memorial, "if suffering a man to be so alone is evidence of guilt, from whence the commissioners can draw any unfavorable inference, I must leave them to draw it, for I cannot deny that it has happened frequently; not only with Sir Sidney Smith, but with many others—gentlemen who have visited me—tradesmen who have come for orders—masters whom I have had to instruct me in painting, music, and English—that I have received them without any one being by. I never had any idea that it was wrong thus to receive men of a morning. There can have been nothing immoral in the thing itself, and I have understood that it was quite usual for ladies of rank and character to receive the visits of gentlemen in the morning, though they might be themselves alone at the time. But if

this is thought improper in England, I hope every candid mind will make allowance for the different notions which my foreign education and habits may have given me."

Nine weeks elapsed since the princess had addressed the above memorial and depositions to the king, and still no reply reached her, except an intimation through the Lord Chancellor that his majesty had read the documents in question, and had ordered them to be submitted to the commissioners. She complained, justly enough, at being left nine weeks without knowledge as to what judgment the commissioners had formed of the report, drawn up in reply to their sentence, which acquitted her of gross guilt, yet left her under the weight of an accusation of having acted in a manner unbecoming her high station, or indeed unbecoming a woman in any station. From such delay, she said, the world began to infer her guilt, in total ignorance, as they were, of the real state of the facts. "I feel myself," she then said, "sinking in the estimation of your majesty's subjects, as well as what remains to me of my own family, into (a state intolerable to a mind conscious of its own purity and innocence) a state in which my honor appears at least equivocal, and my virtue is suspected. From this state I humbly entreat your majesty to perceive, that I can have no hope of being restored until either your majesty's favorable opinion shall be graciously notified to the world, by receiving me again into the royal presence, or until the false disclosures of the facts shall expose the malice of my accusers, and do away every possible ground for unfavorable inference and conjecture."

The princess then alluded to the fact that the occasion of assembling the royal family and the king's subjects "in dutiful and happy commemoration of her majesty's birth-day" was then at hand; and she intimated that if the commissioners were prevented from presenting their final report before that time, and that consequently, at such a period, she should be without any knowledge of the king's pleasure, the world would infallibly conclude that her answers to the charges must have proved altogether unsatisfactory, and the really infamous charges would be accounted of as too true.

Some months longer, notwithstanding this urgent appeal, was the princess kept in suspense. There seemed a determination existing

somewhere, that if her accusers could not prove her guilt, she should at least not be permitted to substantiate her innocence. At length on the 25th of January, 1807, the king having referred the entire matter, with her royal highness's letters, to the cabinet ministers, the latter delivered themselves of their lengthily gestated resolution.

The ministers modestly declared themselves an incompetent tribunal to pronounce judicially a verdict of *guilty* or *not guilty*, upon any person of whatever rank. Their office was, indeed, more that of grand jurymen, called upon to pronounce whether a charge is based upon such grounds, however slight, as to justify further proceedings against the person accused. They acquitted the princess by their judgment that further proceedings were not called for, but, having been requested by the king to counsel him as to the reply he should render to his daughter-in-law, the nature of such counsel may be seen in the royal answer to the princess's memorial. The king exculpated her from the most infamous portion of the charge brought against her by Lady Douglas, and declared that no further legal proceedings would be taken except with a view of punishing that appalling slanderer. Of the other allegations stated in the preliminary examinations, the king declared that none of them would be considered as legally or conclusively established. *But*, said the king, and severely imperative as was this sovereign *but*, it was not uncalled for—"In these examinations, and even in the answer drawn in the name of the princess by her legal advisers, there have appeared circumstances of conduct on the part of the princess, which his majesty never could regard but with serious concern. The elevated rank which the princess holds in this country, and the relation in which she stands to his majesty and the royal family, must always deeply involve both the interests of the state, and the personal feelings of his majesty, in the propriety and correctness of her conduct. And his majesty cannot, therefore, forbear to express, in the conclusion of the business, his desire and expectation that, in future, such a conduct may be observed by the princess as may fully justify those marks of paternal regard and affection which the king always wishes to show to every part of the royal family."

There is no doubt that this admonition was seriously called for. The conduct of the princess had been that of an indiscreet, rash, and over-bold woman. At the court of the two preceding Georges such conduct would only have been called lively; but the example of Charlotte had put an end to such vivacity. The Queen Caroline of the former reign had, in her conversations with Sir Robert Walpole, especially, gone far beyond the gaiety of the dialogues maintained by the Princess Caroline and Sir Sidney Smith, under George the Third. But the princess was as yet "without blemish," only in the degree that Queen Caroline was. She was not delicately minded, and was defiant of the court-world when she had been cast out from it unjustly. The two Carolines were wronged in much the same degree, but the husband of the one respected the virtue of the wife whom he insulted; the husband of the other had no respect for either virtue or wife; nay, he would have been glad to prove that there had been a divorce between the two. He had failed to do so, and the king's intimation to the princess that "his majesty was convinced, that it was no longer necessary for him to decline receiving the princess into the royal presence,"—while it was the triumphant justification of the wife, was the unqualified condemnation of the husband, beneath whose roof the slander was first uttered by Sir John Douglas to the Duke of Sussex. And so ended the "delicate investigation."

The husband of Caroline was at this time suffering from a double anguish. He was snubbed by his political friends, and he was what he called deeply in love with Lady Hertford. The "passion" for this lady was contracted during some negotiations with her family, entered upon for the purpose of placing Miss Seymour (a niece of Lady Hertford's) under the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert. When this passion was in progress, the prince aimed at bringing it to a successful issue by the strangest of love-processes. He was accustomed, if not actually ill, to make himself so, in order that he might appear interesting, and have a claim upon the compassion of the "fair," who might otherwise have proved obdurate. With this end in view, he would submit to be bled several times in the same night, and by several operators, when in fact "there was so little necessity for it, that different surgeons were introduced for the

purpose, unknown to each other, lest they should object to so unusual a loss of blood.*

If he was ridiculous in this, he was criminal in other respects. The pretty child, Miss Seymour, was placed with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the prince became greatly attached to it. The guardians of the young lady, however, very naturally thought that a person in the position which Mrs. Fitzherbert occupied, was not exactly a fitting guide for a motherless girl. The law was had recourse to in order to obtain the removal of the latter, and ultimately the matter was brought before the supreme tribunal of the peers. It is a well-known fact, that when this was the case the prince, in whose heart there had been lit up a flame of genuine affection, warmer than anything he had ever felt for his own daughter, became alarmed at the idea of losing Miss Seymour. He therefore actually stooped to canvass for the votes of peers in this, a purely judicial question, which they were called upon to decide according to law and their consciences. An heir-apparent to a throne, and so engaged, presented no edifying spectacle. And it must be remembered that at the time he was thus suborning witnesses (for to canvass the vote of a judicial peer was subornation of those whose office it was to witness the due administration of the law) he had set his small affections upon a child, and was living in open disregard of the seventh commandment, and of that portion of the tenth which relates to our neighbor's wife. He was accusing, through suborned testimony, his own wife of crimes and sentiments of a similar nature, and with no better result than to make patent his own infamy, and to establish nothing worse than thoughtless indiscretion on the part of the consort whom he had abandoned.

The princess, who was still suffering from debility consequent upon an attack of measles, was naturally elated at the result of the protracted inquiry, and respectfully requested to be permitted to "throw herself at his majesty's feet, on the following Monday." The monarch reminded her of her debility, bade her take patience, and promised to name a day for receiving her, when he was assured of her being fully restored to health. She waited patiently for the expression of the king's pleasure upon the matter, and was preparing once more for the enjoyment of again being received by

* Lord Holland.

him, when all her hopes were suddenly annihilated by an intimation from the king that,—the Prince of Wales having stated that he was not satisfied with the result of the late inquiry, that he had placed the matter in the hands of his legal advisers, and therefore requested his majesty to refrain from taking further steps in the business for the present; the king consequently "considered it incumbent on him to defer naming a day to the Princess of Wales, until the further result of the prince's intention shall have been made known to him." This note was dated "Windsor Castle, February 10th, 1807." From that day, the princess looked upon her husband as assuming the office of public accuser against her. The Blackheath plot had failed, and the prince was now appealing against the decision of judges to whose arbitrement he had committed the responsible duty of examination and sentence. What he required was a judgment unfavorable to his wife; not having succeeded, he sought for another tribunal, and virtually requested the monarch and the nation to hold his consort guilty, until he might have the luck or leisure to prove her to be so. Had she been twice the imprudent woman she was, such conduct as this on the part of the prince, was sure to make a popular favorite of the princess.

The courage of the latter rose, however, as persecution waxed hotter; and the advisers who now stood by her, of whom Mr. Perceval was the chief, were doubly stimulated, by political as well as personal feelings. The princess continued to address vigorous appeals to the king, whose intellect was beginning to be too weak to comprehend, and his eyesight too feeble for him to be able to read them. Their cry was still for justice; they claimed for her a public reception at court, and apartments in some one of the royal palaces, as more befitting her condition. Intimation, too, was made that if the justice demanded were not awarded her, a full detail of the whole affair taken from the view held of it by the advisers of the princess, would be forthwith published. It is said that the menace touched even Queen Charlotte herself, who had a dread of "THE BOOK," as it was emphatically called, upon which Mr. Perceval was known to be busily engaged, and which it was feared he was about to publish.

But the temporary triumph of the princess was at hand. In March, 1807, the Grenville administration, the members of which were known to be favorites with the queen, and enemies of the Princess of Wales, retired from office, and within a month the new ministry advised the king that the complete innocence of the princess had been established, and that it would be well for him to receive her at court in a manner suitable to her rank and station. The ministers present at the meeting of council when this advice was rendered, were Lord Chancellor Eldon, Lord President Camden, Lord Privy Seal Westmoreland, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Bathurst, Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Canning, and Lord Hawkesbury.

In May, 1807, the princess was accordingly received at court, at a drawing-room held by Queen Charlotte. The latter illustrious lady exhibited no demeanor by which it could be construed that she was happy to see her daughter-in-law. The utmost honor paid her was a cold and rigid courtesy. The queen was again "civil, but stiff." The nobility and gentry present were more expansive in the warmth of their welcome. From them the princess received a homage of apparently cordial respect. On the occasion of the king's birth-day on the following month, the princess again repaired to court. The welcome resembled that which she had received at her last visit, but there was an incident at this which rendered it more interesting, at all events to lookers-on. It was at this drawing-room the Prince and Princess of Wales encountered each other for the last time; they met in the very centre of the apartment—they bowed, stood face to face for a moment, exchanged a few words which no one heard, and then passed on; *he*, stately as an iceberg, and as cold—*she*, with a smile, half mirthful, half melancholy, as though she rejoiced that she was there in spite of him, and yet regretted that her visit was not under happier auspices. The triumph, however, was complete as far as it went, for she assuredly was present that day contrary to the inclination of both her husband and her mother-in-law.

There was one being upon earth whom this princess unreservedly

loved, and of whom she was deprived this year. We allude to her father, the Duke of Brunswick. He had been but an indifferent husband and father, but his wife did not complain, and his daughter Caroline feared and adored him.

The father of the Princess of Wales at the age of seventy-one perished on the fatal field of Jena, on that day on which Prussia was made to pay the penalty of mingled treachery and imbecility. It had been her policy throughout the troubles of the time, to save herself at any other nation's cost. Such a policy caused her to fall into the ruin which overcame her at Jena, without securing the sympathy even of those nations which then fought against the then common enemy. In this battle the father of Caroline had done his utmost to win victory for Prussia, but in vain, and he lost his own life in the attempt. His ability and courage were all cast away. He had with him in the camp a very unseemly companion, in the person of a French actress, who was the friend of his aide-de-camp, Montjoy. This officer was close to him when in the midst of his staff, and at a distance altogether from where the battle was raging, the old duke was shot by a man on foot, "who presented his carabine so close, that the ball went in under the left eye (the duke was on horseback) and came out above the right, quite through the upper part of the nose." It is Lord Malmesbury who suggests, without pretending to assert, that "Montjoy's brother, the Grand Veneur to Prince Max, the pretended King of Bavaria, and who was with Bonaparte, knew exactly where the Duke of Brunswick was to be found, and by a connivance with Montjoy produced the event."

After the death of the duke, the duchess became a fugitive, for the Duchy of Brunswick was in the possession of the French. And accordingly the poor Augusta, at whose birth in St. James's Palace there had been such scant ceremony and excess of commotion, came now in her old age, and after an absence of forty years, to ask a home at the hearth of the brother who loved her, as she used to say equivocally, as warmly as he *could* love anything; and of the sister-in-law who, as the poor duchess knew, regarded her with some dislike, and who was met with the

same amount and quality of affection on the part of Augusta of Brunswick.

She had, however, little cause to complain as far as these relatives were concerned. They received her cordially, and though they gave her no home in the palace in which she was born, they helped her to a humbler home, elsewhere, and occasionally lent it cheerfulness, by paying her a visit. In the meantime, the widowed mother sat at the hearth of her deserted daughter, and though neither of them had sufficient depth of sentiment to bring her affliction touchingly home to the other, each was sufficiently stricken by severity of real sorrow to render her eloquent upon her own misery, if not attentive to the twice-told tale of her companion.

Meanwhile, there was pressure of another sort upon the princess—a pressure of debt, incurred principally by the uncertainty with which she had hitherto been supplied with pecuniary means, and also the want of a controlling treasurer to give warning when expenditure was exceeding probable income. Prudent people find such an officer in themselves, but then the princess was not a prudent person, and among the things she least understood was the management, or the worth, of money. She was, however, in 1809, in so embarrassed a situation, as to render an application to the king's ministers necessary, when it was found that her debts exceeded 50,000*l*. A final arrangement was then come to. The prince and princess signed a deed of separation. The former consented to pay the debts to the amount of 49,000*l*. on condition of being held non-responsible for any future liabilities incurred by his consort. Her fixed income was settled at 22,000*l*. per annum, under the control of a treasurer, who was to discharge the remaining liabilities out of the present year's income, and to guard against any other occurring in years to come, if he could.

CHAPTER IV.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

By the exertions chiefly of Mr. Perceval, the princess had been declared innocent of the charges brought against her, had been received at court, and had apartments assigned her in Kensington Palace, which she occupied conjointly with her house at Blackheath. The clever friend of the princess was high in the popular esteem for these things, and the public awaited at his hands that banquet of scandal which he had promised them in the volume to be called "THE BOOK." When, however, they found the work suppressed by its author, and that he was soon after made Chancellor of the Exchequer, the public professed to discern here both cause and effect. They looked upon the elevation of Perceval as the reward of his literary self-denial. The honorable gentleman cared little for what the public thought, nor can it be said that either as friend of the princess, or servant of the prince, he served either of these illustrious persons, or even the public, unfaithfully.

In 1810, when imbecility settled definitively upon the mind of George the Third, Perceval proposed a restricted regency, but there was less cause for restriction now than there had been before, and the restriction was only maintained during one year. It was a period of great distress at home; and abroad, of such costly triumphs as made victory itself a glory not to be glad over. At this juncture, the regent acquired some degree of public esteem, and it was not ill-earned, by declining to receive an increase of revenue when the people were taxed to an extent such as no nation had ever before experienced. The public, however, would fain have seen the Princess of Wales raised also in a correspond-

ing degree with the regent, by some distinctive mark to show that she was the regent's wife.

It was rather an unreasonable expectation, and Mr. Perceval was rather unreasonably censured for not realizing it. The deed of separation was, if not a cause, at least an apology, or authority, for keeping the princess in the condition of a private person. She could claim no higher title till the period that should make her husband a king. But this was no reason that she should be irritated by obstructions thrown in the way of her seeing her daughter. These obstructions were unworthy of their author, and failed in their object. They were excused on the ground that the manners of the mother were not edifying to the child, but when the two did meet, there was ample evidence of an affection existing between them, stronger than might have been expected at the hands of a daughter who had certainly not been educated in the holy faith that her mother was worthy of all the filial reverence that child could pay her.

In the meantime the regent had his difficulties. He who betrayed the Whigs, by whose advice he had been guided during the time of his father's sanity, but who had cast them off, after the death of Fox, in 1806, now sought to strengthen his government by the accession of some of his old friends. The Whigs, however, would not act with Perceval, and after the assassination of that minister in 1812, they lost, by their arrogance, the opportunity of forming an independent administration. The boast of Grey and Grenville that they would ride roughshod through Carlton Palace, led to the formation of the Liverpool Tory Ministry, which began its long tenure of office in June, 1812.

During these changes and negotiations, the Princess of Wales remained at Kensington or Blackheath, while her mother was very indifferently lodged in New Street, Spring Gardens, in half-furnished, dirty, and comfortless apartments. Amid filthy lamps on a sideboard, and common chairs ranged along dingy walls, sat the aged duchess, "a melancholy spectacle of decayed royalty." She is described as having good-nature impressed upon her features, frankness in her manners, with a roughly abrupt style of conversation, that rendered her remarkable. She loved to dwell

upon the past, though it was full of melancholy remembrances; and she is said to have been charitable to the frailties of the period of her own early days, but a strict censurer of those of the contemporaries of her old age.

Up to the period of the king's illness, the Princess of Wales did not want for friends to attend her dinners and evening parties. When the only advocate she had among the royal family virtually died, and the Prince of Wales became really king, under the title of regent, the number of her allies seriously diminished. They had to choose, as in the days of the first and second George, between two courts. They declared for that which was most likely to bring them most profit in galas and gaieties. Still the diminished court at Kensington was not so dull as that made up of a few venerable dowagers at the Duchess of Brunswick's. The princess called her mother's court a "Dullification," and yawned when she attended it, with more sincerity than good manners. But freedom from restraint was ever a delight to her, and she has been known on a birth-day, kept at Kensington, to receive her congratulating visitors, wrapped up in a pink dressing gown. It was at a birth-day reception that her brother, the Duke of Brunswick, who afterwards fell at Quatre Bras, presented her with a splendid compliment and a worthless ring. It was as much as duchyless duke could afford. On the other hand, on the same natal-day, December, 1810, Queen Charlotte showed a good-natured memory of the festival, by sending the princess a very handsome aigrette. The young Princess Charlotte was with her mother on that day, and she observed, rather flippantly, that the present was "really pretty well considering who sent it!"* The princess was at this time a fine girl, somewhat given to romping, but with the power of assuming a fine air of dignity when the occasion required.

At the pleasant dinners at Kensington, when the servants were out of the room, and a dumb waiter (all the better, as Sir Sidney Smith used to say, for being a deaf waiter also,) was at the elbow of every guest, the princess would seem to take delight in going

* Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV.

over the history of the past. What little there was good in her, she once remarked to Count Munster, was owing to the count's mother, who had been her governess. She acknowledged that the natural petulance of her character was rather active at the period of her marriage. "One of the civil things his highness said just at first was to find fault with my shoes; and as I was very young and lively in those days, I told him to make me a better pair, and send them to me. I brought letters from all the princes and princesses to him, from all the petty courts, and I tossed them to him and said: 'There —, that's to prove I'm not an impostor.'" She married, she said, entirely to please her father, for whom she would have made any sacrifice. She regretted that the union was determined on before the parties had been introduced to each other. "Had I come over here as a princess, with my father, on a visit, as Mr. Pitt once wanted my father to have done, things might have been very different; but what is done cannot be undone."* Her own condition at home, however, was, at the time, but a melancholy one. She had there but a sorry life, between her father's mistress and her own mother. Civility to the one always procured her a scolding from the other. No wonder that she was, as she asserted, "tired of it."

Her spirit, depressed as it often was during her presence at Kensington, except on the few occasions when her daughter was permitted to see her, sometimes experienced the very liveliest of outbreaks. She thought nothing, for instance, of slipping through the gardens, with a single lady in waiting, both of them attired, perhaps, in evening costume, and, crossing Bayswater, stroll through the fields, and along by the Paddington Canal, at the great risk of being insulted, or followed by a mob, if recognized. She thought as little of entering houses that were to let, and inquiring about the terms. These are but small, yet they are significant traits. One of more importance is her study and perception of character. At Kensington she kept a book, in which she wrote down, in indifferent English, but with great boldness and spirit, the characters of many of the leading persons in England. It is

* Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV.

doubtful whether this book was destroyed, as the writer, when dying, ordered it to be. If it could be recovered, with the diary of Queen Charlotte, and that kept by poor Sophia Dorothea, something from them might be culled of more interest than any thing that is yet to be found in the histories of these three queens. I recommend the search to Mrs. Everett Green, skilled alike in discovering and in decyphering documents.

The indiscretion of the princess was very strongly marked, by her selecting Sundays as the days for her greatest dinner parties, and her evening concerts. Queen Charlotte, before her, used to hold drawing-rooms on Sundays, without any idea of wrong. Since her time, too, the Countess of St. Antonio, and, indeed, other English ladies, were accustomed to hold highest festival on this holiest day. In the case of the princess, there is no doubt that much prejudice was excited against her, in consequence of such proceedings. And yet she was not insensible to public opinion; and she not only wished to know what was said of her, but wished to hear it from the lips of the people.

"One day," says the author of the *Diary of the Court and Times of George IV.*, "the princess set out to walk, accompanied by myself and one of her ladies, round Kensington Gardens. At last, being wearied, her royal highness sat down on a bench occupied by two old persons, and she conversed with them, to my infinite amusement, they being perfectly ignorant who she was. She asked them all manner of questions about herself, to which they replied favorably. Her lady, I observed, was considerably alarmed, and was obliged to draw her veil over her face, to prevent her betraying herself, and every moment I was myself afraid that something not so favorable might be expressed by these good people. Fortunately, this was not the case, and her royal highness walked away undiscovered, having informed them that if they would be at such a docr, at such an hour, at the palace, on any day, they would meet with the Princess of Wales, to see whom they expressed the strongest desire." These off-hand adventures she delighted in, as she did in off-hand expressions. One day, when the princess was ready to set out on a visit to the British Museum, and three of her gentlemen, Keppel Craven, Gell, and

Mercer, stood awaiting her orders, "Now," said she, as she stepped into her carriage, "toss up a guinea to know which shall be the happy two to come with me!" the trio had not a guinea amongst them, and the princess named Mercer and Keppel Craven.

Except in reading aloud, the princess does not appear to have had any intellectual pursuits at Kensington. Her health too was at times indifferent, but her constitution was not undermined, mentally and physically, as the regent's was at this period; and she had one joy, which, however, she seemed to appreciate less than at its true worth, in the occasional society of the Princess Charlotte. The daughter is described as having been at this time "extremely spread for her age; her bosom full, but finely shaped; her shoulders large, and her whole person voluptuous." There was thus early a prospect of that obese development which so soon despoiled the attractions of her mother, and which very early marred her own grace and beauty.

"Her skin is white," says Lady Charlotte Campbell, "but not a transparent white; there is little or no shade in her face, but her features are very fine. Their expression, like that of her general demeanor, is noble. Her feet are rather small, and her hands and arms are finely moulded. She has a hesitation in her speech, amounting almost to a stammer—an additional proof, if any were wanting, of her being her father's own child; but in everything she is his own image. Her voice is flexible, and her tones dulcet, except when she laughs; then it becomes too loud, but is never unmusical." Her royal highness exhibited to this observer, traits of disposition which seemed to certify to an existence in her character of self-will, some caprice, and also obstinacy; but in a person so kind-hearted, clever, and enthusiastic as this young princess, these symptoms were susceptible of being converted into positive virtues; for a sensible, kindly-natured, and ardent character can sooner be taught to bend its own will to the liking of others—caprice becomes fixedness of principle, and obstinacy gives way to resolution, which is only determinedly maintained on conviction of its being rightly grounded. The young heiress to the throne was more gentle in her demeanor to her mother than the latter was to *her* parent, the old Duchess of Brunswick. To *her* the

Princess of Wales was harder in her demeanor than she was to others. The duchess was certainly a mother who had never won her daughter's respect, and who did not now know how to properly estimate her daughter's sorrows. The duchess was not only visited by Queen Charlotte, but she was invited to dinner by the regent; and of this last honor she triumphantly boasted in the presence of that daughter who was ejected from the regent's house. But the poor "Lady Augusta" was as awkward in her remarks in her old days as she had been in the days of her youth. When the dismayed circle, amid which the invitation was boasted of, observed a silence, which a sensible old lady would have taken for as severe a comment as could be passed, she broke the silence by abruptly asking the daughter, "Do you think I shall be carried up-stairs on my cushion?" To which the princess coolly replied: "There is no up-stairs, I believe; the apartments are all on one floor." "Oh, charming! that is delightful!" rejoined the duchess; and with a few more queries, to which the princess always replied with the greatest self-possession and *sang-froid*, as though she were not in the least hurt, this strange royal farce ended.

The brother of the Princess of Wales, if he had not an unbounded regard for his sister, at least knew what was due to her and propriety, better than his mother. By his directions the princess represented to the duchess, that if she accepted the prince's invitation she would tacitly acknowledge that he was justified in his treatment of his wife. The old lady, as obstinate as her own grandfather, George II., was not to be moved. She saw the matter, she said, in quite another light. She loved her daughter, would do anything in the world for her, but certainly she would not give up going to Carlton House. And in this determination she remained fixed, till, meditating upon the matter, and conceiving that the invitation *may* have been less out of compliment to herself than intended to draw her into a tacit condemnation of her daughter, she suddenly declined to go; and with mingled womanly and especially matronly feeling, she invited the princess to dine with her, instead.

The Princess of Wales was, undoubtedly, fast losing the small remnant of popularity among the higher classes which had hitherto

sustained her. As her more noble friends silently cast her off, she filled the void left by them, with persons of inferior birth, and sometimes of indifferent reputation. Her own immediate attendants laughed at her, her ways, her pronunciation, and her opinions. She was indeed a puzzle to them. Sometimes they found in her a tone of exalted sentiment; at others she was coarse or frivolous: the "tissue of her character" was made up of the most variegated web that ever went to the dressing of a woman. Perhaps one of the most foolish, if not the most unnecessary, of her acts, was an attempt which she made to sell a portion of her jewels. It was doubtless intended, by way of proof, that an application to parliament for an increased allowance was a necessity on her part.

She was, however, most intent on bringing forward the story of her wrongs before the public; and she was doubtless encouraged in this by a party, some members of which, without any of the sympathy which they affected to profess, looked upon her as an admirable tool wherewith to shape their particular and political ends. In the meantime the dinner-parties at Kensington were of a joyous and unrestrained character; and our Ariadne often seemed to be as perfectly consoled for the loss of her Theseus, as the lady of old was who, when condemned to a separate maintenance, dined every day with the son of Semele.

Not that she had not sometimes better company; she had poets and philosophers at her table, when the royal fugitives from France invented maladies, as an excuse for not visiting her; and she gained by the exchange; but, strange to say, with a very liberal income, irregularly paid perhaps, she was as poor as the poets, and had not the consolation of philosophy. The house of Drummond & Co., declined to advance her the poor sum of 500*l.*, although she is said to have offered to pay *cent, per cent.* for the loan. Probably the stupendous liberality promised by the would-be borrower, rendered the bankers suspicious.

As she failed to acquire all the public sympathy, which she thought herself entitled to by her condition, she became at once more melancholy and more recklessly mirthful. The dinner parties, beginning late, continued to sit till dawn. On one of these heavily entertaining occasions, one of the guests, weary of his

amusement, ventured to hint that morning was at hand. "Oh!" exclaimed the princess, "God, he knows when we may meet again." And then, using her favorite expression, she added, "*to tell you God's truth*, when I am happy and comfortable, I would sit on for ever." The describer of this scene says: "There was heaviness in the mirth, and every one seemed to feel it; so they sat on. At last one rose from the table; many of the guests went away; some few lingered in the drawing-room, amongst whom I was one. I was left the last of all. Scarcely had Sir H. Englefield, Sir William Gell, and Mr. Craven reached the drawing-room, when a long and protracted roll of thunder echoed all around, and shook the palace to the very foundations;—a bright light shone into the room, brighter than the beams of the sun; a violent hissing noise followed, and some ball of electric fluid, very like that which is represented on the stage, seemed to fall close to the window where we were standing. Scarcely had we recovered the shock, when all the gentlemen, who had gone out, returned, and Sir H. Englefield informed us that the sentinel at the door was knocked down, a great portion of the gravel walk torn up, and every servant and soldier were terrified. "Oh!" said the princess undismayed, but solemnly, "this forbodes my downfall," and she shook her head; then rallying, she desired Sir H. Englefield to take especial notice of this meteoric phenomena, and give an account of it in the *Philosophical Transactions*;—which he did."*

So passed away her life up to the period when the restrictions were taken off the regency, and the Prince of Wales became virtually king. The friends of the princess, in the House of Commons, served her cause with some dexterity, and seldom made a statement in reference to her, without temporarily reviving some of the half-extinct sympathy of the general public. Others of her "faction," as her friends were called, kept her in a state of irritability and excitement, by speaking of publishing her memoirs in full detail. Some persons, with less pretence to the name of friends, injured her extremely, by statements affectingly put forward in her behalf. Her agitated condition of life was still further

* Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV.

aggravated by the obstacles put in her way, so as to prevent her seeing her daughter as often as she desired. She was even bold enough, and justifiably bold enough, under the circumstances, to go down to Windsor to see the princess. This audacious step, as it was considered, was met by a message from the regent, through Lord Liverpool, requesting her never to repeat so uncalled-for an expedition. She promised obedience, on condition that she should be permitted to see the princess once a-week; but otherwise she threatened a repetition of the visit. Such menaces gratified those who provoked them. The more they could goad the Princess of Wales into demonstrations of violent and vulgar indignation, the more, as they well knew, would she lose of the public esteem. Her nature was too prone thus to lose sight of dignity and self-possession, on being provoked. The grandeur of endurance was a flight beyond her ken. She mourned the loss of a wise friend in Perceval, who was partly lost to her, however, before his death, as soon as he became minister. There were reports, too, at this time, probably ill-founded, that she was to be removed to Hampton Court, the apartments at Kensington Palace being required for the Princess Charlotte. This, and the abandonment of her by some of her old partisans among the nobility, rendered her naturally querulous. "No, no!" she said, "there is no more society for me in England; for do you think, if Lady Harrowby and the Duchess of Beaufort, and all of that set, were to come round to me now, that I would invite them to my intimacy? Never! They left me, without a reason, as time-servers, and I never can wish for them back again."* She felt that she could hold no court in presence of that of the regent, and that as long as he lived, she must be patient, and "nothing." Could she only have been the former, she perhaps would not have come to be of such small esteem as that which she ultimately experienced.

The princess, however, still had some good taste. She patronized poets, in other fashion than that followed by Sophia Dorothea, who gave them rings; by Caroline, who made poor parsons out of poetic ploughmen, like Duck; or by Charlotte, who gave to the

* Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV.

sons of the Muses little beyond empty praises and smiles, that would not nourish. The Princess of Wales was a great admirer of Campbell, and in 1812 he was presented to her by his own "chieftain's fair daughter," Lady Charlotte Campbell—a lady who has etched the doings of her royal mistress, in aqua fortis. The princess showed her esteem for the Scottish poet, by dancing reels with him in her drawing-room at Blackheath. Campbell has left his opinion of her, at this time, in a letter addressed to a friend. "To say what I think of her, without being bribed by the smiles of royalty—she is certainly what you would call in Scotch a fine body; not *fine*, in the English sense of the word, but she is good-humored, appears to be very kind-hearted, is very acute, naïve, and entertaining; the accent makes her, perhaps, comic. . . . I heard that she was coarse and indelicate. I have spent many hours with her and Lady Charlotte alone; and I can safely say she showed us no symptoms of that vulgarity attributed to her." An instance of the mistakes, rather than the peculiarity of pronunciation, which distinguished her, is given by Dr. Wm. Beattie. He relates that, one day, the princess was showing her pleasantly-arranged house to a noble peer of great celebrity. They were both in the gallery, where the princess had recently hung some new pictures, and to one of these she directed the attention of her guest. It was his own portrait; and he acknowledged the honor by a very profound bow. The princess, to enhance the value of the compliment, said, "You see, my lord, that I do consider you one of my great household dogs." She meant "gods," poor lady; but she did terribly abuse the divinities; and her daughter was ever to her, not her dear "angel," but her very dear "angle." These faults of orthography, and errors in pronunciation, bring less blame upon her than upon her mother. That the child of an Englishwoman born should have been so ignorant, was the fault of the Englishwoman, and not of her child. But the "Lady Augusta" never seems to have recovered the flurry with which she came into the world, after the hurried drive of her mother from Hampton Court to St. James's. The sister-in-law of Queen Charlotte was incapable of instructing her children as that queen did, but she might have taught her daughter English by conversing

with her in that language. The latter knew, however, less of it than she did of French and German; and when she conversed in these, it was not upon subjects that were edifying to the future Queen of England, or creditable to herself. Queen Charlotte was far more particular on the question of correct delivery. In the case of her husband, Quin had "taught the boy to speak;" and it was the exact propriety of the utterance of Mrs. Siddons that led to her appointment as reading preceptress of Queen Charlotte's daughters. Of the husband of the Princess Caroline, it will, perhaps, be remembered that, after an evening spent with him at Carlton House by John Kemble, the prince expressed his fears lest he may have shocked the ears of so fine a master of elocution by some offence in pronunciation. The only word which Kemble could correct was *oblige*, which the prince pronounced in the French way, as if it were written *obleege*. The prince adopted the English *i*, and henceforth the word, which lexicographers allowed to be pronounced indifferently, with the English or French pronunciation, as if the *i* had but one sound, used that adopted by the prince. He fixed the style, as the little Louis XIV. did the gender of *carosse*. It was properly feminine, but as the boy-king mistakenly made it masculine one day, all loyal subjects with carriages thenceforth called for *mon* and not for *ma* carosse. Such is the irresistible power of princes.

CHAPTER V.

HARSH TRIALS AND PETTY TRIUMPHS.

From the comparative retirement in which the princess had lived for a few years, she was now, in 1813, again to issue and appear before the public more like an athlete on the arena than a suppliant with wrongs to be redressed.

Her retirement had given, however, much subject for comment on the part of the public; for censure on the part of her enemies. The latter still pointed to her habits of life as forming apology

enough for the restrictions set upon her intercourse with her daughter. The fashion of opening *all* her apartments to her visitors at Kensington was considered indecorous; and the popular tongue dealt unmeasuredly with her cottage at Bayswater, at which she was *said* to have presided at scenes of at least consummate folly; and folly, in such a woman, was but next to serious guilt, and almost as sure to accomplish her utter ruin.

It is difficult to say, positively, in what light the Princess Charlotte looked upon the restrictions which kept her mother and herself apart. Report accredited her with being a thorn in the side of Queen Charlotte, and a continual trouble to the regent. She is said to have paid to neither an over-heaped measure of respect, and she seriously offended both by marring the splendor of her first "drawing-room," at which she was to have been presented by the Duchess of York, and which was postponed, because she insisted upon being presented by her mother.

Early in January, a sealed letter was addressed to the Prince Regent by the Princess of Wales, and forwarded by Lady Charlotte Campbell, through Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon. It was immediately returned unopened. The letter was sent back as before. It was again returned, with an intimation that the prince would not depart from his determination not to enter into any correspondence. Under legal advice, it was once more transmitted, with a demand that the ministers should submit it to the prince. Finally, intimation was conveyed to the princess that the regent had become acquainted with the contents of the letter, but had no reply to make to it. Upon this, the letter was published in a morning paper. Though addressed to the regent, it was evidently intended for the public solely; and its appearance in the papers excited a wrath in the prince which brought upon the princess much of her subsequent persecution, and exposed her to considerable present animadversion, even at the hands of many of her friends.

The letter was a long one, but it may be substantially described as containing a protest of the supposed writer's innocence; a remonstrance against the restrictions now more stringent than

ever, which kept her apart from her daughter; an assertion that such restrictions were injurious to the latter, and a fatal blow against the honor of the mother; and finally a stinging criticism upon the secluded system of education by which her daughter was *not* educated, and which was not calculated to develop the character of the future Queen of Great Britain.

A bomb in the palace could not have created more excitement than was caused by the appearance of this letter in the papers. It was met by a refusal to allow any meeting at all, for the present, between the Princess Charlotte and her mother, and by an assembling of the Privy Council, the members of which speedily showed why they had been called together, by making a report to the regent, in which it was stated, that the lords of the council, having read the letter of the princess, and having examined the documents connected with the investigation into the conduct of the princess in 1806, were decidedly of opinion that any intercourse between the mother and daughter should continue to be subject to regulations and restraint. This report, which was tantamount to a mortal stab to the reputation of the Princess of Wales, and not altogether unprovoked by her, was signed by the two archbishops and all the ministers. The stab was dealt back as fiercely as it could be, by an appeal to the people through parliament. To this body, the princess, in March, addressed a letter, asserting her innocence, denouncing the system which pronounced her guilty without letting her know on what evidence the verdict was founded, and without allowing her to produce testimony to rebut it; and finally, requiring that parliament would authorize a full and strict investigation, from which she felt that her honor would issue pre-eminently triumphant. This request brought on an animated debate, upon a motion for the production of papers connected with the inquiry of 1806, and the evidence adduced thereon. The motion was lost; but ministers were compelled to acknowledge that the princess stood fully acquitted of the charges then and there brought against her. The assertion made by Lord Castlereagh, that government had not proceeded against the degraded and infamous Sir John and Lady Douglas, because they were reluctant to trouble the world with the indelicate matters

that must be raked up again, excited shouts of derision. Mr. Whitbread stoutly asserted, that never had woman been so falsely accused, or so fully triumphant; and Mr. Wortley, despite all his respect for the house of Brunswick, could not help lamenting that the royal family was the only one in the kingdom that seemed careless about its own welfare and respectability.

The subject was frequently brought before parliament, but with no other effect than to show that there was much exaggerated bitterness of feeling on both sides, and that the best friends of the princess were those who were of no party. Parliament was, at last, but too happy to let the matter drop. Meanwhile, the publication of the "*Spirit of THE BOOK*" did the princess no good, and was, perhaps, not intended to have that result. The daughter was now established at Warwick House, and the Duchess of Leeds had succeeded, as governess, to Lady De Clifford, much to the dissatisfaction of the Princess Charlotte herself, who asserted that she was old enough to live without such superintendence. She could not be frightened into a conviction of the contrary by rude remarks from Lord Eldon, who also sought to terrify the Princess of Wales into absolute silence, on the ground that such a course would more entirely conduce to her own safety; to which that spirited lady replied, that she was under the safeguard of the British constitution, and had no fears for her own safety, whatever.

That she saw her daughter, "in spite of them," was to her a matter of legitimate triumph. She had been forbidden to call at Warwick House, but she could not fail to encounter the Princess Charlotte on the public highways. This meeting first occurred early in the spring; the mother espied the daughter's carriage at a distance, and ordered her own to be driven rapidly after it. She was then on Constitution Hill—the princess was near Hyde Park—and the pursuer came up with the pursued near the Serpentine. Each leaned forward from her own carriage to kiss the other, and, for several minutes, they remained in deep, and, apparently, affectionate conversation;—a crowd the while surrounding them with ever-ready sympathy, as

is the case with crowds when its feelings are intelligibly appealed to.

It was said, however, that in the rarely-permitted meetings which subsequently took place between the mother and daughter, the former occasionally complained of the coldness of manner of the latter. The Princess of Wales was, in fact, not satisfied with an ordinary demonstration of attachment from anyone. She required enthusiasm.—sought and bid for it. When the regent was rising into something like popularity, by the splendid entertainments which he gave—partly for the benefit of trade, and partly because he was pleased to the very top of his bent when playing the magnificent *Amphytrion*,—the princess appeared in public at a fete at Vauxhall, whither she was escorted by the Duke of Gloucester, on whose arm she leaned as she passed along, soliciting, as it were, signs of sympathy at a festival patronized and presided over by the Duke of York.

In these public scenes she assumed a dignity which well became her, but which she was as well-pleased to lay aside, as soon as the occasion which called for it had passed. Nothing gave her more gratification, for instance, after receiving congratulatory addresses from corporations and other similar bodies, which she did with mingled stateliness and courtesy, than to not only change her dress of ceremony for a more ordinary one, but to take off her stays! The latter odd fashion was not favorable to a figure which was now far removed from the grace which had distinguished the princess in her earlier years.

It can be scarcely said that in this year she lost one friend more by the death of her mother. The declining years of the aged Duchess of Brunswick had been years of sorrow. She had long been a sufferer from confirmed asthma; and in March, 1813, she was attacked by an epidemic which was fatally prevalent throughout the metropolis. It was attended by, or, rather, consisted of, cough and difficulty of breathing. This attack aggravated her other sufferings; but, though confined to her bed, she was not considered in danger when her daughter saw her for the last time, on the 22d of March, 1813. The princess remained with the duchess several hours, and took leave without suspecting that she was

never again to see her mother alive. At nine, that night, the duchess was seized with violent spasmodic attacks, under which she rapidly sunk; and, at seventy-six years of age, the "Lady Augusta," who was born in St. James's Palace, died in a modest lodging-house, and was quietly interred in Westminster Abbey.

It is due to the Prince Regent to say, that on the occasion of the death of the Duchess of Brunswick, he exhibited becoming and courteous feeling, by suggesting to the Princess Charlotte that she should pay a visit to her mother, to condole with her on this bereavement. It was suggested that after the funeral would be the most appropriate season for such a visit; but the princess, with quicker wit or more ready sympathy, repaired at once to her mother's residence, and thus afforded her a gratification, which was probably the more appreciated, as it was the less expected. This was more sympathy than she received at the hands of some persons, who probably conceived, that by behaving rudely to her, they should be paying court to a higher power. Thus, in the course of the summer, the princess went to sup at Mr. Angerstein's, Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire were there. "The latter behaved very rudely, and went away immediately after the princess arrived. Whatever her principles, political or moral, may be, I think," says Lady Charlotte Campbell, who tells the anecdote, "that making a curtsy to the person invested with the rank of Princess of Wales, would be much better taste and more like a lady, than turning her back, and hurrying out of the room."

In addition to her mother, the princess may be said to have also lost her brother this year; for though the gallant Duke of Brunswick did not fall at Quatre Bras, till 1815, she saw him again, but for a brief moment, after his departure from this country, two years previously. The duke was simply a soldier and nothing more, except that he was a gallant one. He had a few relics with him, in this country, of the treasures of Brunswick, such as old books and antique gems, the value of neither of which did he in the least understand. His habits were of the simplest, except in the fashionable dissipation of the times; but if he was the slave of some pleasures, he was by no means the servant of luxury. He slept on a thin mattress placed on an iron frame, and covered by

a single sheet. He had enjoyed sweeter sleep on it, he used to say, than many who lay upon the softest down.

When he went to take leave of his sister, he was in the highest spirits, from having at last the prospect of an active career in arms. The actor and the scene are so well-described by the author of "The Diary," that citation will be preferable to comment, in this case:—"There never was a man so altered by the hope of glory. His stature seemed to dilate, and his eyes were animated with a fire, and an expression of grandeur and delight, which astonished me. I could not help thinking the princess did not receive him with the warmth she ought to have done. He detailed to her the whole of the conversation he had with the ministers, the Prince Regent, &c. He mimicked them all admirably; particularly Lord Castlereagh—so well as to make us all laugh; and he gave the substance of what had passed between himself and those persons, with admirable precision, in a kind of question and answer colloquy, that was quite dramatic. I was astonished, for I had never seen any person so changed by circumstance. He really looked a hero. The princess heard all that he said, in a kind of sullen silence, while the tears were in several of the bystanders' eyes. At length, when the Duke of Brunswick said, 'the ministers refused me all assistance, they would promise me neither money nor arms. But I care not. I will go to Hamburgh, I hear that there are some brave young men there, who await my coming, and if I have only my orders from the Prince Regent to act, I will go without either money or arms, and gain both.' 'Perfectly right!' replied the princess, with something like enthusiasm in her voice and manners. 'How did Bonaparte conquer the greater part of Europe?' (the duke continued), he had neither money nor arms, but he *took* them; and if *he* did that, why should not *I*, who have so much more just a cause to defend?" The duke then proceeded to state how the regent and the ministers were all at variance, and how he had obtained from the former an order which he could not obtain from the ministers. After some further conversation, he took leave of his sister. She did not embrace him. He held out his hand to me kindly, and named me familiarly. I felt a wish to express something of the kindly feeling I felt towards him: but I

know not why, in her presence who ought to have felt so much more, and who seemed to feel so little, I felt chilled, and remained silent. I have often thought of that moment since, with regret. When the duke was fairly gone, however, she shed a few tears, and said, emphatically, 'I shall never see him more!'"

The early part of 1814 was spent by the princess in lowness of spirit and littleness of pursuits. She was now established in Connaught Place, near the Edgeware Road. The mansion is that now numbered "7," Connaught Place. She seldom saw her daughter, and did not consult her own dignity by taking "strolls" across the fields in the direction of the canal, or by ridiculing the regent at her own dinner-table. It was this sort of conduct which made people account of her as being worse than she really was. For London, it was a year of triumphs and congratulations, but she shared in neither; it was the year of sovereigns, when European potentates crowded our streets, and passed by the door of the princess without inquiring for her. In June, mortification was heaped upon her. She had an undoubted right to be present at the drawing-rooms held by the queen, but her majesty, who had announced her intention to hold two in honor of the foreign monarchs then in England, announced to the princess that she would not be permitted to be present at either. No other ground for this expulsion was alleged than the regent's will. His royal highness had declared that never again would he meet her either in public or in private, and consequently her appearance on the occasions in question could not be permitted for a moment. She had prepared a letter of indignant remonstrance, but Mr. Whitbread counselled her not to forward it, but rather to write one in a submissive tone, accepting with humility the ill-treatment to which she was thus subjected. This council is said to have given considerable discontent to Mr. Brougham, who was inclined to make assertion of her right to be present, and to go even further, if that were necessary.

She made, however, greater sacrifices than that of refraining from appearing at court on a gala day. Her finances had become embarrassed, in spite of the presence of a controlling treasurer; and her friends made application to parliament on her behalf. The

regent had caused it to be understood that he did not wish to curtail her personal comforts, or cause her any pecuniary embarrassment, and Lord Castlereagh came down to the house with a proposition of settling on her 50,000*l* per annum. Of her own will, she surrendered 15,000*l* of this sum, and it was agreed that the revenue of 35,000*l* per annum, should be awarded to the "Princess of Wales." The sacrifice made by the princess, was gracefully noticed in the house, by Mr. Whitbread, at whose suggestion it is said to have been cordially entered into, the princess having, as he said, a full sense of the burthens that lay heavy on the nation. Such conduct ought to have won for her a little regard, and a visit from that King of Prussia, in defence of whose dominions her father had, not long before, laid down his life, a stout old soldier, dying in his harness, like a knight of the olden time.

She sent her chamberlain to welcome the King of Prussia, on his arrival in this country, and the king acknowledged the courtesy by sending *his* chamberlain to return thanks for it. The same stiff intercourse passed with the other sovereigns and princes; but it is said that Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt was especially charged by the prince to request the Russian Emperor, Alexander, to abstain from visiting the Princess of Wales! They saw each other, nevertheless, though under different circumstances from those which the Princess herself could have desired. The incidents of this eventful evening are thus graphically described by one of the ladies in waiting on the princess:—"There came a note from Mr. Whitbread advising her at *what* hour she should go to the opera, and telling her that the emperor was to be at eleven o'clock at the institution, which was to be lighted up for him to see the pictures. All this advice tormented the princess, and I do not wonder that she sometimes loses patience. No child was ever more thwarted and controlled than she is; and yet she often contrives to do herself mischief, in spite of all the care that is taken of her. When we arrived at the opera, to the princess's and all her attendants' infinite surprise, we saw the regent placed between the emperor and the King of Prussia, and all the minor princes in a box to the right. 'God save the King,' was performing when the princess entered; and, consequently, she did not sit down. I was

behind, and of course I could not see the House very distinctly, but I saw the regent was at that time standing, applauding the Grassinis. As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned round to the princess's box, and applauded *her*. We who were in attendance on her royal highness entreated her to rise and make a curtsy; but she sat *immoveable*; and, at last, turning round, she said to Lady —, 'My dear, Punch's wife is nobody, when Punch is present.' We all laughed, but still thought it wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid her, but she was right, as the sequel will prove. 'We shall be hissed,' said Sir W. Gell. 'No, no,' again replied the princess, with infinite good humor, 'I know my business better than to take the morsel out of my husband's mouth. I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me, till they call my name.' The prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the princess, most unfortunately, I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it. But I, who was an eye-witness of the circumstance, knew that the princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was that the prince took the applause to himself, and his friends to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife! When the opera was finished, the prince and his supporters were applauded, but not enthusiastically, and scarcely had his royal highness left the box, when the people called for the princess, and gave her a very warm applause. She then went forward and made three curtsies, and hastily withdrew."* The semi-ovation in the house was followed by a demonstration something more noisy in the streets. The princess's charioteer was unable to drive through the crowd of vehicles in Charles Street. The carriage was therefore "backed," and driven round by Carlton House. In front of this royal residence, the mob surrounded her royal highness, saluting her with loud and reiterated shouts. The ladies who were accompanying her, were more alarmed at the popular demonstration than *she* was. The

* Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV.

people opened the carriage door, insisted on shaking hands with her, and asked if they should burn Carlton House. "No, my good people," was her reply, "be quite quiet, let me pass, and go home to your beds." They then allowed the carriage to pass on its way, as she desired, but they continued following it, as long as they had strength, swiftness, and breath enough, shouting the while, the favorite popular cry, "The Princess of Wales for ever!" She was pleased, says the original narrator of this scene, at this demonstration of feeling in her favor, and she never showed with so much dignity, or looked so well, we are told, as she did under this excitement. She was depressed in spirits, however, the next day, for the same people crowded the parks, and flung those strong salutes which so offended the delicate Casca, at the company of foreign sovereigns and princes who were riding in the ring, and who refused to pay her the scant courtesy of a visit, in the house from which she could hear the loud huzzas that greeted them as they passed by it.

She lived on, feverishly, and in continually disappointed hope that the Emperor of Russia would yet offer her the poor homage of a morning call. In this hope she was encouraged by some of her ladies-in-waiting, who told her that they had heard, from good authority, it was the imperial intention to pay a formal visit to Kensington, on a day named. With no better official authority than this to trust to, she sat up, dressed ready for the reception of the potentate, whose presence, she hoped, would lend her some of the prestige of respectability which she fancied herself losing by his prolonged absence. And still he came not. On the other hand, she met with disappointment even more bitter. Her city friends did not even render her the courtesy of forwarding an invitation to the grand banquet at which they were about to regale the sovereigns and the retinue of princes in their train. Not that they entirely forgot her, but then their remembrance of her was rather insulting than flattering. Alderman Wood, for instance, was absurd enough to offer her a window in Cheapside, from which she might view the procession of monarchs and minor potentates on their way to dine with the city king! This vexed her sorely, as so emphatically "rude" a proceeding was likely to

do. The princess would have less felt her exclusion from an entertainment in the city, where her friends abounded, had it been a festival from which ladies were altogether excluded. Her "sensibility" was wounded at hearing that the Duchess of Oldenburg, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, was to be present, with four other ladies. "This was galling," says Lady Charlotte Campbell, in her "Diary," and the princess felt her own particular exclusion from this fête given by the city very hard to bear, as she had considered the city folks her friends. They, however, were not to blame, as these royal ladies were self-invited, or invited by the regent, and the princess's friends had not time to call a council and discuss the matter. Immediately after this bitter pill came another from Mr. Whitbread, recommending her, *upon no account*, to go to Drury Lane, on Thursday evening, after having, a few days before, desired her to go. "You see," said the princess to one of her ladies; "you see, my dear, how I am plagued," and, although she mastered her resentment, the tears came into her eyes. "It is not," she said, "the loss of the amusement which I regret, but being treated like a child and made the puppet of a party. What does it signify whether I come in before or after the regent, or whether I am applauded in his hearing or not; that is all for the gratification of *the party*, not for *my* gratification; 'tis of no consequence to the princess, but to Mr. Whitbread; and that's the way things go, and always will till I can leave this vile country."

Wonderfully elastic, however, were the spirits of the princess, and at dinner, on the day when her disappointment drew tears from her eyes, she entertained a large party, with some grace and more gaiety. The question of her being present at the theatre on the following Thursday was discussed, and a baronet present, whom the authoress of the "Diary" partially veils under the initials of Sir J—B—, insisted that, unless Mr. Whitbread gave some very strong reasons to the contrary, the princess would do right in going. "But, I fancy," said Sir John, "he has some good reasons, and then she must yield. Gad!" he added to a neighbor at table, "if I were she, and Whitbread didn't please me, I would send for Castlereagh, and every one of them, till I found one that

did. To tell you the truth, I am sorry the princess ever threw herself into the hands of Whitbread—it is not the staff on which the royalties should lean.”—“Ah!” replied the baronet’s neighbor, “but at the moment he stepped forth her champion and deliverer, who was there that would have done as much?”

The sequel is too characteristic and singular to be passed over. The princess was sometimes more vigorous than refined in her expressions, and this, less from coarseness than ignorance of the value and sound of English terms. Thus, when a letter arrived from Mr. Whitbread, during this very dinner, intimating to her that there was a box reserved for her, if she strongly desired to be present at the theatre when the foreign potentates were to appear there; but, at the same time, strongly urging her to refrain from being present; she exclaimed, after dispatching a lady to request Mr. Whitbread to come to her immediately:—“If he gives me good reasons I will submit; but if he does not, *d—n me, den I go!*” “Those were her words, at which I could not help smiling,” says the authoress of the “Diary,” “but she was in no mind to smile, so I concealed the impulse I felt to laugh.”

When Mr. Whitbread waited on the princess, she received him rather coolly, and listened silently to his enumeration of the persons whose opinion it was that she should not appear at Drury Lane. He said Mr. Tierney, Mr. Brougham, and Lord Sefton were of opinion that, however much the princess might be applauded, the public would say it was at the instigation of Mr. Whitbread, and was not the spontaneous feeling of the people; that the more she was applauded, the more they would say so, and that if, on the contrary, a strong party of the prince regent’s friends and paid hirelings were there, and that one voice of disapprobation were heard, it might do her considerable harm. “Besides,” continued Mr. Whitbread, “as the great question about an establishment for your royal highness comes on to-morrow, I think it is of the utmost importance that no one should be able to cast any invidious observation about your forcing yourself on the public, or seeming to defy your royal highness’s husband.” In fine, the princess was overruled.

In the midst of her disappointments she was enlivened by

renewed hopes of a visit from the Emperor of Russia, whose expressed intention to that effect was said to have given considerable uneasiness to the regent. Meanwhile, the princess found solace in various ways—and not always in the most commendable, if we are to put implicit truth in the following account of a freak, which seems more a like a “freedom” of the ladies at the court of Charles the Second, than a frolic of more modern and less lively times. Such a story is best told in the words of a witness, and, if we may so speak, a confederate.

“To amuse herself is as necessary to her royal highness as meat and drink; and she made Mr. Craven, and Sir W. Gell, and myself, promise to go with her to the masquerade. She is to go out at her back door, on the Uxbridge (Bayswater) road, of which ‘no person *under Heaven*’ (her curious phraseology) has a key but her royal self, and we are to be in readiness to escort her royal highness in a hackney-coach to the Albany, where we are to dress. What a mad scheme at such a moment, and without any strong motive either, to run the risk! I looked grave when she proposed this amusement; but I knew I had only to obey. I thought of it all night with fear and trembling.” In the supplementary matter to the “Diary,” we have the following detail as the curious story respecting this masquerade:—“The princess,” says the editor, apparently, “it was related to me by undoubted authority, would go to the masquerade, and, with a kind of girlish folly, she enjoyed the idea of making a grand mystery about it, which was quite unnecessary. The Duchess of York frequently went to similar amusements *incognito*, attended only by a friend or two; and nobody found fault with her royal highness. The princess might have done the same; but no!—the fun, in her estimation, consisted in doing the thing in the most ridiculous way possible. So she made two of the ladies privy to her schemes; and the programme of the revel was that her royal highness should go down her back staircase with one of her ladies, while the cavaliers waited at a private door which led into the street, and then the *partie quarrée* was to proceed on foot to the Albany, where more ladies met her royal highness, and where the change of dress was to be made. All of this actually took place; and Lady——told

me she never was so frightened in her life as when she found herself at the bottom of Oxford Street, at twelve at night, on her cavalier's arm, and seeing her royal highness rolling on before her. It was a sensation, she told me, betwixt laughing and crying, that she should never forget. The idea that the princess might be recognized, and of course mobbed, and then the subsequent consequences, which would have been so fatal to her royal highness, were all so distressing that the party of pleasure was one of real pain to her. This mad prank, Lady —— told me, passed off without discovery, and certainly without any impropriety whatever, except that which existed in the folly of the thing itself. It was similar imprudences to this which were so fatal to the princess's reputation." And no wonder, if indeed these stories, as alleged, were true in their details, or are founded on truth.

It was assuredly a time when the mob was accustomed to speak pretty plainly. What a contrast is this pedestrian ramble by night, to dress for Mrs. Chichester's masquerade, to the state procession of the regent into the city, where he twice dined,—once at an entertainment given by the merchants, and once at a banquet given by the lord mayor and corporation. On the latter occasion especially, his passage, from Temple Bar nearly to the dinner-table itself, was assailed by most uncomplimentary vociferations on the part of the populace. Their most general cry was, "Where's your wife?"—and that portion of the mob which apparently consisted of women was loudest in its unsavory exclamations against the viceroy of the kingdom. He dined with what appetite he might, and he made the lord mayor (Domville), according to ancient custom, when kings sat at the board of the first magistrate, a baronet; but he registered a vow, which he never broke, that never again would he condescend to be a guest among citizens to whose table he could not pass without running the gauntlet through the scourge of vile tongues that attacked him on way. His mother, Queen Charlotte, it may be remembered, did subsequently honor a lord mayor with her presence; but at her, too, the loud popular tongue wagged so insolently that the royal lady, although she courageously concealed her alarm, became indisposed on her return home, where she was first seized with those

cruel spasmodic attacks which ultimately overcame her strength and surrendered her to death.

But the way in which the populace resented, on the head of the prince, his conduct to his wife, was but small consolation to the latter for the disappointment and insults which she experienced at the hands of her persecutors. She may be said to have been literally ejected from court. She was not allowed to present her own daughter, although that daughter had declared she would be presented by her mother, or by nobody. It was not enough either that the foreign sovereigns and great captains, for or with whom her father had fought and shed his blood—it was not enough that these should be induced to turn away from the house where dwelt a lady who, through her father, at all events, had some claims upon such small courtesy—but the determination that she should not meet them at court was more insulting still. The queen thought she had skilfully provided against every possible emergency, when the *two* drawing-rooms were announced as about to be held in 1814. It was doubtless intended, at first, not to exclude the princess from both, but simply to prevent her from being present at the one to be graced by the regent and his imperial and royal guests. But the regent himself was determined that his consort should not be permitted to appear at either. He addressed a letter to his mother, in which he modestly intimates that her court would be no court without him; that he should attend both drawing-rooms, to lend them greater lustre (almost as much as expressed in words); and that as he had resolved never to encounter his wife, it was of course necessary that she should stay away. The queen accepted the conclusion as most logically arrived at; and to the dignified letters addressed to her by the princess—letters which would have been as touching as they were dignified, had they been of her own inditing, and not the vicarious sentiments of her friends—the queen addressed now taunting, now contemptuous replies. The spirit of them was, in a bitter insinuation, that though the commission which had examined into her conduct had pronounced her free from guilt, her husband would account of her as still guilty, and the court would hold her as one convicted. In this correspondence, "Caroline P." shines with

more lustre than "Charlotte R." The latter appears so to have hated the former as to be glad of the opportunity to hail her infamous,—or at least to insinuate that she was so.

But "Caroline" turned from exchanging sharp notes with "Charlotte" to addressing her husband. He might, she said, possibly refuse to read the letter, but the world must know that she had written it. In this communication she states she would have exercised her right of appearing at the drawing-room had she not been "restrained by motives of personal consideration towards her majesty." She protests against the insult, appeals to her acquittal, to her restoration, thereupon, by the king to the full enjoyment of her rank in his court, and she adds: "Since his majesty's lamented illness, I have demanded, in the face of parliament and the country, to be proved guilty, or to be treated as innocent. I will not submit to be treated as guilty." There is something, too, of the taunting style which the queen could manage with so much effect, in the succeeding passage. The prince had vowed that never again would he meet her either in public or in private. "Can your royal highness," she asks, "have contemplated the full extent of your declaration? Occasions may arrive (one, I trust, is far distant) when I must appear in public, and your royal highness must be present also. Has your royal highness forgotten the approaching marriage of our daughter, and the possibility of our coronation. The illustrious heir of the House of Orange had announced himself to her, she said, as her future son-in-law; and then she adds, coupling the presence of the Orange Prince with that of the illustrious strangers in the metropolis: "*This* season your royal highness has chosen for treating me with fresh and unprovoked indignity; and of all his majesty's subjects I alone am prevented, by your royal highness, from appearing in my place to partake of the general joy, and am deprived of the indulgence in those feelings of pride and affection permitted to every mother but me." It was possible, as the writer remarked, that this letter was never read to the exalted individual to whom it was addressed. It is certain that the letter was not thought worthy of notice. But the presumed writer was determined that, escaping the courteous notice of her husband,

it should not escape the more general notice of the world. She accordingly sent copies of her correspondence with the queen and one of the correspondence of the latter with the prince, to the House of Commons, with an expression of her fears that there were "ultimate objects in view pregnant with danger to the security of the succession and the domestic peace of the realm."

This communication raised a discussion, and Mr. Methuen proposed an address to the prince, requesting him to acquaint the house by whose advice he had determined never to meet the princess. The proposition, however, was withdrawn. Mr. Bathurst, the only government advocate, stated that no imputation was intended against the character of the princess. "The charges of guilt," he admitted, "had been irresistibly refuted at a former period." The so-called exclusion from court, he said, simply resolved itself into the non-invitation of the princess to a court festival—nothing more. But, as Mr. Whitbread subsequently remarked, "such non-invitation was an infliction worse than loss of life: it is loss of reputation, blasting to her character, fatal to her fame." The government thought to pacify the princess by holding out to her the prospect of an increase of income; but her friends in parliament asserted that she would scorn to barter her rights for an increased income, or to allow her silence to be purchased in exchange for an adequate provision.

CHAPTER VI.

A DOUBLE FLIGHT.

AMONG the refugees of exalted rank whom revolution and the fortunes of war had driven to seek an asylum in England, the members of the family of the Stadtholder of Holland were the most conspicuous. The eldest son of this noble family became almost an Englishman by education and habit, and Oxford yet reckons him, with pride, among the most honored of her *alumni*.

As revolution and the fortunes of war had brought the family
VOL. II.—13

hither, so a happy turn in the same took them home, and restored them to a country which had now become for them a kingdom. At the peace of 1814, the Prince of Orange once more came to England, not as a refugee, but a visitor and suitor. The heir to a Dutch throne came to sue for the hand of the heiress to the crown of Great Britain, and his suit was powerfully backed by the sanction of the heiress's father. Her mother gave no such sanction, nor was she, indeed, asked for any. Most important of all, the young lady thus wooed did not at all sanction the proceeding. Of all the episodes of the season, there was none more stirring than this.

It was said that the regent himself had procured the previous admission into Warwick House, under the feigned name of the Chevalier de St. George, but that the princess would not receive him. In this refusal she was supposed to be supported by her mother, and to act under the advice of the Duchess of Oldenburgh, who already had in view a humbler, and, as it turned out, a luckier aspirant, for the hand of the heiress. Meanwhile, all England agreed to approve of the match, and chose to look upon the union as a thing settled. The ballad-singers made the streets re-echo with singing "Orange Boven," and Irish wits smilingly accused her royal highness of holding an Orange Lodge.

The regent had this match at heart, and longed to see it concluded. The princess allowed herself to be handed to her carriage by the princely wooer from the dykes, and granted him more than one interview. It soon became evident that they were not agreed. The princess pleaded her youth, her love of country, and her desire to be more intimately acquainted with the latter and with its laws, history, and constitution, before she should surrender herself to the cares and duties of the married state. The Prince of Orange insisted, as far as lover dared, that his wife must necessarily reside with him in Holland. The prospect made the princess shudder; but it remarkably suited the wishes of her sire, whose most ardent desire was, to place as wide a distance as possible between the daughter and her mother. The Prince of Orange had made no secret of his desire, that, in the event of his marriage with the princess, her mother should take up no

permanent residence in Holland. This desire—not over mildly expressed—had, perhaps, the most to do with rendering the union impossible. The princess, indeed, was not inclined towards the prince, and would not willingly have left the country of her birth; but to her warm friends, at least, she declared, that, in the present critical situation of the Princess of Wales, she would not abandon her mother. The latter was touched; but it was just the moment when she was most strongly possessed by a desire to go abroad, and she thought that this desire might be more speedily realized if her daughter were married than if she remained single. She was, on the whole, rather disappointed than otherwise—except that the breaking off of the match was an annoyance to the regent, and *that* was some consolation, at all events.

Meanwhile, the dinners at Connaught House and the little parties at Blackheath continued as usual. If a great deal of frivolity were present at them, it cannot be said that grave wisdom was always lacking; for, by the side of a public singer, would sometimes be seated no less a person than Doctor Parr. Of personal intercourse between the mother and daughter, there was now scarcely any, but their correspondence was still kept up; and it was not the less sincere on the poor mother's side, from the circumstance of her occasionally forgetting orthography in the ardor of her affection.

The regent, soured by his defeat with respect to the union of his daughter and the Prince of Orange, was more than commonly irritated by the knowledge that his wife and child were engaged in a frequent epistolary correspondence, and that he had, hitherto, been unable to prevent it. He was satisfied that such correspondence could not be maintained without the connivance of the ladies of his daughter's household, and he determined to meet the evil by dissolving the establishment.

Before this resolution had been arrived at, the princess was subjected to much petty persecution, rendered the more annoying by being continual, and which made up in enduring length what it wanted in intensity. It was said, at the time, that even the letters in her writing-desk found their way into her father's hands; and there was so much done at this time that was degrading to the

doers, that the report is recommended at least by its probability. At all events, "wearied out by a series of acts all proceeding from the spirit of petty tyranny, and each more vexatious than another, though none of them very important in itself," the princess was driven to a very extreme measure by the uncalled-for and undignified severity of her irritated sire.

On the 16th of July, 1814, the prince regent, who had previously secured Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Forest, as a residence for his daughter, and had even, equally unknown to her, but in concert with Queen Charlotte, nominated the new ladies of the princess's household, repaired to Warwick House, accompanied by the ladies so named. The party had only to traverse the gardens of Carlton House to arrive at their destination. The ladies were the Countess Dowager of Rosslyn and the Countess of Ilchester, the two Miss Coates, and Miss Campbell, formerly sub-governess to the princess. They were placed in an apartment adjacent to that into which the regent entered as soon as he knew that it was occupied by the princess.

Without ceremony, he announced to the astonished lady that her establishment in that house was from that moment dismissed; that she must instantly repair to the seclusion of Cranbourne Lodge; and that the newly-appointed ladies of her household were in the next apartment, ready to wait upon and accompany her.

The princess was astonished, but she was wonderfully self-possessed, and her presence of mind, helped by her love for a little romantic adventure, admirably served her on this occasion. She requested a few minutes' respite, that she might retire,—take leave of her now dismissed ladies, and superintend some preparations for departure. The prince acquiesced, and leaving the new ladies in charge of the princess, returned to Carlton House to dress for a dinner *en ville*.

He was hardly gone when the princess was gone too. Silently and swiftly descending the stairs, she issued from the doors, and in half a minute stood alone upon the pavement of Cockspur Street. Lord Brougham says, "it was a fine evening in July, about the hour of seven, when"—he adds with a sort of contempt for people of the lower order, and indeed with much inaccuracy to

boot—"when the streets were deserted by *all persons of condition*." From the old stand at the bottom of the Haymarket she called a coach, whose lucky driver (Higgins) obeyed the summons, and having handed the heiress of England into the damp straw of his dirty and rickety vehicle, listened to her order to drive towards Oxford Street; in short, to the Princess of Wales' in Connaught Place,—to be quick, and he should not have to regret it. The guileless Higgins concluded that he was taking a lady's lady out to tea, and that the maid of one establishment was going to make an evening of it with the maids of another. Unconscious that he was contributing in his own person to the history of England on that eventful summer's evening, Higgins in due course of time reached Connaught Place, and when he heard to the inquiry of his "fare" whether her mother was at home, that the page answered, "No, your royal highness, the Princess of Wales is at Blackheath," he became proudly sagacious of *l'urgence* to come, and was convinced that he had been a right royal coachman that night, by token that he received three guineas for his honorarium.

A messenger was dispatched to Blackheath with a request to the princess to return immediately to her. She was met by the bearer of the message on her way, and with ready good sense drove to either house of Parliament, in search first of Mr. Whitbread, then of Lord Grey, but without success in either case. Meanwhile, another messenger had been dispatched for Mr. Brougham, the law-adviser of the Princess of Wales, and a third for Miss Mereer Elphinstone, the young bosom-friend of the Princess Charlotte. Mr. Brougham arrived first, and soon after Miss Elphinstone had reached the house, the Princess of Wales also arrived, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsey. "It was found," said Mr. Brougham, "that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed for her residence, and thenceforward to live with her mother." But Mr. Brougham is understood to have placed himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that by the law, as all the twelve judges but one had laid it down in George the First's reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the "king or the regent had the absolute power to dispose of the per-

sons of all the royal family, while under age." Another account states that the princess met this announcement by the declaration, made amid many tears and much sobbing, that she would rather toil for her daily bread at five shillings a week than continue to endure the persecution to which she had of late been subjected. The Princess of Wales was very much affected by this demonstration of her daughter's affection and confidence, but she united with Mr. Brougham in urging her to submit to her father's will. The Princess Charlotte continued to show fixed reluctance to adopt such a course, and was expressing her determination not to follow it, when the Archbishop of Canterbury arrived, but the page refused to give him admission, and he remained at the door seated in a hackney-coach. The first great official from the regent's side, who was admitted into the house, was Lord Eldon. He had been dispatched from the Duke of York's, where the regent was dining, when the intelligence of his daughter's flight had been conveyed to him by the ladies to whose care he had committed her. "The Lord Chancellor Eldon," says Lord Brougham, "first arrived, but not in any particular imposing state, regard being had to his eminent station, for indeed he came in a hackney-coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself had for the day brought this simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that dispatch was deemed more essential than ceremony and pomp,—certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that some remained enclosed in them, without entering the royal mansion." Lord Eldon appears to have treated the princess with some roughness, adding threats to the entreaties of others, and menacing her with being closely shut up, if she did not obey. In his own account of this evening and its incidents, he says, that the princess, in answer to his observations, only "kicked and bounced," and protested that she positively would not go back. The chancellor declared, as positively, that he would not leave the house without her. "At length," Lord Brougham concludes his narrative, "after much pains and many entreaties used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Mercer Elphinstone and Lady Charlotte Lindsey (whom she al-

ways honored with a just regard), to enforce the advice given by Mr. Brougham, that she should return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the regent, the young princess, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for and arrived in a royal carriage, returned to Warwick-house between four and five o'clock in the morning."

Soon after this occurrence the princess was removed to Cranbourne Lodge, where she bore the secluded life she was constrained to lead, with more of a calm than a cheerful resignation. She was not, however, there forgotten by her friends. The Duke of Sussex rose in his place in parliament to inquire if his royal niece was or was not in a sort of "durance," and whether she were permitted to see her friends. Ministers replied to these queries in that official way which answers without enlightening, and further measures were spoken of; but the Duke of Sussex was seized with an attack of asthma, which popular report attributed to a sharp communication made to him by the regent, and therewith no further mention was made of the royal recluse in Windsor Forest.

But there was another recluse anxious to emancipate herself and fly from the restrictions and conventionalities of English living to the greater liberty allowed on the continent. There were very few persons who thought the princess well-advised in this desire, except Mr. Canning. Into his hands the wife of the regent committed a letter which Lord Liverpool was requested to submit to the prince. It contained a brief description of her unmerited condition, expressed a wish of being allowed to withdraw to the continent, chiefly for the purpose of visiting her brother, and finally made offer of resigning the Rangership of Greenwich Park in favor of her daughter, and also to make over to her the residence (Montague House) which her mother had occupied at Blackheath. The principal reason assigned for her wishing to withdraw was that she had nothing now to bind her to England but her daughter, and from *her* society she was now entirely and most unjustly excluded.

Through Lord Liverpool, the regent returned for answer that she was entirely free to go or stay; that no restraint whatever

would be put upon her in that respect; that, as regarded the rangership, on her resignation of that office, the regent would see to its being filled up by a properly-qualified person, and that, with respect to Montague House, the daughter of the Prince Regent could never be permitted by him to reside in a house which had ever been the dwelling-place of the Princess of Wales!

This reply—the princess's comment on which was "end well, all well"—reached her at Worthing, whither, after a brief interview with her daughter, she had already repaired. She remained in the neighborhood but a few days after she received the desired missive, and the *Jason* frigate, commanded by Captain King, lay in the offing, waiting her pleasure and convenience to embark. She lingered during those few days as if reluctant, after all, to leave the land where she had not known an hour's happiness since she had first set her foot upon its shore. She would linger on the beach at night, regardless of the admonitions of her attendants, sitting dreamily and despondingly, gazing over the waters or at the moon by which they were illumined, and once breaking from her reverie with the ejaculation—"Well, grief is unavailing, when fate impels me."

On the 9th of August she, for the last time, appeared on Worthing Beach, with Lady Charlotte Lindsey and Lady Elizabeth Forbes. It was her intention to embark from thence, but fearful of the crowd that was then collecting, she quietly withdrew to South Lancing, about two miles off, whither the captain's barge proceeded to meet her. She was followed, however, by nearly all the persons in carriages, mounted, or on foot, whose curiosity, it may be added, was especially aroused by the appearance of a large tin-case among the luggage, on which was painted in white letters, "Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to be always with her." It seemed as if she for ever wished to have some mystery attached to her, or mystification to others. Her domestics had gone on board at Worthing. On South Lancing beach she appeared dressed in "a dark cloth pelisse with large gold clasps, and a cap of velvet and green satin, of the Prussian hussar costume, with a green feather." She was, with her ladies, driven down to the beach, in a pony chaise, by her own coachman.

On taking her seat in the barge, she turned round and kissed her hand to the assembled people, by way of farewell. To the mute greeting the people returned as mute reply. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men uncovered. She probably construed this silent *adieu* as intended to denote respect and regret, and she was so overcome that she fainted on her way to the ship. On the deck, she was received by Captain King, to whom one of the regent's brothers had previously remarked: "You are going to convey the Princess of Wales to the Continent. You are a great fool if you don't make love to her."

Greatly as her spirits were depressed at starting, their natural elasticity soon brought her round again to her ordinary condition of cheerfulness. On the 12th of August, the regent's birth-day, as the ship was passing the Texel, a royal salute was fired, by her order, it is said, in honor of the day. The salute would, probably, have been fired without any such command. What were, without doubt, her own spontaneous acts, were the birth-day banquet at which she presided; the health of her husband, which she gave with a spirit that might have been taken for sincerity; and the ball at which she danced as joyously as though she had been a youthful bride, being borne to the bridegroom she loved, and not a mature and child-deprived matron cast out by her husband, between whom and herself there reigned as bitter hatred as ever raged in the bosom of any pair of mortal beings. The hatred on his part is illustrated by an anecdote, which was in circulation at this unhappy period. According to this story, "On the evening previous to the Princess of Wales's departure from England, the regent had a party and made merry on the joyful occasion. It is even said that he proposed a toast:—'To the Princess of Wales' d——n, and may she never return to England.' It seems scarcely possible that any one should have allowed his tongue to utter such a horrible imprecation. But it may be believed the regent did, so great was his aversion to his wife. Besides, he was not, probably, very well aware what he was saying at that moment."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ERRANT ARIADNE.

THE early period of the travels of the princess on the continent calls for nothing more than simple record. She left the *Jason* under all the customary honors; and when she entered Hamburg on the 16th she dropped her English to assume a German title, that of Countess of Wölfenbüttel. Her suite consisted of the two ladies we have already named, Mr. St. Leger, and Sir William Gell. Mr. Keppel Craven subsequently joined her at Brunswick. Dr. Holland accompanied her as physician, and Captain Hesse as equerry. Thus attended she appeared at the theatre at Hamburg, where she was received with a storm of applause, and entered Brunswick, where she was welcomed by her brother the duke, and with a loud-tongued cordiality by the inhabitants.

The reception touched her, but not deeply enough to induce her to profit by it. Within a fortnight she brushed the tears from her eyes, left Brunswick behind her, and was on the highroad of Europe, as arrant, as self-willed, and as obstinate a princess as ever destroyed a reputation, and rushed blindfold upon ruin.

She now travelled under the appellation of Countess of Cornwall, and had one English gentleman less in her train, Mr. St. Leger having withdrawn from the honor of waiting on her, at Brunswick. The time had not yet arrived when the *mot d'ordre* had been given to treat her with disrespect. The governors of German cities were courteous to her as she passed, and the Marshal Duke de Valmy, with all the authorities of Strasburg, offered her the expression of their homage when she traversed that portion of France. After spending the greater portion of September in a tour through Switzerland, she finally sojourned for a while at Geneva, where she met with the ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, and became for a time on intimate terms with an imperial lady, who, like herself, was separated from her husband. Like

her, she was stripped of her old dignity; and like her she was accompanied by a young boy. But those boys were not more different in rank than the two women were in their position, similar as this was in many respects. The boys were Napoleon Francis, ex-King of Rome, and William Austin, son of the Blackheath laborer.

The mother of the former, however, like the adoptive mother of the latter, had ever manifested an alacrity in sinking; and at the overthrow of the heroic Corsican, her husband, acknowledged with a curtesy the proceeding which robbed her of an imperial crown, and conferred in its place the ducal coronet of three cheese-making duchies in Italy. Again, no sooner had the breath of life blown from the lips of the father of her child than, in character of wife, she hurriedly entered the humble household of an undistinguished German soldier—a Teutonic man-at-arms, who, like Mark Antony, accepted with modest thankfulness “the cold piece left on dead Cæsar’s trencher.”

These two women, illustrious by rank rather than character, lived much in each other’s society. They dined together, sang together, together listened to the discussions of the philosophers whom they assembled around them; and when together they attended a fancy-dress ball, one at least astonished the other,—the princess surprising the ex-empress by appearing in what was called the costume of Venus, and waltzing with a lack of grace that might have won laughter from the goddess of whom the waltzer was the over-fat representative.

Maria Louisa was not the only unhusbanded wife whom the wandering princess encountered in Switzerland. The divorced wife of the Grand Duke Constantine was of this illustrious society. This lady was the Juliana of Saxe-Coburg, who, on marrying the Russian prince, took for her new appellation the name of Anna Feodorowna, and who was so rejoiced to lay that name down again after she had escaped from the brutalities of her husband. The Countess of Cornwall looked upon her with more than ordinary interest, for she was the sister of that Prince Leopold who ultimately married the Princess Charlotte, and whose aspiring hopes were known to and sanctioned by the wandering “countess” her-

self. The presence in one spot of three princesses, all separated from their then living husbands, had something as singular in it as the meeting of Voltaire's unseparated kings at the *table d'hôte* at Venice. The ex-empress was separated from her husband because she did not care to share his fallen fortunes; the Grand Duchess was living alone, because the Grand Duke did not care for his wife; and the other lady and her husband had the ocean between them, because they heartily hated each other. Three sufficient reasons to unite the triad of wanderers within the territories of the Swiss republic.

In October the Countess of Cornwall, or Princess of Wales, as it will be more convenient to call her, had passed into the Imperial city of Milan. Her passage had something of a triumphant aspect; she reviewed the troops drawn up in honor of her visit—smiled at the shouts of welcome, mingled with cries for the liberty of Italy, which greeted her—and endured the noisy homage uttered by a dozen *bouches à feu*. She had now but one English lady in her suite, Lady Charlotte Lindsey having resigned her office when in Germany.

It was at Milan that her suite first began to assume a foreign aspect. The princess was about to enter on a wide course of travel, and, it was said, that she needed the services of those who had had experience in that way. The first, and most celebrated, official engaged to help her with his service, was a Bartholomew Bergami, a handsome man of an impoverished family, who had served in the army as private courier to General Count Pino (bearer of his despatches, it is to be presumed), had received the decoration of some "order;" and—whether by right of an acre or two of land belonging to his family, or because of his merits—bore the high-sounding name, but not very exalted dignity of "Il Signor Barone." He had three sisters, all of whom were respectably married; the eldest and best known was a Countess Oldi, a true Italian lady, who loved and hated with equal intensity.

At Milan, as at Geneva, the princess, undoubtedly, failed to leave a favorable impression of her character. At the latter place, the sight of herself, and the great Sismondi, both stout, and the former attired as the Queen of Love, waltzing together, was a

spectacle quite sufficient to make the beholders what, it is said, the princess herself would have called, "all over shock." Then she insisted on undue homage from her attendants, and made such confusion in the geographical programme of her travels, "that it was enough," as she herself used to say on other occasions, "to die for laugh."

On the progress of the princess through Italy, her English attendants fell off, one by one, till she was finally left without a single member of her suite with whom she had originally set out. They probably ventured to give her some good advice, for she complained of their tyranny. They certainly counselled her to return and live quietly in England; but this counsel was always under consideration, yet never followed by the result desired. She was rendered peevish, too, by receiving no letters from her daughter, of whom she had taken but brief and hurried leave previous to her departure from England.

Meanwhile, she traversed Italy from Milan to Naples, and was everywhere received with the greatest possible distinction. In the little states, the minor potentates did their poor, but hearty, best to exhibit their sympathy. The crownless sovereigns, like those of Spain and Etruria, consoled with her. At Rome, the very head of the faithful stooped to imprint a kiss, or whisper a word of welcome to the wandering lady. After a week of lionizing at Rome, she proceeded to Naples, where Murat received her with the splendor and ostentation which marked all his acts. He had a guest who was quite as demonstrative as her host. Court and visitor seemed to vie with each other in extravagance of display. Fêtes and festivals succeeded each other with confusing rapidity, and never had Parthenope seen a lady so given to gaiety, or so closely surrounded by spies, so narrowly watched, and so abundantly reported, as this indiscreet princess. It was at Naples that she appeared at a masked ball, attired as the Genius of History, and accompanied, it is said, by Bergami. She changed her dress as often as Mr. Ducrow in one of his "daring acts;" and, finally, she enacted a sort of *pose plastique*, and crowned the bust of Joachim Murat with laurel.

It seemed as if she wished to bury memory of the past, and to

destroy the hopes of the future, in the dissipation of the present. To say least of her conduct, her imprudence and indiscretion were great and gross enough to have destroyed and reputation; and yet she herself described her course of life as *sedentary*, when she often retired to bed "dead beat" with fatigue from sight-seeing by day and vigorous dancing by night. It was here that she made the longest sojourn, and enjoyed herself, as she understood enjoyment, the most. The purchase of the villa on the Lake of Como was also now effected; and Bergami was soon after raised to the dignity of chamberlain, and to the privilege of a seat at her own table. She claimed a right to bestow honors, and to distinguish those on whom she bestowed them; but her want of judgment in both regards amounted to almost a want of intellect, or a want of respect for herself, or for the opinions of those whose good opinion was worth having.

At one of her festivals at Como, she indulged in some freedoms with a guest whom she strongly suspected of being a spy upon her. Her conversation was of a light and thoughtless nature, well calculated to give him abundance of matter to be conveyed to the ears of his employers. A friend present suggested to her that caution, on her part, was not unnecessary, as within a fortnight, everything she said or did was known at Carlton House. "I know it," was her reply, "and therefore do I speak and act as you hear and see. The wasp leaves his sting in the wound, and so do I. The regent will hear it? I hope he will, I love to mortify him." And to satisfy this peevish love, she courted infamy, for even if she did not practise it, her self-imposed conduct made it appear as if she and infamy were exceedingly familiar.

Still errant, she wandered from Como to Palermo, visiting the court there, and receiving a welcome which could not have been the less hearty had she been really of as indifferent character as she seemed to be. At this court, she presented Bergami, on his appointment of chamberlain, and shortly after she proceeded to Genoa, where she intended to sojourn for a considerable time. She was conveyed thither in the *Clorinde* frigate, the captain of which spoke to those around him in no

measured terms of her conduct and course of life, particularly at Naples. She was well-lodged at Genoa. The scene, and she who figured on it so strangely, are thus described by the writer of a letter in the "Diary":—"The Princess of Wales's palace composed of red and white marble. Two large gardens, in the dressed formal style, extend some way on either side of the wings of the building, and conduct to the principal entrance by a rising terrace of grass, ill-kept, indeed, but which in careful hands would be beautiful. The hall and staircase are of fine dimensions, although there is no beauty in the architecture, which is plain even to heaviness; but a look of lavish magnificence dazzles the eyes. The large apartments, decorated with gilding, painted ceilings, and fine, though somewhat faded, furniture, have a very royal appearance. The doors and windows open to a beautiful view of the bay, and the balmy air they admit, combines with the scene around, to captivate the senses. I should think this palace, the climate, and the customs, must suit the princess, if anything can suit her. Poor woman! she is ill at peace with herself; and when that is the case, what can please?" . . . Referring more directly to the princess, the writer says:—"The princess received me in one of the drawing-rooms, opening on the hanging terraces, covered with flowers in full bloom. Her royal highness received Lady Charlotte Campbell (who came in soon after me) with open arms, and evident pleasure, and without any flurry. She had no rouge on, wore tidy shoes, was grown rather thinner, and looked altogether uncommonly well. The first person who opened the door to me, was the one whom it was impossible to mistake, hearing what is reported,—six feet high, a magnificent head of black hair, pale complexion, mustachios which reach from *here to London*. Such is *the stork*. But, of course, I only appeared to take him for an under servant. The princess immediately took me aside, and told me all that was true, and a great deal that was not. . . . Her royal highness said that Gell and Craven had behaved very ill to her; and I am tempted to believe that they did not behave well, but then how did she behave towards them? . . . It made me tremble to think what anger would induce a woman to do, when she abused three of her best friends, for their cavalier man-

ner of treating her. . . . 'Well, when I left Naples, you see, my dear,' continued the princess, 'those gentlemen refused to go with me, unless I returned immediately to England. They supposed I should be so miserable without them, that I would do anything they desired me, and when they found I was too glad to *get rid of 'em*, (as she called it), they wrote the most humble letters, and thought I would take them back again, whereas they were very much mistaken. I had *got rid of them*, and I would remain so."

The princess appears to have corresponded with Murat. The soldier-king is said to have addressed to her a very flattering note, beginning, "Madame, ma chere, chere sœur," as if she had already been a queen, and that he were treating with her on a footing of equality. Her reply is described as clever, but flippant, beneath her dignity; and so wild and strange, as to be entitled to be considered one of the most extraordinary specimens of royal letter writing that had ever been seen.

There was yet no inconsiderable number of English guests who gathered round the table of the princess, and some of the former ladies of her suite here rejoined her. Among the guests is noticed a "Lord B——," who had been a great favorite with the Prince of Wales, and was equally esteemed by the princess. He had been a witness of the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert with the prince, and was now the most welcome visitor of the princess. The illustrious pair, it has been often observed, had "a strange sympathy in their loves and habits." Alluding to the style of the princess's conversation with her guests, the "Diary" affords us another illustration. "Sometimes Monsieur—— opened his eyes wide at the princess's declarations, and her royal highness enjoys making people stare, so she gave free vent to her tongue, and said a number of odd things, some of which she thinks, and some she does not; but it amuses her to astonish an innocent-minded being, and really such did this old man appear to be. He won her heart, upon the whole, however, by paying a compliment to her fine arm, and asking for her glove. Obtaining it, he placed it next his heart; and, declaring it should be found in his tomb, he swore he was of the old school in all things." The little vanity of being

proud of a fine arm was one as strong in Queen Charlotte as in her daughter-in-law. The former had as fine an arm as, and perhaps not a better temper than, the latter, but she could better control that temper; and had the additional advantage of being possessed of a more refined taste. This was not, perhaps, always shown when she sat and listened to rather loose talk from the regent, with no more of reproof than her gently uttered "George, George!" by way of remonstrance. She, however, never erred so grossly as the Princess of Wales, who not only would listen unabashed to converse coarse in character, but was not at all nice herself in either story or epithet. In Italy such things were then accounted of but as being small foibles; and when the pope visited her at Genoa, he probably thought none the worse of her, nor bated no jot in his courtesy towards her, because of her reputation in this respect. She certainly loved to mystify people, and took an almost insane pleasure in exciting converse against herself. Her adoption of Victorine, a daughter of Bergami, was a proof that she had acquired no profitable experience from the consequences which followed her adoption of young Austin.

During 1815, the princess was ever restless and on the move. She was now entirely surrounded by Italians. Mr. St. Leger refused to be of her household, nor would he allow his daughter to be of it. Many others were applied to, but with similar success. Sir Humphry and Lady Davy also declined the honor offered them. Mr. William Rose, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Hartup, pleaded other engagements. Dr. Holland, Mr. North, and Mrs. Falconet were no longer with her. Lord Malpas begged to be excused, and Lady Charlotte Campbell withdrew, after her royal highness's second arrival at Milan. The princess, however, had no difficulty in forming an Italian court. Some of her appointments were unexceptionable. Such were those of Dr. Machetti, her physician, and of the Chevalier Chiavini, her first equerry. Many of the Italian nobility now took the place of former English visitors at her "court;" and two of the brothers of Bergami held respectable offices in her household, while the Countess of Oldi, sister of the chamberlain, was appointed sole lady of honor to the lady, her mistress. On several of the excursions made by her

royal highness from her villa on the lake of Como to Milan, Venice, and other parts of Italy, she was accompanied by Mr. Burrell, a son of Lord Gwydyr. This gentleman ultimately took his leave of her in August, to return to England. He was sojourning at Brussels on his way, when his servant, White, narrated to his fellows, some accounts of what he described as the very loose way of life of the princess at Milan. These stories, all infamous, but few, perhaps, which could not be traced back to be founded on some indiscretion of this most unhappy lady, and marvellously amplified and exaggerated, came to the ears of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, then sojourning at the same hotel; and it is declared, that on the report made by the former to his brother, the regent, was founded the famous "Milan Commission,"—which was one of investigation, appointed to sit at Milan, to inquire into the conduct of the princess, and to report accordingly. The commissioners sat and took evidence without making the princess aware of the fact, and to an indignant remonstrance addressed to the regent, wherein she demanded to know the object of the commission, no answer was returned. It was soon known, however, that the report was of a most condemnatory character, but no proceedings were immediately instituted. Meanwhile, the princess continued her roving life, now on sea, now on land; now on board the *Leviathan*, and sometimes on the backs of horses or mules. Her familiarity on all these occasions with her chamberlain was offensive to persons of strict ideas and good principles, and those were precisely the persons whose prejudices she loved, perhaps out of mere mischief, to startle. He dined with her, at her table, and she leant upon his arm, in their walks.

Early in January, 1816, she again embarked on board the *Clorinde*, Captain Pechell, with the intention of proceeding to Syracuse. The captain, having previously seen Bergami occupying a menial state about her royal highness, declined to admit him to his table, at which he entertained the princess,—who refused such entertainment, however, on the captain persisting on the ejection of the chamberlain. The desired port was reached only with difficulty, and for some months the princess resided in Sicily, with no one near her but this Italian household. To her chamberlain she

certainly was some such a mistress, as Queen Guinever to Sir Launcelot. In liberality of sunny smiles and largesses, there can be no doubt of this; and perhaps the quality of her favor is best illustrated by the fact of her having bestowed her picture upon him, for which she had sat in the character of a "Magdalen." She professed to have procured for him also his elevation, to be a Knight of Malta, and she did obtain for him the dignity of Baron de la Francino, to heighten the imaginary grandeur.

The next seven months were spent in continual travelling and change of scene. The limit of her wandering was Jericho, whither she went actually, and also in the popular sense of the word, which describes a person as having gone thither, when ruin has overtaken him on his journey through life.

She embarked, with her Italian followers, on the 26th of March, and nine days subsequently, after being beaten about by equinoctial storms till the little *Royal Charlotte* had scarcely a sound plank about her, she reached Tunis, and struck up a very warm acquaintance with the Bey. He lodged and partially fed her, introduced her to his seraglio, perfumed her with incense till she was nearly suffocated, and then as nearly choked her with laughter by causing to play before her his famous female band, consisting of six women who knew nothing of music, every one of whom labored under some unsightly defect, and of whom the youngest confessed to an honest threescore years. For this entertainment she made a really noble return, by purchasing the freedom of several European slaves. A greater liberator than she, however, was at hand, in Exmouth and his fleet. It was in obedience to the advice of the Admiral, who expected to have to demolish Tunis, as the Bey seemed disinclined to ransom the Christian slaves he held in durance, that the princess, after a hasty glance at the sites of Utica and Carthage, re-embarked, after a month's sojourn with the most splendidly hospitable of barbarians, and passing through the salutary English fleet, directed the prow of her vessel to be turned towards Greece. She went on her way accompanied by storms, which prevented her from landing until, with infinite difficulty, she reached the Piræus, early in May, and proceeded to Athens, where she took up her residence in the house of the gallant French con-

sul. Since the days of Aspasia, Athens had seen no such lively times as marked the period of the residence there of the princess. Her balls were brilliant festivities. In return for them she was permitted to witness the piously ecstatic dancing of the Dervises (for the city of Minerva was under the Crescent then), who have plagiarized a maxim of St. Augustine, only altering it to suit their purpose, as ecstatic persons will do with sacred texts, and proclaiming *orat qui saltat*. The princess had some nerve, and was by no means a fastidious woman, but she saw here more than she had reckoned upon, and was glad to escape from the exhibition of uncleanness and ferocity. Athens, however, afforded more interesting spectacles than this; she exhausted them all according to the guide-books and the cicerones; and she gratefully expressed her pleasure, by liberating three hundred captives, whom she found languishing in the debtors' prison. The fame of the deed travelled as swiftly as if it had been a deed disgraceful to the actor, and at Corinth she was subsequently entertained during two whole days, with a profusion and a gaiety that would have gladdened the heart of Laïs, who was herself so often and so splendidly "at home" in this ancient city.

From Hellas to the Troad was a natural sequence. She went thither, as before, storm-tost,—stood on the plain where infidels assert that Troy had never stood, and, leaning on the arm of the noble and bearded Bergami, twice crossed the Scamander, with a smile perhaps on her lips at the recollection of the gifts which the nymphs of Troas used to offer to the river-god; and, if she knew the legend, with a satisfied glance at her companion's locks, which were as superb in lustre and in curl as though he had bathed in Xanthus for a month.

With the first days of June she was in Constantinople, making her entry with Mlle. Dumont and another lady, in the springless cart, or carriage, of the country, drawn by a pair of lusty bulls. She resided in the house belonging to the British embassy. It was the last time, in the course of her travels, that she found rest and protection beneath our flag. The plague, however, being then in the city, she quitted it for a residence some fifteen miles distant, from which she made excursions into the Black Sea, till growing

weary of the amusement, she once more embarked and spent a week at sea, on a frail boat, tossed by storms and watched by corsairs; and at length reaching Scio, sought repose, and indulged in contemplation, or may be supposed to have done so, in the school of Homer.

By the end of the month she was amid the ruins of Ephesus, that city which Lysimachus would fain have had called Arsinoë, in honor of his faithful and doubly-loved wife. The princess may have sighed to think how much more gallant ancient heathen princes were than their Christian successors, or have wished to remember that Arsinoë was so little scrupulous as to marry the man who murdered this very Lysimachus; but, whatever her reflections, here she tarried for a while in the locality once sacred to the goddess of chastity. Beneath the ruined vestibule of an ancient church she pitched her tent. The heat was great even at night, the errant lady was sleepless, and the Baron di Francino, ever assiduous, watched near his mistress till dawn, and performed all faithful service required of him.

From the locality once jealously guarded by the chaste Diana, she passed to the spot where her old Blackheath friend, Sir Sidney Smith, had gained imperishable fame by gallantly vanquishing a foe ever bravely reluctant to confess that he had met his conqueror. Even this place might have interested the princess by the association of ideas which it may have furnished her as matter for meditation. She did not, however, lose much time in contrasting the gossiping Sir Sidney, who made Montague House ring with his laughter, with the stern warrior who here turned back Napoleon from his way toward India. She was longing to find rest within the Holy City, and this she accomplished at last, but not till many an obstacle, which lay in her way, had been surmounted.

Her progress was suddenly checked at Jaffa. The party, which consisted of more than two dozen persons, had no written permission to pass on to Jerusalem, and the pacha could give his consent only to five of the number to visit the city. After some negotiations with the governor of St. Jean d'Acre, the difficulty was removed, a large armed escort was provided, with tents, guides, and other necessary appendages. Surrounded by these, the princess

and her attendants had very much the air of a strolling party of equestrians on a summer tour. They had a worn, yet "rollicking" look. There was a loose air about the men, and a rompish aspect about the ladies, while the sorry steeds, mules, and donkies on which they were mounted, seemed denizens of the circus and saw-dust, with the sun-bronzed princess as manageress of the concern.

The journey was performed beneath one of the very fiercest of suns, and the travellers, light of heart as they were, groaned beneath the hot infliction and the blisters raised by it. They passed many an interesting spot on the way, but were too listless or weary to heed the objects as they passed. Her royal highness bore the perils and minor troubles of the way better than any of her followers, but she too became almost vanquished by fatigue; and when she entered Jerusalem, on the 12th of July, seated on an ass, Mlle. Dumont impiously contrasted her virtues, sufferings, equipage and person with those of the Saviour; and was subsequently the very first who, with eager alacrity, swore away the reputation of her mistress, and heaping her indiscretions together, gave them the bearing of crimes, and did her unblushing utmost to destroy what she had professed to reverence.

The Capuchin friars gave her royal highness a cordial reception, and within their sacred precincts even allowed her and some of her French attendants to sleep. In return for this knightly, rather than saintly courtesy, she instituted an order of chivalry, and after looking about for a saint by way of godmother to the new institution, she fixed upon St. Caroline. In vain was it suggested to her that there was no such saint in the Calendar. She had a precedent by way of authorization. Napoleon had compelled St. Roch to make way for St. Napoleon, and why should not Caroline have "Saint" prefixed to it, and shine as the patroness of the new order? She of course had her way, created poor young Austin a knight, and solemnly instituted Baron Bergami as grand master. They looked more like strolling players than ever; the baron none the less so when his royal mistress placed on his breast the

insignia of the order of "St. Sepulchre" by the side of the star of the newly appointed St. Caroline.

With these new dignitaries the party proceeded to view all the spots where there is nothing to be seen, but where much that is false may be heard, if the guides be listened to. For miles round there was not a scene that had been the stage of some great event, or was hallowed by the memory of some solemn deed or saintly man, that the princess did not visit. Having spent upon them all the emotion she had on hand, she trotted off to Jericho, her panting attendants following her, and having found the place uninhabitable from the fierce heat which prevailed there, the strolling princess and her fellow-players rushed back to the sea, and, scarcely pausing at Jaffa, embarked hurriedly on board the *polacca* there awaiting them, and set sail in hopes of speedily encountering refreshing gales and recovering the vigor they had lost.

Their singing "*Veni Aura*," brought not the gale they invoked. The sun darted his rays down upon them with greater intensity than ever, and accordingly the princess raised a gay tent upon the deck, beneath its folds sat by day, took all needful refreshment, and slept by night; the Grand Master of the Order of St. Caroline fulfilling during that time the office of chamberlain.

The weary and feverish hours were further enlivened by a grand festival held on board, on St. Bartholomew's day, in honor of Bartholomew Bergami and the saint of the former name, who was supposed to be the patron and protector of all who bore it. The princess drank to the baron, and the latter drank to the princess, and mirth and good humor, not to say jollity, abounded, and perhaps by the time the incident is as old as the descent of the Nile by Cleopatra is now, it may appear as picturesque and poetical as that does. It certainly lacks the picturesque and poetical elements at present.

It is the maxim of sailors, that they who whistle for a breath of air will bring a storm. Our travellers only longed for the former, but they were soon enveloped by the latter, through which they contrived to struggle till, on the 20th of September, they made Syracuse, and were inexorably condemned to a quarantine of the

legitimate forty days' duration. At the end of this time, an Austrian vessel conveyed them to Rome; after a brief but by no means a dull sojourn in that city, the princess led the way to her home in the Villa d'Este, on the lake of Como, where she and the Countess Oldi exhibited the proficiency they had acquired as travellers, by cooking their own dinners, and performing other little feats of amiable independency.

And now, as if to authorize the simile made with respect to the illustrious party, and their resemblance to a strolling company of players, private theatricals became the most frequent pastime of the lady of the villa and her friends. If she enacted the heroine, the baron was sure to be the lover. Marie Antoinette, it was said, used to act in plays on the little stage at Trianon. The case was not to be denied, but then the wife of Louis XVI. did not exchange mock heroics with an ex-courier. On the other hand, the dukes and counts she played with were often less respectable than the loosest of menials.

The agents, whose employers were to be found in England, had not been idle during the princess's period of travel. They had been helped by none so effectually as by herself. She had courted infamy by her heedless conduct, and, cruelly as she was used, the blame does not rest wholly with her persecutors. Her indiscretions seemed indulged in expressly to give warrant for suspicion that she was more than indiscreet, and therewith even the most innocent incidents were twisted by the ingenuity of spies and their agents, into crimes. The Baron D'Ompeda had been the most assiduous and the best paid of the spies who hovered incessantly about her, to misrepresent all he was permitted to see. He was banished from the Austrian territory at the request of the princess, whose champion, the gallant Lieutenant Hownam, sought in vain to bring him to battle, and punish him for his treachery towards a lady. On the other hand, the Austrian authorities commanded Bergami to divest himself of the Cross of Malta, which he was wearing without legal authorization—a disgrace which his rash and imprudent mistress thought she had effaced by purchasing for the disknighted chevalier an estate, and putting

him in full possession of the rights and dignity of lord of the manor.

Early in 1817, the princess repaired to Carlsruhe, on a visit to the Grand Duke of Baden. She was received courteously, but not warmly enough to induce her to make a long sojourn. Her next point was Vienna, from which city she had frightened Lord Stewart, the British ambassador, by an intimation that she was coming to take up her residence with him, and to demand satisfaction for the insults to which she had been subjected by persons who were spies upon her conduct. She experienced nothing but what she might have expected in Vienna—a contemptuous neglect; and soon quitting that city, she repaired to Trieste, and tarried long enough there to compel the least scrupulous to think that, if she possessed the most handsome of chamberlains, she was herself the weakest and least wise of ladies. He was now her constant and almost only attendant in public. English families had long ceased to show her any respect. They could not manifest it for a woman who, by courting an evil reputation, evidently did not respect herself. What was her being innocent if she ever so acted as to make herself appear guilty? She might as well have asserted that her openly attending mass with Bergami, was not to be taken as proof of her being a very indifferent Protestant.

She became in every sense of the word a mere wanderer, apparently without object, save flying from the memories which she could not cast off. She was constantly changing her residence, so constantly as to make her career somewhat difficult to follow; but we know that she was residing at Pescaro when she received intelligence which she least expected, and which deeply affected her. During her absence from England, her daughter had married Prince Leopold, and the mother had hoped to find friends at least in this pair, if not now, at some future period. But now she had heard that her child and her child's child were dead. "I have not only," she wrote to a friend in England, "to lament an ever-beloved child, but one most warmly attached friend, and the only one I have had in England; but she is only gone before—I have not lost her, and I now trust we shall soon meet in a much bet-

ter world than the present one. For ever your truly sincere friend, C. P."

This calamity, however, had no effect in rendering the writer more circumspect. Her course of life, without perhaps being one of the gross guilt it was described as being, was certainly one not creditable to her. Exaggerated reports, which grew as they were circulated, startled the ears of her friends and gladdened the hearts of her enemies. They were at their very worst, when, in 1820, George the IIIrd ended his long reign, and Caroline, Princess of Wales, became Queen Consort of England.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE report rendered by the gentlemen who formed the Milan Commission to inquire secretly into the conduct of the Princess of Wales, was so unfavorable to the latter, that the regent would have taken immediate steps to have procured a divorce, but for the assurance of his legal advisers that even in the case of the princess becoming queen consort, she would never return to this country, provided only that the income assigned to her by parliament as Princess of Wales, were secured to her after she was queen. There had been some negotiation to this effect in 1819, when it was understood that the title of queen would never be assumed by the princess if the payment of the annuity was punctually observed. Her most intimate friends, therefore, did not reckon upon her appearance in this country, after the accession of her husband to the throne.

Lord Liverpool addressed a letter to Mr. Brougham adverting to this arrangement, as having been originally proposed by Queen Caroline, a conclusion against which she protested with great indignation. Her first step was to pass through France to St. Omar, where she awaited the arrival of her legal advisers. The

then reigning French monarch had in the time of his own adversity received substantial aid and continual courtesy from the queen's father; but now in the hour of the distresses of his former benefactor's daughter, he beset her passage through France with difficulties, and commanded her to be treated with studied neglect. However mortified, she was a woman of too much spirit to allow her mortification to be visible, and for the lack of official honors she found consolation in the sympathy of the people.

At the inn at St. Omer she was met by Mr. Brougham and Lord Hutchinson. The latter came as the representative of the ministry, with no credentials, however, nor even with the ministerial proposition reduced to writing. The queen refused to receive it in any other form. Lord Hutchinson obeyed, and made a written proposal to the effect that as she was now without income by the demise of George III., the king would grant her 50,000*l.* *per annum*, on the special condition that she remained on the continent, surrendered the title of queen, adopted no title belonging to the royal family of England, and never even visited the latter country under any pretext. It was further stated, that if she set foot in England, the negotiation would be at an end, the terms violated, and proceedings be commenced against her majesty forthwith.

It has been said that the queen's immediate and decided rejection of these proposals, and her resolution to proceed to England at once, were undoubted proofs of her innocence. The truth, however, is, that the acceptance of such terms would have been a tacit confession of her guilt, and had she been as criminal as her accusers endeavored to prove her, her safest course would have been that which she so spiritedly adopted. The infamy, here, was undoubtedly on the part of the ministry. Here was a woman in whom they asserted was to be found the most profligate of her sex, and to her they made an offer of 50,000*l.* *per annum*, on condition that she laid down the title of Queen of England, of which they said she was entirely unworthy; and this sum was to be paid to her out of the taxes of a people, the majority of whom believed that she had been "more sinned against than sinning."

It has been believed, or at least has been reported, that the

queen was counselled to the refusal of the compromise annuity of 50,000*l.* by Alderman Wood. The city dignitary, in such case, got little thanks for his advice at the hands of Baron Bergami. The latter individual, on hearing that Queen Caroline had declined to accept the offer, and that the alderman was her adviser on the occasion, declared that if he ever encountered the ex-mayor, in Italy, he would kill him. The courier-baron's ground of offence was, that had the queen received the money, a great portion of it would have fallen to his share, and that he considered himself as robbed by the alderman, whom he would punish accordingly. But this by the way.

Caroline refused the proposals, with scorn, and fearful of further obstacle on the part of the French government, she proceeded at once to Calais, dismissed her Italian court, and with Alderman Wood and Lady Anne Hamilton, she went on board the *Leopold* sailing packet, then lying in the mud in the harbor. No facilities were afforded her by the authorities; the English inhabitants of Calais were even menaced with penalties if they infringed the orders which had been given, and no compliment was paid her, except by the master of the packet, who hoisted the royal standard as soon as her majesty set foot upon the humble deck of his little vessel. She sat there as evening closed in, without an attendant, saving the lady already named, and the alderman, who not only gave her his escort now but offered her a home. She had solicited from the government that a house might be provided for her, but the application had been received with silent contempt.

Her progress from Dover to London was a perfect ovation. The people saw in her a victim of persecution, and for such there is generally a ready sympathy. They were convinced, too, that she was a woman of spirit, and for such there is ever abundant admiration. There was not a town through which she passed upon her way, that did not give her a hearty welcome, and wish her well through the fiery ordeal which awaited her. She reached London in the evening of the 7th of June, 1820, and the popular procession, of which she was the chief portion, passed Carlton House, on its route, to the residence of Alderman Wood, in South Audley-street. She had scarcely found refuge beneath this hos-

pitable roof, when Lord Liverpool, in the House of Peers, and Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, conveyed a message from the king to the parliament, the subject of which was, that her majesty having thought proper to come to this country, some information would be laid before them on which they would have to come to an ulterior decision, of vast importance to the peace and well-being of the United Kingdom. Each minister bore a "green bag," which was supposed, and perhaps did contain minutes of the report made by the Milan commissioners touching her majesty's conduct abroad. The ministerial communications were made in the spirit and tone of men who, if not ashamed of the message which they bore, were very uncertain, and infinitely afraid as to its ultimate consequences.

Not that they were wanting in an outward show of boldness. The soldiers quartered at the King's Mews, Charing Cross, had been so disorderly some days previous, allegedly because they had not sufficient accommodation, that they were drafted in two divisions to Portsmouth. When the queen was approaching London, a mob assembled in front of the guard-house, and called upon the soldiers still remaining there to join them in a demonstration in favor of the queen. Lord Sidmouth, who was passing on his way to the House of Lords, seeing what was going on, proceeded to the Horse Guards, called out the troops there, and stood by while they roughly dispersed the people. It was called putting a bold face upon the matter, but less provocation on the part of a government has been followed by revolution.

A desire to compromise the unhappy dispute was no doubt sincerely entertained by ministers, and all hope was not abandoned even after the arrival of the queen. Mr. Rush, the United States' ambassador to England at this period, permits us to see, in his journal, when this attempt at compromise or amicable arrangement of the affair was first entered upon by the respective parties. On June 15, that gentleman dined at Lord Castlereagh's with all the foreign ambassadors. "A very few minutes," he says, "after the last course, Lord Castlereagh, looking to his chief guest for acquiescence, made the signal for rising, and the company all went to the drawing-room. So early a move was unusual: it seemed

to cut short, unexpectedly, the time generally given to conversation at English dinners after the dinner ends. It was soon observed that his lordship had left the drawing-room. This was still more unusual; and now it came to be whispered that an extraordinary cause had produced this unusual scene. It was whispered by one and another of the corps that his lordship had retired into one of his own apartments to meet the Duke of Wellington as his colleague in the administration, and also Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, as counsel for the queen in the disputes pending between the king and queen." Mr. Rush, after mentioning that the proceedings in parliament were arrested for the moment by members purporting to be common friends of both king and queen, proceeds to state that "the dinner at Lord Castlereagh's was during this state of things, which explains the incident at its close, the disputes having pressed with anxiety on the king's ministers. That his lordship did separate himself from his guests for the purpose of holding a conference, in another part of his own house, in which the Duke of Wellington joined him as representing the king, with Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman as representing the queen, was known from the former protocol, afterwards published, of what took place on that very evening. It was the first of the conferences held with a view to a compromise between the royal disputants." On the 28th June, the American ambassador was at the levee at Carlton House, where he learns that "the sensibilities of the king are intense, and nothing can ever reconcile him." The same diplomatist then presents to us the following graphic picture: "The day was hot, excessively so for England. The king seemed to suffer. He remarked upon the heat to me and others. It is possible that other heat may have aggravated in him that of the weather. Before he came into the *entrée* room, from his closet, ***** of the diplomatic corps, taking me gently by the arm, led me a few steps with him, which brought us into the recess of a widow—"Look!" said he. I looked, and saw nothing but the velvet lawn, covered by trees, in the palace gardens. "Look again!" said he. I did; and still my eye only took in another part of the same scene. "Try once more," said he, cautiously raising a finger in the right direction. ***** had a

vein of drollery in him. I now, for the first time, beheld a peacock, displaying his plumage. At one moment he was in full pride, and displayed it gloriously; at another, he would halt, letting it drop, as if dejected. "Of what does that remind you?" said ***** "Of nothing," said I; "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*" for I threw the king's motto at him, and then added, that I was a republican, *he* a monarchist, and that if he dreamt of unholy comparisons where royalty was concerned, I would certainly tell upon him, that it might be reported at his court. He quietly drew off from me, smiling, and I afterwards saw him slyly take another member of the corps to the same spot, to show him the same sight."

Meanwhile, the contending parties in Parliament wore about them the air of men who were called upon to do battle, and who, while resolved to accomplish their best, would have been glad to have effected a compromise which, at least, should save the honor of their principal. As Mr. Wilberforce remarked, there was a mutual desire to "avoid that fatal green bag." There were many difficulties in the way. The queen, naturally enough, insisted on her name being restored in the Liturgy; and none of her friends would have consented for her, nor would she have done so for herself, that she should reside abroad without being introduced by the British ambassador to the court of the country in which she might take up her residence. The government manifested too clearly an intention not to help her in this respect, for they remarked, that though they might request the ambassador to present, they could not compel the court to receive her. They wanted her out of the way, bribed splendidly to endure an indelible disgrace. She was wise enough, at least, to perceive that to consent to such a course would be to strip her of every friend, and to shut against her the door of every court in Europe.

Mr. Wilberforce hoped to act the "Mr. Harmony" of the crisis, by bringing forward a motion expressive of the regret of parliament that the two illustrious adversaries had not been able to complete an amicable arrangement of their difficulties; and declaring that the queen would sacrifice nothing of her good name nor of the righteousness of her cause, nor be held as shrinking from inquiry,

by consenting to accept the counsel of parliament, and forbearing to press further the adoption of those propositions on which any material difference of opinion is yet remaining. The queen's especial advocate, Mr. Brougham, felicitously contrasted the eager desire of ministers to get rid of her majesty by sending her out of the country with all the pomp, splendor, and ceremonies connected with royalty—with their meanness in allowing her to come over in a common packet, and to seek shelter in the house of a private individual. He added that the only basis on which any satisfactory negotiation could be carried on with her majesty was the restoration of her name to the Liturgy. Mr. Denman, in alluding to the case of Sophia Dorothea, which had been cited by ministers as precedent wherein they found authority for omitting the queen's name from the Liturgy, remarked that "As to the case of the queen of George I., to which allusions had been made, it was not at all in point. She had been guilty of certain practices in Hanover, which compromised her character, and was never considered Queen of England. On the continent she lived under the designation of Princess of Halle, and though the Prince of Wales had afterwards called her to this country for the purpose of embarrassing the government of his father, to which he happened to be opposed, still she was never recognized in any other character than Electress of Hanover." In this statement it will be seen that the speaker calls *her* queen whom he denies to have been accounted as such; and he adds, that the Prince of Wales called her to this country in his father's life-time, when he had no power to do so. Whereas he simply expressed to his friends his determination to invite her over, if she survived his father, as queen-dowager of England. This invitation he never had the power of making, for his mother's demise preceded the decease of his father. Mr. Denman was far happier in his allusion to a ministerial assertion that the omission of the queen's name from the Liturgy was the act of the king in his closet. This assertion was at once a meanness and a falsehood, for as Mr. Denman remarked, no one knew of any such thing in this country as "the king in his closet." Indeed the ministers were peculiarly unlucky in all they did, for while they asserted that the omission was never made out of disrespect towards the

queen, they acknowledged that it never would have been thought of but for the revelations contained in the fatal green bag, as to her Majesty's alleged conduct. Finally, the House agreed to Mr. Wilberforce's motion.

The announcement of the resolution to which the House of Commons had come was announced to her majesty, now residing in Portman Street, in an address conveyed to her by Mr. Wilberforce and three other members of the lower house. On this occasion all the forms of a court were observed. The bearers of the address appeared in full court dress. The queen, in a dress of black satin, with a wreath of laurel shaded with emeralds around her head, surmounted by a "plume of feathers," stood in one portion of the little drawing-room; behind her stood all the ladies of her household, in the person of Lady Anne Hamilton, and on either side of her Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, her majesty's attorney and solicitor-generals, in full bottomed wigs and silk gowns. As the deputation approached, the folding doors which divided the members in the back drawing-room from the queen and her court in the front apartment, were then thrown open, and the four gentlemen from the House of Commons, knelt on one knee and kissed her majesty's hand. Having communicated to her the resolutions of the House, the queen, through the attorney-general, returned an answer of some length, the substance of which, however, was, that with all her respect for the House of Commons, she could not bind herself to be governed by its counsel until she knew the purport of the advice. In short she yielded nothing, but appealed to the nation. When the assembled crowd learned the character of the royal reply, its delight was intense, and certainly public opinion was, generally, in favor of the queen and of the course now adopted by her. There was one thing she and the public, too, supremely hated, and that was the formation of a secret committee, formed principally, too, of ministerial adherents, and charged with prosecuting the inquiry against her, without letting her know who were her accusers, or of what crimes she was accused; and without affording her opportunity to procure evidence to rebut the testimony brought against her. Against such a proceeding she drew up a petition, which she requested the Lord

Chancellor to present. That eminent official, however, asserting that he meant no disrespect, excused himself, on the ground that he did not know how to present such a document to the house, and that there was nothing in the journals which could tend to enlighten him.

The petition, however, the chief prayer in which was, that the queen's counsel might be heard at the bar of the House, against an inquiry by secret committee, was presented by Lord Daere, and the prayer in question was agreed to.

The request of Mr. Brougham was for a delay of two months previous to the inquiry being further prosecuted, in order to leave time for the assembling of witnesses for the defence—witnesses whom the queen was too poor to purchase, and too powerless to compel to repair to England. Her majesty's attorney general asked this the more earnestly as some of the witnesses on the king's side were of tainted character; and one of them was an ex-domestic of the queen's, discharged from her service for robbing her of four hundred napoleons. The learned advocate concluded by expressing his confidence that the delay of two months would not be considered too great an indulgence for the purpose of furthering the ends of justice, and providing that a legal murder should not be committed on the character of the first subject of the realm. The best point in Mr. Denman's speech in support of the request made by his leader, was in the quotation from a judgment delivered by a former lord chancellor, and which was to this effect—it was delivered with the eyes of the speaker keenly fixed on those of Lord Eldon:—"A judge ought to prepare the way to a just sentence, as God useth to prepare his way, by raising valleys and taking down hills, so when there appeareth on either side, an high hand, violent prosecutions, cunning advantages taken, combination, power, great counsel, then is the virtue of a judge seen to make inequality equal, that he may plant his judgment as upon an even ground."

While the Lords were deliberating on the request for postponement, Lord Castlereagh was inveighing in the Commons against the queen herself, for daring to refuse to yield to the wishes of parliament, and rejecting the advice to be guided by its

counsel. Such rejection he interpreted as being a sort of insult which no other member of the House of Brunswick would have ventured to commit. "That illustrious individual," he said, "might repent the step she had taken." Meanwhile, the Commons suspended proceedings till the course to be decided upon by the Lords was finally taken. In the latter assembly, Earl Grey made a last effort to stay the proceedings altogether, by moving that the order for the meeting of the secret committee to consider the papers in the "green bag" should be discharged. The motion was lost, but an incident in the debate which arose upon it deserves to be noticed. The omission of the queen's name from the Liturgy had been described as the act of the king in his closet. Lord Holland now charged the Archbishop of Canterbury as the adviser of the act, but Lord Liverpool accepted the responsibility of it for himself and colleagues as having been adopted by the king in council, at the ministerial suggestion.

The Lords having resolved to commence proceedings by a preliminary secret inquiry, the queen protested against such a course, but no reply was made to her protest. With the exception of appearing to return answers to the addresses forwarded to her from various parts of the country, she withdrew, as much as possible, from all publicity. Her personal friends, however, were busier than she required in drawing up projects for her which she could not sanction. One of these busy advocates thought that she might fittingly compromise the matter, by gaining the restoration of her name in the Liturgy, being crowned, holding one drawing-room, yearly, at Kensington Palace, and having her permanent residence at Hampton Court, with 55,000*l.* a-year to uphold her dignity. The terms were not illiberal, but if the queen rejected them, it was, probably, because she knew they would never be offered. Her own remark upon them is said to have been, that she did not want a victory without a battle, but a victory after showing that she had deserved it.

She was the more eager for battle, from the fact that the contents of the green bag were by no means unknown to her. At least, it has been asserted that she had long held duplicates of some of the evidence, if not of the report made by the Milan com-

missioners, and she was satisfied she could rebut both. She possessed one, and it was her solitary, advantage in this case. The ministers, if not in so many words, yet by their proceedings, had stigmatized her as utterly infamous, and yet they had considered it not beneath them to desire to enter into negotiations with one whom they considered guilty of all the implied infamy. The queen's rejection of the proposals to compound the "stupendous felony," raised up for her many a friend in circles where she had been looked upon, if not as guilty, yet, at best, as open to very grave suspicion.

It was, no doubt, the queen's own wish to live in as retired a manner as possible while serious charges impended over her. Her health, however, required her not to confine herself within the narrow limits of her residence in Portman Street. She accordingly paid one public visit to Guildhall, and occasionally repaired to Blackheath. It was on her way back from one of these latter excursions that she honored Alderman Waithman's shop with a visit. The incident is perhaps as well worth noticing as that which tells of the trip made by the young Queen Mary to the shop of Lady Gresham, the lady mayoress, who appears to have dealt in millinery. The city progresses of the queen did her infinite injury. The very lowest of the populace, who cared little more for her, than as giving opportunity for a little excitement, were wont on these occasions to take the horses from her carriage, harness themselves to the vehicle, and literally drag the Queen of England through the mud of the metropolis. She could only suffer degradation and ridicule from such a proceeding, which a little spirit might have prevented. Her enemies bitterly derided her, through their organs in the press. They expressed an eagerness to get rid of her, and added their indifference as to whether "the alien" was finally disposed of as a martyr, or as a criminal. On the other hand, her over-zealous partisans gave utterance to their convictions that there was a project on foot to murder the queen. Party-spirit never wore so assassin-like an aspect as it did at this moment. Caroline, it must be added, was not displeased with these popular ovations. "I have derived," she remarked in her reply to the City address, "unspeakable consolations from the zealous and

constant attachment of this warmhearted, just, and generous people; to live at home with, and to cherish whom, will be the chief happiness of the remainder of my days." But her chief occupation now, was to look to her defence, for the time had arrived when her accusers were to speak openly.

CHAPTER IX.

QUEEN, PEERS AND PEOPLE.

THE secret committee charged with examining the documents in the sealed bags, made their report early in July. This report was to the effect that the documents contained allegations, supported by the concurrent testimony of witnesses of various grades in life, which deeply affected the honor of the queen; charging her, as they did, with a "continued series of conduct highly unbecoming her majesty's rank and station, and of the most licentious character." The committee reluctantly recommended that the matter should become the subject of solemn inquiry by legislative proceeding.

The ministers postponed any explanation as to the course to be adopted by them upon this report, until the following day. The queen exhibited no symptoms of being daunted by it. She appeared in public on the evening of the day in which the report was delivered, and if cheers could attest her innocence, the *vox populi* would have done it that night. As the queen's carriage was passing in the vicinity of Kensington Gate it encountered that, bearing the Princess Sophia. The two cousins passed each other without exchanging a sign of recognition, and the doughty livery servants of the princess showed that they had adopted the prejudices or convictions of *their* portion of the royal family, by refusing obedience to the commands of the mob, which had ordered them to uncover as they passed in presence of the queen.

On Wednesday, the 5th of July, Lord Liverpool brought in the ever famous bill of Pains and Penalties, a bill of degradation and

divorce; abill, in fact, if not in words, in which a wife was charged, generally, with licentious conduct, whose real accuser was her husband, and which husband was the "first gentleman" by courtesy, and the most unclean liver, certainly, in all Europe. He raised in court the very dirtiest of hands, and prayed for vengeance on his wife, because hers were, allegedly, not spotless. In this bill the husband branded the very virtues of his consort as so many vices. He would recognize nothing good in her. He was in his wrath, like Hegel in his blasphemy, when the philosopher, challenged to admire the sparkling stars in the firmament, satanically reviled them as the leprosy of the skies.

The queen demanded, by petition, to be furnished with the specific charges brought against her, and to be heard by her counsel in support of that demand. The House refused, and Lord Liverpool went on with his bill.

The queen again interfered by petition, requesting to have the nature of the charges against her distinctly stated, and to be heard, in support of her request, by counsel. These requests were negatived. Lord Liverpool, then, in introducing the bill, did his utmost to save the king from being unfavorably contrasted in his character of complainant, with the queen in that of defendant. He alleged that their majesties were not before the house as individuals. The parties concerned were the queen as accused party, and the state! The question to be considered was whether, supposing the allegations to be substantiated, impunity was to be extended to guilt, or justice be permitted to triumph. The bill he thus introduced noticed the various acts of indiscretion which have been already recorded. These were the familiarity which existed between herself and her courier, whom she had ennobled, and in honor of whom she had unauthorizedly founded an order of chivalry, of which he had been appointed grand master. The bill further accused her of most scandalous, vicious, and disgraceful conduct "with the said Bergami," but was silent as to time and place. The document concluded by proposing that Caroline Amelia Elizabeth should be deprived of her rank, rights, and privileges as queen, and that her marriage with the king be dissolved and disannulled to all intents and purposes." The bill, in short, pro-

nounced her infamous. It was the penalty which she paid for the exercise of much indiscretion. Earl Grey complained of the want of specification, and asserted her majesty's right to be furnished with the names of witnesses. Lord Liverpool, however, treated the assertion as folly, and the claim made as unprecedented and inexpedient.

A copy of the bill was delivered to the queen by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt. She received it not without emotion, and this was sufficiently great to give a confused tone to her observations on the occasion. Had the bill, she said, been presented to her a quarter of a century earlier it might have served the king's purpose better. She added that, as she should never meet her husband again in this world, she hoped, at least, to do so in the next, where certainly justice would be rendered her.

To the Lords she sent a message expressive of her indignant surprise that the bill should assume her as guilty, simply upon the report of a committee before whom not a single witness had been examined. Her friends continued to harass the government. In the Commons, Sir Ronald Ferguson attempted, though unsuccessfully, to obtain information as to the authority for the organizing of the Milan commission for examining spies. That commission, he intimated, originated with the vice-chancellor, Sir John Leach, and had cost the country between thirty and forty thousand pounds, for one half of which sum, he added, Italian witnesses might be procured who would blast the character of every man and woman in England.

The feeling against Italians did not require to be excited. Those who arrived at Dover to furnish evidence against the queen were very roughly treated; and so fearful were the ministers that something worse might happen to them, they were, after various changes of residence in London, transferred to Holland, much to the disgust of the Dutch, before they were finally cloistered up in Cotton Garden, at hand to furnish the testimony, for the bringing of which they received very liberal recompense.

Meanwhile, Dr. Parr, in ponderous sermons, exhorted her majesty not to despise the chastening of the Lord, and the queen's

devout deportment at divine service was cited, by zealous advocates, as evidence in favor of her general propriety.

Indeed the queen had no more zealous champion than the almost octogenarian Parr. On the fly-leaf of the Prayer-book in the reading-desk of his parish church at Hatton, he entered a stringent protest against the oppression to which she had been subjected; adding a conviction entertained by him of her complete innocence, and expressing a determination, although forbidden to pray for her by name, to add a prayer for her mentally, after uttering the words in the Liturgy, "*all the royal family.*" In his heart the stout old man prayed fervently; nor did he confine himself to such service. A friend, knowing his opinions, his admiration of the princess, and the friendly feelings which had long mutually existed between them, earnestly begged of him not to interfere in her affairs at this conjuncture. Dr. Parr answered the request by immediately ordering his trunk to be packed, and by proceeding to London, where he entered on the office of her majesty's chaplain, procured the nomination of the Rev. M. Fellowes to the same office, and, in conjunction with him, and often alone, wrote those royal replies to popular addresses which are remarkable for their force, and for the ability with which they are made to metaphorically scourge the king, without appearing to treat him with discourtesy.

There was as much zeal, and perhaps more discretion, in those impartial peers who, on occasion of Lord Liverpool moving the second reading of the bill for the 17th of August, insisted on the undoubted right of the queen, as an accused party, to be made acquainted with the names of the witnesses who had come over to charge her with infamy. Lord Erskine was particularly urgent and impressive on this point, but all to no purpose, save the extracting an assurance from Lord Chancellor Eldon, that the accused should have, at a fitting season, a proper opportunity to sift the character of every witness, as far as possible. Lord Erskine repeatedly endeavored to obtain the full measure of justice for the accused, which he demanded. The queen, herself, entered a hearty protest against the legal oppression; and further begged, by petition, that as the names of the witnesses against her were withheld, she might at least be furnished with a specification of the times

and places, when and where she was said to have acted improperly. The request was characterized by Lord Eldon as "perfectly absurd," seeing that the queen could make no use of the information, if she intended, as declared by her, to defend her case at the early period named, of the 17th of August. The reply was harsh, insulting, and illogical.

But to harshness and insult she became inured by daily experience. It may be safely said, that if such a drama had to be enacted in our own days, the press would certainly not distinguish itself now exactly as it did then. Party spirit might be as strong, but there would be more refinement in the expression of it. And assuredly, not even a provincial paper would say of a person before trial, as a Western journal said of the queen, that she was as much given to drunkenness as to other vices, and that it was ridiculous to hold up as an innocent victim a woman who, "if found on our pavement, would be committed to Bridewell and whipped."

But ministers themselves were not on a bed of roses. They were exceedingly embarrassed by the queen's announcement that she intended to be present every day in the House of Lords during the progress of what was now properly called "the Queen's Trial." Their anger, too, was excited at the sharp philippics against them, inserted in her majesty's replies to the addresses presented to her. In those replies, the passages complained of wounded more than those against whom they were pointed; and the authors of them had, no doubt, some mirth, over sentences intended to spoil it in the breasts of ministers, charged with rebelliously seeking to dethrone their lawful queen. The royal replies, too, were equally, but not so directly, severe against those former counsellors and advocates of her majesty, who were now arrayed on the side of her majesty's enemy. These replies were, of course, not censured by the ministerial opponents in either house of parliament. The addresses which called them forth, however, did not escape reproach from this quarter. Lord John Russell, in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, does not indeed go so far as reproach. He says: "I regret, though I cannot severely blame, the language of many of the addresses that have been presented to the queen."

Lord John acknowledged the political nullity of the Whigs at

this time, but he held that the Wilberforce party in the Commons were sufficiently powerful to have successfully resisted the scandal which the government had brought upon the kingdom. "In your hands, sir," he says, "is perhaps the fate of this country. The future historian will ask whether it was right to risk the welfare of England—her boasted constitution, her national power, on the event of an inquiry into the conduct of the Princess of Wales, in her villa upon the Lake of Como? From the majority which followed you in the House of Commons, he will conclude you had the power to prevent the die being thrown. He will ask if you wanted the inclination?"

To this letter Lord John Russell appended a form of petition to the king, which may not uncourtously be termed the petition of the powerless Whig statesman. This petition smartly and smartingly complimented his majesty upon his liberality in offering to allow his queen fifty thousand a year, and to introduce her to a foreign court, at a time when he knew that she was, allegedly perfectly worthless as woman, wife, and mother. With the domestic broils of king and queen, Lord John would not interfere, but the king having made of them an affair of state, the "humble petition" informs his majesty that he has been exceedingly ill-advised. With excellent spirit does Lord John place upon record his abhorrence of enacting laws to suit a solitary case—laws "which at once create the offence, regulate the proof, decide upon the evidence, and invent the punishment." He asks if the queen will escape from justice in the event of the bill not passing? Are the ministers afraid lest she may so defraud justice,—why, "that the queen has *not* fled from justice is not only the admission, but forms one of the chief charges of her prosecutors." Her prosecution then will not serve the state. Can the revelation of her alleged iniquity at Como or Athens serve or influence public morals in England? What is the situation of the queen? asks Lord John, who thus replies to his own query: "Separated from her husband during the first year of her marriage, she has been forced out of that circle of domestic duties and domestic affections which alone are able to keep a wife holy and safe from evil. For the period to which the accusation extends she has been also re-

moved from the control of public opinion—the next remaining check the world can afford on female behavior." Lord John perhaps makes a low estimate of female virtue when he thus concludes, that women cease to be "holy and safe from evil," when they cease to have a share in domestic affections, or to be controlled by public opinion. There is more sly humor in what follows, than there is of correctness in the noble lord's estimation of female virtue. The drawer-up of the petition reminds the king that what most distresses him is "the uncrowning a royal head without necessity;—we see much to alarm us in the example; nothing to console us in the immediate benefit." Not, says the petitioner, slyly, that we do not recognize the right of parliament to alter the succession to the crown. "None respect more than we do the Act of Settlement which took away the crown from its hereditary successors, and gave it to the House of Brunswick;" and, as the writer alludes to the possibility of the new subject of strife bringing the country to the verge of a civil war, he of course intimates that parliament may again be called upon to regulate the succession. The sum of the petition is to let the queen alone. "From her future conduct your Majesty and the nation will be enabled to judge whether the reports from Milan were well founded, or whether they were the offspring of curiosity and malice." The prayer of the petition, therefore, is, that parliament be prorogued, and "thus end all proceedings against the queen."

Of course, this petition was really a political pamphlet, introduced for no other purpose but the exposition of certain opinions. The queen's replies to the popular addresses borrowed something of the tone of this document, and were partly sarcastic, partly serious, in regretting that an impartial tribunal was not to be found on this occasion in the House of Lords.

Her majesty now once more changed her residence from Portman-street to Brandenburgh House, the old suburban residence of the Margravine of Anspach, on the banks of the Thames, near Hammersmith, where watch and ward were nightly kept by volunteer sentinels from among some of the more enthusiastic inhabitants of the vicinity. The distance, however, was too great to enable her majesty to repair conveniently to the House of

Lords when her trial should be in progress. The widow of Sir Philip Francis had compassion upon her, and made her an offer, promptly accepted, of the widow's mansion in St. James's Square. It was next to that of her great enemy, Lord Castlereagh; and to reach the House of Lords, she would daily have to pass Carlton House, the residence of the husband who was so blindly bent upon consigning her to infamy.

In the midst of these preparations for a great event, died a princess as unfortunate as Caroline, but one who bore her trials with more wisdom. The Duchess of York, the wife of the second son of Queen Charlotte, died on Friday, the 6th of August. Her married life had been an unhappy one, and every day of it was a disgrace to her profligate, unprincipled, and good-tempered husband. She endured the sorrows which were of his inflicting with a silent dignity, and some eccentricity. In her seclusion at Oatlands, this amiable, patient, and much-loved lady passed a brief career, marked by active beneficence. Her blue eyes, fair hair, and light complexion, are still favorite themes of admiration with those who have reason to gratefully remember her. A great portion of her income was expended in founding and maintaining schools, encouraging benefit societies, and relieving the poor and distressed. But her benevolence had an eccentric side, and the indulgence of it was the only indulgence she allowed herself. She loved the brute creation, and had an especial admiration for dogs. Of these she supported a perfect colony, and daily might her canine friends, of every species and in considerable numbers, be seen taking their airing in the park, often with their benevolent hostess leading the way and taking delight in witnessing their gambols. She, perhaps, was the more attached to them because she had been so harshly used by man; and a touch of misanthropy was probably the basis of her regard for animals. The progeny of her established favorites were boarded out among the villagers, and in the park was a cemetery solely devoted as the burial-ground of her quadruped friends. They rested beneath small tombstones, which bore the names, age, and characters of the canine departed. In these things may be seen the weak side of her character; but it was a weakness that might be easily pardoned. Hers was a char-

acter that had also its firm, and perhaps humorous side. She had patronized a party of strolling actors, and sent her foreign servants, who could comprehend little, to listen to the moan of Shakspeare murdered in a barn. Shortly after, an earnest and itinerant Wesleyan hired the same locality, and the duchess ordered the household down to listen to the sermon. The foreigners among them pleaded their ignorance of the language, as an excuse for not going. "No, no," said the duchess, "you were ready enough to go to the play, and you shall also go to the preaching. I am going myself;"—and in the barn at Weybridge the official successor of John Wesley expounded Scripture to the lineal successor of Frederick the Great.

She had not the spirit of Caroline, and was all the happier for it. The latter, indeed, was more harshly tried, but she in some degree provoked the trial, and was now suffering the consequence of the provocation. She gave a few days to retirement, in consequence of the death of the duchess; and this duty performed, she was again in public, working with energy and determination to accomplish the restoration of a name which had been tarnished by her own indiscretion. And indiscretion is, perhaps, one of the most ruinous ingredients in a character. It is a torch in the hand of the careless, firing the very garments of the bearer.

The addresses to the queen now became greater in number, and stronger in language. The replies to them also became more energetic and menacing in expression. They were still popularly ascribed to Dr. Parr, and from whomsoever proceeding, the author very well kept in view the personage for whom, and the circumstances under which, he was speaking. Thus, to the deputation from Canterbury, one paragraph of the royal reply was in these words: "When my accusers offered to load me with wealth, on condition of depriving me of honor, my habitual disinterestedness and my conscious integrity made me spurn the golden lure. My enemies have not yet taught me that wealth is desirable when it is coupled with infamy." This was something of self-laudation, but in the answer to the Norwich address, the queen directed attention from herself to the perils which menaced the state, through her prosecution. The manner of that prosecution was described

by her as ultimately threatening the vital interests of individual and general liberty. "The question at this moment is not merely whether the queen shall have her rights, but whether the rights of any individual in the kingdom shall be free from violation." There was more dignity in this sentiment and language than in the queen's letter addressed to the king. Of course, this epistle was not the queen's, but a mere manufacture, which the king, naturally enough, would not read, or at least would not acknowledge that he *had* read. "Your court became much less a scene of polished manners and of refined intercourse than of low intrigue and scurrility. Spies, bacchanalians, tale-bearers, and foul conspirators, swarmed in those places which had before been the resort of sobriety, virtue, and honor." But the object of the letter was less to contrast the regent's court with that of the Queen Charlotte, than to protest against the constitution of the court before which she was to be tried. In that court, she said, her accusers were her judges; the ministers who had pre-condemned her commanded the majority; and the husband who sought to destroy her exercised an influence there, perilous to the fair award of justice. She demanded to be tried according to law. "You have left me nothing but my innocence," she remarked, "and you would now, by a mockery of justice, deprive me of the reputation of possessing even that."

In the reply to the Middlesex address, there is the sole admission of blame attaching to her, through indiscretion. "My frank and unreserved disposition may, at times, have laid my conduct open to the misrepresentations of my adversaries." But, "I am what I seem, and I seem what I am. I feel no fear, except it be the fear that my character be not sufficiently investigated. I challenge every inquiry; I deprecate not the most vigilant scrutiny." Against the method of carrying on the scrutiny, she continued to protest most heartily. "In the bill of Pains and Penalties," she replied to the address from Shoreditch, "my adversaries first condemn me without proof, and then, with a sort of novel refinement in legislative science, proceed to inquire whether there is any proof to justify the condemnation." To the more directly popular mind, to the address of the artisans, for instance, she delivered an

answer in which there is the following passage: "Who does not see that it is not owing to the wisdom of the Deity, but to the hard-heartedness of the oppressors, when the sweat of the brow during the day is followed by the tear at its close?" This was stirring up popular opinion against the king, of whom she invariably spoke as her "oppressor." She, however, as significantly directed the public wrath against the peers, as in her reply to the Hammersmith address, wherein she says: "To have been one of the peers, who, after accusing and condemning, affected to sit in judgment on Queen Caroline, will be a sure passport to the splendid notoriety of everlasting shame." The married ladies of London went up to her with an address of encouragement and sympathy. Her answer to this document contained an asseveration that she was not unworthy of the sympathy of English matrons. "I shall never sacrifice that honor," she observed, "which is the glory of a woman . . . I can never be debased while I observe the great maxim of respecting myself." But her reply to the inhabitants of Greenwich had even more of the matter in it that would sink deep in the bosom of mothers. After alluding to the period when she was living happily with her daughter, among those who were now addressing her, she added: "Can I ever be unmindful that it was a period when I could behold that countenance which I never beheld without vivid delight, and to hear that voice which to my foud ear was like music breathing over violets? Can I forget? No, my soul will never suffer me to forget that, when the cold remains of the beloved object were deposited in the tomb, the malice of my persecutors would not even suffer the name of the mother to be inscribed upon the coffin of her child. Of all the indignities I have experienced, this is one which, minute as it may seem, has affected me as much as all the rest. But if it were minute, it was not so to my agonizing sensibility." But, she observed, in her reply to the Barnard Castle address, "My conscience is without a pang—and what have I to fear?" Her majesty, at the same time, seldom allowed any opportunity to escape of placing the king in, if the phrase may be allowed, a metaphorical pillory. "To pretend," she thus spoke to the Bethnal Green deputation, "that his majesty is not a party, and the

sole complaining party, in this great question, is to render the whole business a mere mockery. His majesty either does or does not desire the divorce, which the bill of Pains and Penalties proposes to accomplish. If his majesty does not desire the divorce, it is certain that the state does not desire it in his stead; and if the divorce is the desire of his majesty, his majesty ought to seek it on the same terms as his subjects; for in a limited monarchy, the law is one and the same for all." In the answer to the people of Sheffield, the same spirit is manifested. "It would have been well for me," she exclaims, "and perhaps not ill for the country, if my oppressor had been as far from malice as myself; for what is it but malice of the most unmixed nature, and the most unrelenting character, which has infested my path, and waylaid my steps during a long period of twenty-five years?" Her complaint was, that during that quarter of a century her adversaries had treated her as if she had been insensible to the value of character. "For why else," she asks, in addressing the Reading deputation, "why else should they have invited me to bring it to market, and let it be estimated by gold? But—a good name is better than riches. I do not dread poverty, but I loathe turpitude, and I think death preferable to shame." Finally, she flattered the popular ear by placing all the authorities in the realm below that of the sovereign people. In her reply to one of the City Ward addresses occurs the assertion that, "If the power of king, lords, and commons is limited by the fundamental laws of the realm, their acts are not binding when they exceed those limitations. If it be asked, 'What, then, are kings, lords, and commons answerable to any higher authority?' I distinctly answer, *yes*. 'To what higher authority?' To that of God and of the people." Lord John Russell, too, told the king that the crown was held at the will and pleasure of the parliament; and the queen, speaking on that hint, now maintained that crown and parliament were, under certain contingencies, beneath the heel of the *peuple souverain*.

It perplexed many of the clergy that the Princess of Wales should be continued to be prayed for up to the period of George the Third's death, but that Queen Caroline should not be named in the Liturgy after the decease of the only true friend she ever

had in the royal family. One military chaplain, a Mr. Gillespie, of a Scotch yeomanry regiment, was put under arrest for daring to invoke a blessing upon her in his extemporary prayer for the royal family—but this was the only penalty inflicted for the so-called offence.

CHAPTER X.

THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

THE queen's trial, as the proceedings in the House of Lords was called, commenced on the 17th of August. They who are curious in details may consult the journals of the time; I shall probably best satisfy all readers by taking only a general view, and recording the result.

The queen had signified her intention of attending daily in the house during the proceedings; and suitable accommodation and attendance were provided for her. In the house, at all events, she was treated as queen consort, and she more than once adverted to the fact when about to take her seat on the throne-like chair and cushion placed at her disposal, near her counsel. Her usual course was to come up from Brandenburgh House early in the morning, to the residence of Lady Francis in St. James's Square. From the latter place she proceeded, in as much "state" as could be got up with her diminished means, to the House of Lords. On these occasions, she was attended by Lady Anne Hamilton, her chamberlains Sir W. Gell and Mr. Keppel Craven, and Alderman Wood, who invariably endeavored to have the honor of escorting the queen into the house, but was as invariably forbidden to pass in that way, by the local authorities. The alderman, being a member of parliament, was compelled to pass through the entrance allotted to the "Commons;" and the queen, who was received with military honors, was usually led into the house, or to the apartment assigned to her use, by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt and Mr. Brougham, each holding her by a hand.

The royal progress from St. James's Square to the House of Peers, and the return, were daily witnessed by a dense multitude, and hailed by acclamations. The queen thought the popular sympathy for her far stronger than it really was. It did not, indeed, want for earnestness, intensity, or honesty, but it did not go deep enough to urge the multitude to make any serious demonstration in her favor. They cheered her as she passed, cheered the soldiers who saluted her, and hissed those who failed to show her that mark of respect. They hissed or cheered the peers on their arrival according as they knew that they were opponents or supporters of the queen. They were especially delighted when they succeeded in compelling a lordly adversary to shout, or seem to shout, for the queen. They strove mightily to bring the Marquis of Anglesea to this; but on his assertion, that rather than do a thing against his inclination they might run him through the body, they laughed, cheered, and let him pass on. The Duke of Wellington served those who assailed him quite as characteristically: he was violently hissed on his way to the house on the first day of the trial; he checked his horse for a moment, looked round with a half-smile, as if the people had been guilty of some absurd mistake, and then quietly walked his horse onward. On another occasion, as he was returning from the house, the mob insisted upon his crying "The queen! The queen!" "Yes, yes!" was his reply; but his persecutors were not content therewith, and continued to assail him, as he rode slowly forward. At length, wearied with their importunity, he is said to have turned to his assailants, and exclaimed, "Very well, the queen, then; and may all your wives be like her!"

Caroline was early in her attendance on the 17th of August. She entered the house at ten o'clock, while the names of the peers were being called over. She wore a black satin dress, with a white veil over a plain laced cap. The whole body of peers rose to receive her, and she acknowledged the courtesy with that dignity which she could well assume, and which she could so readily throw off.

It was not till the 19th of August that the case was actually opened by the attorney-general. The preliminary proceedings were not, however, of much interest; save on the part of the Duke

of Leinster, who attempted by motion, to get rid of the bill at once, in which he failed; all parties being nearly agreed that there was now no possibility of retrocession. The second incident of interest was in the speech of Mr. Brougham against the bill, and the method by which it sought to crush his illustrious client. While praising her self-denying generosity, which induced her to refrain from all recrimination, he ably adverted to the anomaly of the accused person in a case of divorce, being prevented from showing the guilt of her accuser.

On the 19th, the attorney-general opened his case. He professed his conviction that he should state nothing which he could not substantiate on proof; and reviewing the general course of the queen's life abroad, he deduced from it that she had been guilty of conduct which stamped her with shame as princess and as woman. Caroline entered the house towards the conclusion of his speech; shortly after which he introduced the first of the batch of Italian witnesses lodged near the house, in Cotton Gardens, and whose presence there was sufficient to render uneasy the spirit of the noble philosopher who gave his name to the spot, and the wreck of whose library is among the richest treasures of the British Museum. The entrance of the first witness gave rise to an incident dramatic in its effect. He was the celebrated Theodore Majocchi, and he no sooner appeared at the bar when the queen, overcome, as it would seem, at seeing one who owed her much gratitude, arrayed against her, exclaimed "*Oh Traditore!* oh traitor!" and hurrying from the scene, took refuge in her apartment, from which she did not again issue except to return home. The chief points supposed to have been established by Majocchi, were that on the deck of the polacca, Bergami slept at night beneath the tent wherein the princess also slept; and that the same individual attended her in the bath. The tent was partially open, in the hot climate beneath which the wayfarers were travelling; and in the bath, the princess wore a bathing dress, so that if the indiscretion was undoubtedly great, indecorum was not (it was suggested) very seriously injured. Of the remainder of Majocchi's evidence it has been well remarked by one who heard it, that "all his subsequent assertions did not, in consequence of what he implied

by this statement, weigh the worth of two straws with me, for it was of the nature of inference, and deduced by the imagination. Besides I do think he was a knowing rogue, who forgot to remember many things which perhaps might have changed the hue of his insinuations. I do not say that what he did say was not sufficient to induce a strong suspicion of guilt itself in the members of an English society; but this is the very thing complained of. The queen was in *foreign* society, in peculiar circumstances, and yet our state Solomons judge of her conduct as if she had been among the English.* The remark is worth something, for even at so short a distance from town as Ramsgate Sands, the law of modesty does not appear to be the same as it is in other parts of England; and as for the incident of the bath, our grandfathers and grandmothers, in the heyday of their youth, used to walk in couples in the "Baths of Bath," and no one presumed to take offence at the proceeding. The writer last quoted further remarks, as a matter worthy of observation, that Majocchi did not appear to be "at all shocked or shamefaced at what he said." The inference deduced is that the witness had been "taught to dwell so particularly on uncomely things, by one who did know how much they would revolt the English."

It would indeed be revolting to go through all the evidence; it must suffice to tread our way through it as lightly and as quickly as possible. All the government witnesses deposed to an ostentation of criminality in parties who, if guilty, must have been most deeply interested in concealing all evidences of guilt, and one of whom at least knew that she was constantly watched and daily reported of. This contradiction very soon struck Lord Eldon himself, who intimated that some measures should be taken to punish perjury, if it could be proved to have been committed. It is certain that the king's case was materially damaged at a very early stage of the proceedings, not only by discrepancy in the evidence, but by the suspicious alacrity of the witnesses in tendering it.

A close watcher of Majocchi, when giving his evidence, says:—"I cannot understand why so much importance is attached to

* Letter in "Diary illustrative of the Court, &c., of George IV."

the evidence of Majocchi. He did not state any one thing that indicated a remembrance of his having put a sense of indecorum on the conduct of the queen at the time to which he referred; and in this, I think, the want of tact in those who arranged the case is glaringly obvious. As men, they could not but have often seen that it is the nature of recollected transactions to affect the expression of the physiognomy, and particularly of the kind of transactions which the *traditore* knew he was called to prove; yet in no one instance did Majocchi show that there was an image in his mind, even while uttering what were thought the most sensual demonstrations. In all the most particular instances that pointed to guilt, he was as abstract as Euclid; a logarithmic transcendent could not have been more bodiless, than the memory of his recollections. I do not say that he was taught by others, but I affirm that he spoke by rote.*

Many of the servants examined swore positively to much unseemliness of demeanor between Bergami and the princess, and some went very much further than this. Of these, several confessed to being hostile to the courier: some were jealous of him; but they all, despite some discrepancy of detail, kept to the leading points of their evidence, which was destructive to the reputation of the princess.

Captain Briggs, and Captain Pechell, with whom she had sailed, deposed to some folly, but no positive guilt. Something was attempted to be made out of the arrangement of the respective berths on board the ship commanded by the first officer, but with no remarkable success. The captain of the polacca gave evidence that was much more damaging, with reference to the unseemliness of sleeping on deck, beneath a tent,—for which the heat of the atmosphere, and the horses and mules that were below deck, hardly offered sufficient authority. Again, there was testimony of such disgraceful conduct at inns, that if it be accepted, no other conclusion can be arrived at than that those guilty of it must not only have been lost to all sense of shame, but eager that their iniquity should be a spectacle to all beholders. "As the

* "Diary," &c.

whole case now is," says a contemporary writer, "by making it more gross than in all human probability it could be, the evidence, where it might otherwise be trusted, is rendered unworthy of credit."

But there were incidents in the drama that were not all for the audience. "Nature," says the writer of the "Supplementary Letters" annexed to the "Diary Illustrative of the Court of George IV.," "often mixes up the sublime and the ridiculous helplessly, as it would seem; and I met to-day with a curious instance of her indifference. I forget how it happened, but I was driven accidentally against a curtain, and saw, in consequence, behind it Lord Castlereagh, sitting on a stair by himself, holding his hand to his ear, to *keep* the sound and words of the evidence which the witness under examination at the bar was giving. Notwithstanding the moody wrath of my ruminations, I could not help laughing at the discovery, and his lordship looked equally amused, and was quite as much discomposed. He smiled, and I withdrew. I met him afterwards in the lobby of the House of Commons, when he again smiled."

Masons, painters, whitewashers and waiters, vied, or seemed to vie, with each other in the dirty character of their depositions. Rastelli, a groom, but discarded as a thief, did not go further, but both sides evidently considered him as an unmitigated scoundrel, and he was somehow permitted to disappear, as if either side was anxious to be rid of him. Scarcely more respectable was the woman, Dumont, who dwelt on the abominations to which she swore, as if she loved thinking of them. She was worse than the boatmen, bakers, and others with aliases to their names, who, however, deposed to circumstances sufficiently gross in character, and drew dreadfully strong inferences from generally slender, but occasionally very suspicious premises.

The loathsome mass was got through by the seventh of September, when the House adjourned till the third of October. The members needed breathing time, and all parties, the public included, stood in urgent need of that peculiar civet whose virtue, according to the poet, lies in its power to sweeten the imagination.

The course of the trial exhibited more than one trait illustra-

tive of the English Bar, and also of individuals. Thus, in the interim between the closing of the king's case, and the opening of the queen's defence, by Mr. Brougham, the last-named gentleman went down to Yorkshire to attend the assizes there. The chief advocate of one sovereign against another was there engaged in a cause on behalf of an old woman upon whose *pig-cot* a trespass had been committed. The tenement in question was on the border of a common of one hundred acres, upon five yards of which it was alleged to have unduly encroached, and was therefore pulled down by the landlord. The poor woman sought for damages, she having held occupation by a yearly rent of sixpence, and sixpence on entering. The learned counsel pleaded his poor client's cause successfully, and, having procured for her the value of her levelled pig-cot, some forty shillings, he returned to town to endeavor to plead as successfully the cause of the queen. The re-opening of the case took place on the 3rd of October. Before Mr. Brougham rose to speak, Lord Liverpool made severe introductory remarks, for the purpose of disavowing all improper dealing with the witnesses on the part of government. He also expressed his readiness to exhibit an account of all moneys paid to the witnesses in support of the bill.

Mr. Brougham then entered on the queen's defence in a speech of great boldness and power. The sentiments put forth in that oration would probably not be endorsed now by Lord Brougham. He declared, too, that nothing should prevent him from fulfilling his duty, and that he would recriminate upon the king if he found it necessary to do so. The threat gave some uneasiness to ministers, but they trusted, nevertheless, to the learned counsel's discretion. He would have been justified in the public mind if he had realized his promise. The popular opinion, however, hardly supported him in what followed, when he declared that an English advocate could look to nothing but the rights of his client, and that even if the country itself should suffer, his feelings as a patriot must give way to his professional obligations. This was only one of many instances of the abuse of the very extensively abused, and widely misunderstood maxim of *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*.

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Mr. Denman, the queen's solicitor-general, was not less legally

audacious, if one may so speak, than his great leader. In a voice of thunder, and in presence of the assembled peerage of the realm, he denounced one of the king's brothers as a calumniator. Mr. Rush, who was present on the occasion, says, "the words were 'Come forth, THOU SLANDERER!'—a denunciation," he goes on to say, "the more severe from the sarcasm with which it was done, and the turn of his eye towards its object." That object was the Duke of Clarence; and in reference to the exclamation, and the fierce spirit of the hour, generally, Mr. Rush says:—"Even after the whole trial had ended, Sir Francis Burdett, just out of prison for one libel proclaimed aloud to his constituents, and had it printed in all the papers, that the ministers ALL DESERVED TO BE HANGED. This tempest of abuse, incessantly directed against the king and all who stood by him, was borne during several months, without the slightest attempt to check or punish it; and it is too prominent a fact to be left unnoticed, that the same advocate, who so fearlessly uttered the above denunciation, was made attorney-general when the prince of the blood who was the OBJECT OF IT, sat upon the throne; and was subsequently raised to the still higher dignity of lord chief justice."

By the end of the third day of the defence, the testimony had assumed so favorable an aspect for the queen, that ministers began to deliberate upon the question of throwing up the bill altogether. During the following fortnight, however, the subsequent testimony was not so decidedly contradictory of what the witnesses on the other side had sworn to; and the government then decided that the bill should take its course. The first witness was a Mr. Lemann, clerk to the queen's solicitor. His deposition was to the effect that he had been sent to Baden to solicit the attendance of Baron Dante, the Grand Duke's chamberlain. The baron, who was proprietor of an estate in Hanover, and who consulted his memoranda before he answered the solicitation, finally, and under sanction, if not order, of his ducal master, refused to attend as a witness. Colonel St. Leger simply proved that he did not resign his appointment in the queen's household, from any knowledge of her having conducted herself improperly, but on account of ill health. The Earl of Guildford spoke to the general propriety of the queen's conduct

abroad, while under his observation; and Lord Glenbervie showed that the royal reputation had not been dimmed, in his eyes at least, during his residence in Italy, or otherwise he would not have permitted Lady Glenbervie to act, even for a brief time, as lady in waiting to the princess. Lady Charlotte Lindsey deposed to having heard reports unfavorably affecting that reputation, but she had never seen anything to confirm them. Persons of inferior rank, in attendance on the princess, deposed to the same effect. The testimony of Dr. Holland and Mr. Mills was of a highly favorable character, exact and decisive. The evidence of other witnesses was equally favorable to the character and conduct of the courier-chamberlain; and, partly in answer to the evidence which spoke of her royal highness receiving strangers in her sleeping apartments, the Earl of Llandaff, who had resided in Italy with his lady and family, showed that such a circumstance was a part of the custom of Italy. Mr. Keppel Craven, who had originally engaged Bergami for the service of the princess, declared that the individual in question brought excellent testimonials with him, and that he was of respectable family, and behaved with propriety. Mr. Craven added that he had heard much about spies, and that he had admonished the princess touching the being seen with Bergami in attendance as a servant. This evidence was corroborated by that of Sir W. Gell. A writer, commenting upon the testimony of these witnesses, and that given on the other side, remarks:—"that the witnesses on the king's side 'told improbable stories; and none of them had the look of speaking from recollection . . . there is a visible difference between the expression of the countenance in telling a recollection and an imagination, especially such stories as they told.'"

It was further proved that, if Bergami kissed the princess's hand, he did no more than what was commonly done by respectable Italian servants by way of homage to their mistresses.

This "plain sailing" was, however, somewhat marred by the contradictory evidence of Lieutenant Flynn; and even that of Lieutenant Hovnam was sufficient to show that the princess, if not

* "The Diary," &c

the most gross, was certainly the most indiscreet of ladies. Other witnesses spoke to dresses and dances which had been described as disgraceful in their character, being really harmless: and others again showed that certain unedifying sights could not have been seen by the witnesses who had sworn to having been spectators of them, from the place in which they stood. Again, the evidence did not lack which proved the purchasing of testimony on the other side, and some excitement was raised when, on the presence of Rastelli being required, it was found that he had been permitted to leave the country. In the opinion of some, he had been conveyed away by the prosecuting party. A few thought he had disappeared with the connivance of both sides.

The entire evidence was closed on the 30th of October; when the lords adjourned to the 2nd of November, from which day to the 6th, the peers were engaged in debates upon the evidence, almost every member assigning reasons for the vote he intended to give. Mr. Rush describes succinctly and vividly the character of the debates as the case approached its close. It was "stormy" in the extreme. "Earl Grey declared that if their lordships passed the bill, it would prove the most disastrous step the house had ever taken. Earl Grosvenor said that, feeling as he did the evils which the erasure of the queen's name from the Liturgy (a measure taken before her trial came on) was likely to entail upon the nation, as well as its repugnance to law and justice, he would, had he been Archbishop of Canterbury, have thrown the prayer-book in the king's face, sooner than have consented to it. On the other hand, the Duke of Montrose said, even after the ministers had abandoned the bill, that so convinced was he of her guilt, whatever others might think to do, he, for one, would never acknowledge her as his queen."

The bill, however, was not yet abandoned. The house divided on the 6th of the month, on the second reading, which was carried by 123 to 95, giving ministers a majority of 28. The queen immediately signed a protest against the nature of the proceedings. The document terminated with these words: "She now most deliberately, and before God, asserts that she is wholly innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and she awaits with unabated confi-

dence the final result of this unparalleled investigation;"—and as she signed the protest she exclaimed, with a dash of her pen, "there 'Caroline Regina' in spite of them."

By a clever manœuvre of her friends, the ministers were next cast into a minority. The house had gone into committee on the divorce clause. The clause was distasteful to some of the bishops. Dr. Howley, indeed, is said to have held that the king could do no wrong, even if he broke the seventh commandment. Others, however, thought that a man so notoriously guilty in that respect was not justified in seeking to destroy his wife, even if she were as guilty as he was. The clause was objected to by many peers, and popularly it was distasteful for something of the same reasons. The ministers thinking to gain a point by abandoning a clause, moved the omission of this very clause of divorce. But the queen's friends immediately saw that by the retaining of the clause, the bishops and others who preferred the bill without it would be less likely to vote for the passing of the bill itself. They accordingly voted that the divorce clause should be retained, and the ministers in a minority on this point, proposed the third reading of the bill, with the clause in question in the body of it. One hundred and eight voted for it, and ninety-nine against it. The ministry were thus only in a majority of nine,—exactly the number of the peers who were members of the cabinet,—and after a short delay, Lord Liverpool made a merit of surrendering their measure as an offering to popular feeling, although they had carried the bill,—with too small a majority, as he confessed, to enable ministers to act upon it.

The queen was in her own apartment in the house of lords when the intelligence was brought her by her excited counsel that the bill of pains and penalties had been abandoned. She received the intimation in perfect silence, hardly seeming to comprehend the fact, or perhaps scarcely knowing how it should be appreciated. The ministers had carried their bill, but even their withdrawing of it would not prove her guiltless. "I shall never forget," says one present, "what was my emotion when it was announced to me that the bill of pains and penalties was to be abandoned. I was walking towards the west end of the long corridor of the House of

Lords, wrapt in reverie, when one of the door-keepers touched me on the shoulder, and told me the news. I turned instantly to go back into the house, when I met the queen coming out alone from her waiting-room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily. I could not indeed proceed, for she had a *dazed* look, more tragical than consternation: she passed me. The usher pushed open the folding-doors of the great stair-case; she began to descend, and I followed instinctively two or three steps behind her. She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the bannisters, pausing for a moment. Oh, that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing. Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible manifestation of unspeakable grief—an echoing of the voice of the soul. Four or five persons came in from below before she reached the bottom of the stairs. I think Alderman Wood was one of them, but I was in indescribable confusion. . . . I rushed past, and out into the hastily-assembling crowd. . . . I knew not where I was; but in a moment, a shouting in the balcony above, on which a number of gentlemen from the interior of the house were gathering, roused me. The multitude then began to cheer, but at first there was a kind of stupor. The sympathy, however, soon became general, and winged by the voice, soon spread up the street. Every one instantly, between Charing Cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace Yards, as if a deluge was unsluiced.”*

* “Diary of Court, &c., of George IV.”

CHAPTER XI.

“TRISTIS GLORIA.”

THE queen was in tears when the “people” were rejoicing, less certainly for her sake, than for the popular victory which had been achieved. There was nothing in the issue of the trial for any party to rejoice at. The ministry could not exult, for although they had carried the bill, which declared the queen worthy of degradation from her rights and privileges, rank and station, yet they refrained from acting upon it, because the popular voice was hoarse with menace, so unfairly had the case of the two antagonists been tried before the august tribunal of the peers.

The popular voice had been heeded, and was satisfied with the triumph. Caroline must have felt that she was really of but secondary account in the matter, that the victory was not for her, and that righteously or unrighteously, her reputation had been irretrievably shaken into ruins.

Her great spirit, however, was as yet undaunted. The bill was no sooner withdrawn, when she formally applied to Lord Liverpool to be furnished with a fitting place of residence, and a suitable provision. The premier’s reply informed her majesty, that the king was by no means disposed to permit her to reside in any of the royal palaces; but that the pecuniary allowance which she had hitherto enjoyed, should be continued to her until parliament should again meet for the regular dispatch of business.

The then present parliament was about to be prorogued, and the queen was resolved that, if possible, that body should not separate until it had granted her what, as queen consort, she had a right to demand. Her solicitor-general, accordingly, went down to the Commons with a royal message, which he was not permitted to deliver. The house probably never presented such a scene as

that disgraceful one of the night of the 23rd of November. Mr. Denman stood with the queen's letter in his hand; he was perfectly in order, but the speaker chose rather to obey that brought by the usher of the black rod, summoning the members to attend at the bar of the Lords, and listen to the prorogation. The speaker hurried out of the house, and the queen's message was virtually flung into the street. The public, however, knew that its chief object was to announce the queen's refusal of any allowance or accommodation made to her as by ministerial bounty. She still claimed the restoration of her name to the Liturgy, and a revenue becoming her recognized rank as queen consort.

In the meantime she publicly partook of the Holy Communion at the parish church of Hammersmith, a proceeding which some persons chose to consider as a new protestation of her innocence. The admirers of coincidences affected to have found a remarkable one in the first lesson for the day, on this occasion (Isaiah lix); and particularly in the verse which declares that, "Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen into the street, and equity cannot enter." This was considered as applicable to the queen's case, but as its applicability presented itself in a double sense, every one was permitted to construe it as he thought best.

Caroline's next step was to proceed to St. Paul's in solemn, public array, to return thanks for her escape from the meshes constructed for her by her enemies. Due notice was given of her majesty's intention and object, to the cathedral authorities, and the day appointed by her was the 29th of November. The intimation excited in those authorities neither admiration nor respect. Even the dean, the mild and virtuous Van Mildert, seemed to think that it was highly unbecoming in the queen to be grateful for the dispensations of Heaven. The whole chapter thought, or were taught to think, that there was no greater nuisance upon earth, than for this woman to come to St. Paul's and thank God that He had not allowed her enemies to prevail over her. Those who may have any doubt as to these being the capitular sentiments, are referred to the life of Lord Sidmouth, by Dean Pellew, who records with

emphatic approval, what the good, but here mistaken, Van Mildert very uncharitably said and did upon the occasion.

The Corporation of London were anxious to facilitate the queen's object; the Chapter of St. Paul's, under pressure from very high authority without, resolved to do all they could to impede it. They determined that nothing should be changed in the ordinary service; that the queen's presence or purpose should in no way be recognized; that the doors should be thrown open to the rush of queen and *canaille* indiscriminately—and, that the mayor and corporation should be held responsible for the safety of the Cathedral.

The chief magistrate and his council soon, however, brought the chapter to a more proper sense of seemliness. The latter body indeed would not yield on any really ecclesiastical point; but they agreed that certain arrangements might be made by the mayor and his corporate brothers, for the better maintenance of the decorum, dignity, and decency becoming so solemn an occasion.

The dean was satisfied that the unwashed artisan,—the unclean public generally,—would make of the day a "saturnalia," a festival of obscene desecration. The public, it is to be hoped, pleasingly surprised him. It generally comports itself with propriety, when it descends in countless masses into the streets to form a portion of the solemnity, partly actors, partly spectators, on great occasions. The people never behaved with more decency than they did on this day.

The circumstance was really solemn, but there were matters about it that robbed it of some of its solemnity. It was solemn to see a queen proceeding alone, as it may be said, but through myriads of people, to acknowledge publicly the mercies of Heaven. Lady Anne Hamilton was her solitary female English attendant; but every woman who witnessed her progress, either praised or pitied her that day. Her "procession" was made up of very slender material, though all her court followed her, in the person of Mr. Vice-Chamberlain Craven. This little company, however, was swollen by numerous additions on the way; members of parliament, among others, Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Hume, and Mr. John Cam Hobhouse lent some dignity by their presence. Horse-

men fell into the line, vehicles of every degree took up their following, and the "trades" marshalled themselves, either in joining the march or drawing up to greet the pious queen as she passed upon her way. Among these, perhaps, the solemnity most suffered. Some very ill-favored individuals shouted for her majesty beneath banners which declared, "Thus shall it be done to the woman whom the people delight to honor." The braziers added a joke to the occasion, by raising a flag over their position at the end of Bridge Street, on which it was recorded that, "The Queen's Guards are Men of Metal."

With the addition of the ordinary civic pomp the queen arrived at the cathedral, where she was received with affectionate respect by her friends, and with some show of courtesy by the ecclesiastical authorities, who had wiled away the time previous to her arrival, by squabbling rather too loudly for the place and occasion, with the corporation present.

The usual service was then proceeded with, and again the coincidence hunters sought for their favorite spoil. They found abundance of what they desired, in the hundred-and-fortieth, and the following psalms. But of these, the phrases cut both ways, and perhaps there was no passage more personally applicable to the queen, and some of those friends less in deed than in word, than where it is written, "Oh let not my heart be inclined to *any* evil thing; let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness, lest I eat such things as please them. Let the righteous rather smite me friendly, and reprove me. *But* let not their precious balsam break my head; yea I will pray yet against their wickedness." No especial form of thanksgiving was made use of in her majesty's name, but this was not needed. It was, however, imperative upon the clergy officiating to read the parenthetical clause in the General Thanksgiving prayer, which has immediate reference to the individual who desires to make an offering of human gratitude to God. This clause, however, was omitted! The queen consort of England was upon her knees upon the floor of the cathedral, but the officiating minister virtually looked up to Him, and standing between Caroline and her Creator, exclaimed, "Lord, she is not here!" The omission of the clause

was tantamount to this much. The people behaved better than the priests on that day; and yet it was one on which the priests might have found occasion to give, that which they are generally well qualified to contribute, valuable instruction to the people. Those of St. Paul's, at all events, mistook their mission on the day in question.

This spiritual matter ended, the temporal welfare of the queen had to be looked to. If she could have existed upon good wishes, she would have been wealthy, for never did congratulatory addresses pour in upon her as at the end of this year and the beginning of that which followed. But she needed something more substantial than good wishes, and the king himself acknowledged as much in a speech from the throne, delivered on the re-opening of parliament in January, 1821. His majesty recommended that a separate provision should be made for the queen consort. She instantly declared her refusal of any provision that was not accompanied by the restoration of her name in the Liturgy. The condition was peremptorily declined by the government, and the income of 50,000*l.* a year was then accepted by the queen. In this step she disappointed numberless friends, who would not have contributed a farthing to her maintenance. But stern necessity broke the pride of the poor lady, who was beginning to feel that a banker without "effects" for her use, was a worse thing than a Liturgy without her name. Her increased revenue enabled her to bear the expenses of a town establishment, which she now formed at Cambridge House, South Audley Street, but her favorite residence was still that on the banks of the Thames.

Early in May, 1821, the ceremony of the king's coronation began to be spoken of as an event that was about to take place. Caroline did not forget that she was queen consort. She immediately addressed Lord Liverpool, claiming to take part in the ceremony. The premier replied, that as his majesty had determined that the queen should form no part of the ceremonial of the coronation, it was his royal pleasure that she should not attend the ceremony itself. Ever active when she could inflict annoyance on the king by claiming what she very well knew he would never concede, she succeeded in obtaining a hearing for her legal advisers

in her behalf, before the Privy Council. They served her to the best of their ability, but in truth they had no right upon their side, and the arguments which they raised, to prove what could not be demonstrated, fell down as rapidly as they were constructed. Mr. Brougham deduced a presumed right from a curious fact, from the circumstance of a law being passed in the year 784, *excluding* Queen Adelberga from the ceremony of being crowned queen of the West Saxons, because she had murdered a former husband. I may, however, with great deference, notice that the most early instance in which the title of queen is given to a wife of a King of Wessex, in any contemporary document, occurs in the reign of Edmund, A. D. 945. The West Saxons, it will be remembered, had well nigh dethroned Ethelwolf for crowning his wife Judith, on the ground that by so doing he had violated the laws of the West Saxons, made by them on the death of their King Bertric. "It has been supposed," says Lingard, in his history of the Anglo-Saxon Church, "that queens were crowned, because in some MSS. the order for the coronation of a queen follows that for the coronation of a king; but this proves only that both orders were contained in the original from which the copy was made." The same writer also states that the little Queen Judith was so beloved that the people ultimately acquiesced in her coronation, without a murmur. Mr. Brougham never pleaded a cause more unsuccessfully than on this day. Mr. Denman, the queen's solicitor-general, was, if not more successful, at least infinitely more reasonable. He grounded his application upon the simple and incontrovertible fact, that the queen was in so unfortunate a position as to be unable to waive any right she considered she possessed, without being exposed to the most injurious imputations. "He begged to impress upon their lordships as well as upon the country, that the claim of his illustrious client was put forth in self-defence, because her majesty could not forego that claim without hazarding her reputation, or sacrificing her honor, which, to her, was dearer than life itself."

The king's attorney-general showed, that if claim there were, it rested solely on usage, and that here the law of usage was without application, as the coronation of a queen consort was not a right, but a mere favor conferred by the king. The queen, in short,

could no more *demand* her own coronation than she could that of the king. The Privy Council made a report accordingly; it was approved of by the king, and a copy was transmitted to Viscount Hood. The purport of it was,—that as the queens consort of this realm are not entitled of right to be crowned at any time, it followed that her majesty Queen Caroline was not entitled, as of right, to be crowned at the time specified in her majesty's memorial. The conclusion was disagreeable, but it was inevitable. They who thought, however, that it would silence the queen for ever, were much mistaken. If she could not form a part of the ceremony, she could mar it by her presence; and this she resolved to effect. An announcement was made to Lord Sidmouth of the queen's intention to be present at the coronation, on the 19th of July, and she demanded that a suitable place might be appointed for her accordingly. The noble lord, in a letter commencing "Madam," and terminating without the signature of the writer, informs the queen that it was not his majesty's intention to comply with the application contained in her letter.

The queen was none the less bent upon appearing in the abbey, and due notification of the fact was made to the Duke of Norfolk, as earl marshal of England, with the request added, that his grace would order persons to be in attendance to conduct the queen to her seat. The earl marshal transmitted the letter, containing the notification and request, to Lord Howard of Effingham, who was the "acting earl marshal" on the day in question, and that official "made his humble representations to her majesty of the impossibility, under existing circumstances, of his having the honor of obeying her majesty's commands." Her majesty, however, was not so easily got rid of. She now addressed a note to the Archbishop of Canterbury, informing him of her desire to be crowned, some day after the king, and before the arrangements for the previous ceremony had been done away with. The lord primate humbly replied, that he was the king's servant, and was ready to obey any commands that he might receive from his royal master. Thus foiled, once more, the queen issued a protest against the proceedings. This document was drawn up by the law-advisers of her majesty. It re-asserted that the queen could claim, as of

right, to be crowned, and yet it admitted that there had been cases in which the exercise of the right "was from necessity suspended, or from motives of policy checked;" and though perhaps not in the sense in which it was understood by the queen's counsel, the king now saw that there was a "necessity" for the suspension of the right claimed, and that there were "motives of policy," as well as of personal feeling, for declining to authorize the exercise of it. The protest was addressed to the king, from whom, says the royal protester, "the queen has experienced only the bitter disappointment of every hope she had indulged;" but,—and it was in such phrases she was made to represent the nation as hostile against the king, "in the attachment of the people she has found that powerful and decided protection, which has ever been her ready support and unfailling consolation."

Her majesty's legal advisers supposed, at least they hoped, that she had now done enough for her dignity, and that with this protest would end all further prosecution of a matter which could not be carried further without much peril to that dignity, and to her self-respect. But even *they* did not know of what metal she was made. On the coronation-day she was up with the dawn, determined to penetrate into the abbey, or resolved to test the popular attachment, the powerful and decided protection of the people, the ready support of the public, of which she boasted in her last protest,—and see if, upon the wings of one or other of these visionary essences, she could not be borne to the end which she ardently desired. Her health had already begun to suffer from the effects of the unsettled and agitated career through which she had passed, but her resolution was above all thoughts of health. She was like the sick gladiator, determined to stand in the arena, trusting to the chance of striking an effective blow, and yet almost assured that defeat was certain.

At six o'clock in the morning, the poor queen, in a carriage drawn by six horses, and with Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Anne Hamilton, in attendance upon her, proceeded down to Westminster. The acclamations of the people hailed her on her way, and she reached the front of Westminster Hall without obstruction. If many a shout here welcomed her as she descended from her

carriage, there was something like fear, too, in many a breast, lest the incident, peaceful as it seemed, should not end peacefully. After some hesitation, Caroline, attended as above-mentioned, advanced to the doors of the Hall, amid much confusion, both of people and soldiery,—the first were eager to witness the result, the second were uncertain how to act; and their leaders appeared as uncertain how to direct them. The officer on guard respectfully declined allowing her to pass, even though she were, as she said, Queen of England. He could only obey his orders, and they were to this effect: to give passage to no one whatever who was not the bearer of a ticket. The queen turned away, disappointed, proceeded on foot to other doors, and encountered only similar results. It was a pitiable sight to see her, hurrying along the platform by which her husband was presently to march in gorgeous array, seeking for permission to pass the way she would go, ejected alike wherever she made the application, forced back in one direction by officers in authority, and turned off the platform, not roughly, but yet turned off, by the common men: and not an arm of the multitude, upon whose aid she reckoned, was raised to help her to her end. They pitied her, perhaps, but as her presence there promised to mar the splendor of which they hoped to be spectators, they wished she were gone, and rather tolerated than encouraged her.

Never was queen cast so low as she, when flurried, fevered, now in tears and now hysterically laughing, she stood at the door of the Abbey haggling with the official who acted as porter, and striving to force or win her way into the interior. The chief of the "door-keepers" demanded to see her ticket, but Lord Hood claimed exemption for her on account of her recognized rank: the door-keeper would not recognize the claim. "This is your queen!" said Lord Hood. "Yes, I am your queen; will you admit me?" The assertion and the request were repeatedly made, but always with the same effect. No passage could be given without the indispensable ticket. Lord Hood possessed one, and the queen appeared for a moment inclined to pass in with that. But her heart failed her, and, half laughing, to hide, perhaps, what she could not conceal, her half crying, she declined to go in without her ladies. Finally, a superior officer appeared, and respectfully intimated that

no preparations whatever had been made for the accommodation of her majesty; upon which, after looking around her, as if searching for suggestions or help from the people, and finding no encouragement, she assented to Lord Hood's proposition, that it were better for her to enter her carriage and return home.

She had dared the hazard of the die: the cast had been unfortunate. She, for the first time, felt degraded, and she withdrew, still, like the gladiator from the arena, conscious of bearing the wound of which death must ultimately and speedily come.

Meanwhile, let us tarry for a moment at the Hall and the Abbey. It is not likely that England will ever again behold such a scene of coronation splendor as that of George IV.; and it is quite certain that England would not care to do so. The national taste does not merely regulate itself by the national purse, but by general principle; and it is an incontrovertible fact, that the outlay of millions for the crowning of one man, involves the violation of a principle which the nation desires to see respected.

Never did sovereign labor as George IV. labored, to give eclat to the entire ceremony. He passed days and nights with his familiar friends, in discussing questions of dress, colors, fashions, and effects. His own costume was to him a subject of intense anxiety, and when his costly habits were completed, so desirous was he to witness their effect, that, according to the gossip of the day, a court-gossip which was not groundless, his majesty had one of his own servants attired in the royal garments; and the king contemplated with considerable satisfaction, the sight of a menial pacing up and down the room in the monarch's garb. The man did his office with as much mock gravity as the dramatic king, Mr. Elliston, when he showered tipsy benedictions, upon the public, as he crossed the platform over the pit of Drury Lane.

But it is true in real things as it is in tragedies, that "the king" is not necessarily the principal character. Even in a ballet, the sovereign is less cared for than the chief dancer who cuts *entrechats* in his presence. So at the coronation festival of George IV., although he was first in rank, and as princely as any in bearing, he was very far from being the first in consequence, or the foremost man in the people's love. This matter is admirably put by Mr.

Rush, the American ambassador to our court, who witnessed the ceremony, and made a very nice distinction as to the true position of the principal actors in it. In his account of the scene, the amiable and accomplished diplomatist remarks that the chief splendor of the day, where all wore an air of joy and animation, was in the Hall. "The table for the king's banquet," he remarks, "was spread on the royal platform; the foreign ambassadors and ministers had theirs in the painted chamber of the house of lords, a communicating apartment under the same roof,—but we ran from it soon to come into the hall, the centre of all attraction. The peeresses, peers, and others associated with them had theirs in the body of the hall. Here six long tables were laid, three on each side, leaving a vista, or aisle, open in the middle, which directly fronted the royal platform. The platform and all the seats were covered with crimson, which, with the peeresses richly dressed, and the plate on the banqueting tables, and the company all seated, with the king at the head of his sumptuous table shaped as a crescent, so that he and a few seated on his right and left faced the whole company, made the spectacle extremely magnificent. The comptroller and clerk of the kitchen, and purveyor of wines had not, as may be imagined, overlooked their duties. But when the champion appeared at the opposite extremity of the hall, directly in front of the king, nothing seen at first but tufts of plumes waving from his horse's head, and his own helmet, startling emotions arose in every bosom. Curiosity was breathless to see what was coming. He was attended by Howard of Effingham; and by Anglesea; and by another greater than all—the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; and as these, all on horseback, entered abreast, the champion heralding his challenge, and the horses seeming almost in contact with the outward line of peeresses at the table, yet obedient to the bit which they kept champing,—as this equestrian train slowly advanced in martial grace and strength, up the aisle towards the king, all eyes were seen turned upon one man in it. In vain did the declining sun through the vast old Gothic edifice, throw beams upon the bright and heavy armor of the champion; in vain was it when the horses reaching by slow, impatient steps the top of the aisle, and proudly halting at the steps of the royal platform, that

the stout-clad champion again put forth his challenge, threw down his glove, received the cup *from* his sovereign and drank to his sovereign,—in vain all this; the beauty and chivalry at the banqueting tables still looked at the Duke of Wellington; still kept their eyes on the man whose person and horse recalled, not war in romance, but its stern and recent realities. All were at gaze,—fixed, silent. He was habited only as a peer; had only his staff as lord high constable, yet was he the observed of all. Nowhere was he more intently eyed than from the box where sat the assembled ambassadors of the potentates of Europe. Judging from opinion in that box, there was nothing in the elaborate grandeur of the day to rival the scene. It was the inherent pre-eminence of a great man, exalting moral admiration above the show of the whole kingdom."

This was the imperative fact; and the Emperor of Austria, cold and heartless, was as little in presence of John Sobieski, to whose conquering arm, under God, he owed his empire, as George IV., with crown on his brow, was small in the presence of his own lord high constable. The king was the great figure of the hour, but the duke was the great hero of the age; and the truth was not lost sight of in the gorgeous splendor of the spectacle.

To do the king justice, it must be confessed that he was among the first to acknowledge the pre-eminence of the duke as regarded his services and merits. At the dinner given by the Duke of Wellington a few days after the coronation, in honor of the new sovereign, and with that monarch as chief guest, this acknowledgment was very gracefully made. At this splendid banquet, after the noble host had proposed the health of his royal guest—a toast that was drank, all standing and all silent, the king himself merely rising to bow his thanks to the company, George IV., in turn, proposed, in a brief speech, the health of the duke. "The purport of his remarks," says Mr. Rush, who was present at this interesting festival, was, "that had it not been for the exertions of his friend upon the left, (it was so that he spoke of the duke,) he, the king, might not have had the happiness of meeting those whom he now saw around him at that table; it was, therefore, with particular pleasure that he proposed his health. The king spoke his

words with emphasis and great apparent pleasure. The duke made no reply, but took, in respectful silence, what was said. The king continued sitting while he spoke, as did the company, in profound silence under his words."

The silence of the host was true courtesy. It has not escaped Mr. Rush's discernment. "I thought," he says, "of Johnson, when George III. complimented him: the innate dignity of great minds is the same. In Johnson, it was that of the rough, virtuous recluse—whose greatness was that of the author. In Wellington, it was externally moulded into the will which armies and courts, and long association with the *élite* of mankind may be supposed to give. Johnson did not bandy civilities with his sovereign, whom he had never seen before; nor did Wellington, who saw him every day!" It is ever the same with true gentlemen. The famous Earl of Stair had the reputation at the court of Louis XIV., of being the politest man there. The king once tested him, as they were both proceeding towards the king's carriage. Lord Stair stood aside for his majesty to enter, but Louis bade him enter first—a command which he obeyed immediately. 'I see you deserve your high reputation,' said the French king; 'a man less polite would have disobeyed me with civil assurances, that he could not, for the world, take precedence of the King of France!'

It would seem, however, that all the nobles who shone at the coronation festivities of George IV., were not as perfect in politeness as the warrior-duke. I will cite an instance which marked the superb banquet given by King George IV. to the ambassadors specially sent to grace the high solemnity of the coronation. To this banquet, the foreign ministers generally, and the members of the cabinet, were invited and were present. The American ambassador sat next to Lord Londonderry, and the two discussed between themselves what men are now discussing, the power, pretensions, and infamy of Russia—Lord Londonderry affecting to trust to the moderation of the Muscovite—a moderation which has been more truly described by Lord John Russell, as more menacing than the ambition of other powers. The conversation then fell upon English society; and while on this theme, Lord Londonderry remarked, "that the higher the rank and education,

the better bred, as a general rule, their people in England—so he believed it was considered." Setting aside the fact that this is only partially true, it was, at the same time, a most uncourteous remark to be made, by one who was high in rank and education, to a commoner. But the Stewart-Castlereaghs have ever been unlucky in their civilities, and with their precious balms they have too often bruised the heads they would only have anointed. Witness the fact of the banquet given by the late Marquis of Londonderry to the ambassador of Louis Napoleon. Everything was well done but one, and that one thing, ill done, marred all besides that was well. The room in which the English host welcomed his French guest was decorated with pierced and battered French cuirasses, which had covered the breasts of gallant French enemies at Waterloo. The man who is unfortunate enough to kill an adversary in a duel, may possibly, in after years, be reconciled with that adversary's brother, and perhaps entertain him at dinner; but he would hardly think of hanging up the dead man's clothes (purchased as a trophy from his valet) in his dining-room.

As social traits of this gay time, when the queen was dying while all the world was dining or dancing, I cannot, perhaps, do better than describe, very briefly, the material grandeur of the two principal state banquets given, one by *the* Duke, the other by the King, and both in honor of the newly crowned sovereign.

The grand dinner at Carlton House was given on the 26th July. I have already said that the special and ordinary ambassadors, and the ministers were present. The monarch's brothers were also among the guests,—always excepting the Duke of Sussex, whose sympathies for Queen Caroline had been too markedly and publicly expressed. I must once more have recourse to Mr. Rush for the details.

"We were invited at seven o'clock. As my carriage turned into Pall Mall from the foot of St. James's Street, the old clock at St. James's struck seven, and before I reached Carlton Palace all the carriages appeared to be entering or coming out through the double gates of the Ionic screen in front of the palace. Mine was among the last that drove up to the portico, and by a very few minutes past seven, all the guests, save one, were assembled in the

reception rooms. I had never before witnessed such punctuality at any dinner in England.

"The king entered a minute or two afterwards, and saluted his guests generally, then went the rounds, speaking to each individually. With the special ambassadors he paused longest. Time had now run on to more than a quarter past seven, still one of the guests had not yet arrived, and that one was the Duke of Wellington. The man not apt to be behind time when his majesty's enemies were to be met, was, it seems, in meeting his friends. Five minutes more went by, and still no Duke of Wellington; critical moments when each one seemed to count two. At length, in one of the rooms at a distance, the duke was seen; he was dressed in the uniform of an Austrian field-marshal, a plain round-about jacket of white cloth, and white under dress to suit, relieved by scarcely anything but his sword. The dress being tight and simple, gave to his person a thinner look than usual; and as he kept advancing with easy step, quite alone, and a general silence prevailing, the king separated himself from the group of ambassadors where he was standing, and when he got near enough, stepped forward to meet him. With both hands he shook the duke by both with great cordiality, saying something which the company could not hear, but which, from the manner, we took to be a good-natured rally upon his late arrival. The duke received it with placid composure, made no reply, but bowed. When liberated from the friendly grasp of the king, he approached a circle of which I happened to be one. One of the ministers composing it said to him, 'We hope you will forgive our little treason, my lord duke, but we have just been determining, that as some one of the company was to be too late, it was best to have fallen to your grace's lot, who can so well bear it.' With a half whisper and an arch smile, the duke replied, 'The king knows I could have been here sooner but for attending to some of his majesty's business.' This, considering the duke as a cabinet minister and privy councillor, had doubtless been sufficient to cure his delinquency, and secure for him the very cordial reception all had witnessed. . . . The entire dinner-service was of gold. Each of the salt-cellars, as well as I could catch the design, represented a small rock in dead gold, on

which reclined a sea-nymph holding in her hand a shell, which held the salt. One of these was before every two guests ; so it was, as to number, with the golden coolers down the sides, containing wine. The whole table, sideboard, and room, had an air of chaste and solid grandeur, not however interfering with the restrained enjoyments of a good dinner, of which the king seemed desirous that his foreign guests should in no wise be abridged, for we sat till past ten o'clock." Contrasting this banquet with the one given by the Duke of Wellington, the same writer and guest remarks, that the duke's table-service was not only brilliant, but that it lighted-up better than the king's ; for being entirely of silver, and very profuse, the whole aspect was of pure, glittering white ; unlike the slightly shaded tinges which candles seem to cast from gold plate. The dessert-service at the duke's was of china, a present from the King of Prussia, and made emblematical of the life of the duke, commencing with a view of Dangan Castle, the birth-place of Arthur Wellesley, and going through a course of views of all the places rendered interesting by his presence, or remarkable by his deeds, down to the porcelain pictorial representation of the crowning glory at Waterloo.

While all these matters were in progress, people who nursed superstition were prophesying some calamity to come ; and, certainly, among the incidents of the coronation of George IV., was one which would have been counted ominous in earlier days. The gallant Marquis of Anglesea was lord high steward on that occasion, and it was part of his office to carry the crown up to the altar before the archbishop placed it on the king's head. It was heavier than the gallant lord high steward had reckoned upon, and the glittering crown, ponderous with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones, slipped from his hands. He dexterously recovered it, however, before it reached the ground. An American writer has recorded her opinion of the merit of another noble entrusted with the temporary keeping of the crown,—the Earl of Derby ; of whom Grace Greenwood, in her "Haps and Mishaps," remarks, after seeing the noble earl bearing the "circlet of royalty," before her majesty, Queen Victoria, at the opening of parliament, that he "carried the crown with much grace ; just like a waiter offering an ice !"

CHAPTER XII.

A CROWN LOST AND A GRAVE WON.

THE coronation-day killed the queen. The agitations and sufferings of that eventful day called into deadly action the germs of the disease, under which she ultimately succumbed. Once only, between that day and her death, did she appear in public, at Drury Lane Theatre, and even then she may be said to have been dying.

On August the 2nd, the first bulletin issued from Brandenburgh House, by "W. G. Maten, P. Warren, and H. Holland," announced that her majesty was suffering from internal inflammation and obstruction. Her sufferings were considerable, but they were borne with resignation ; and she even expressed a cheerful readiness to be gone from a world in which she had endured more than she had enjoyed. Her own conviction, from the first, was that her malady would prove fatal. No whisper of hope appeared to deceive or to cheer her. She was determined, as it were, that she must die, and she was prepared for the worst. Her feelings were natural to a woman of her disposition and character. She felt, that despite all solemn protestation, notwithstanding all as solemn assertion, she had failed in re-establishing the reputation which she enjoyed during the early years of her residence in this country. The abandonment of the bill of pains and penalties had not rescued her from degradation ; and the people who were ready to offer her consolation as a woman who had been most deeply wronged and outraged, were by no means so ready to espouse her cause further than this. She had herself confessed to indiscretions, and when the confession applies to constant repetition of the offence, the public judgment, even with nothing more to warrant its exercise, will never be slow to hold her who acknowledges so much, as being guilty of more. In her position, with a reputation so soiled, and torn, and trodden upon ; which could not be made bright by any declaration (poor indeed) that she was not so debased as she was

declared to be by her adversaries; for a woman so placed, to die is the sole joy left her, if she has made the peace with God which can never again exist between her and man. Her few friends were accustomed to say, that in after years her good fame would be substantiated. After years—alas! even had that consummation been accomplished, it would have little served her. Of what use to the drowned sailor is the favorable wind *after* shipwreck? Assuredly, her own character perished more by her own suicidal acts, than by the assaults made upon it by those who were interested in damning it; just as “Tom Payne” himself has said, that a writer may destroy his own reputation which cannot be affected by the pens of other writers.

To die then was now in the very fitness of things, and death made but brief work with his new victim. Between the second and the seventh of August, the suffering never ceased sufficiently to warrant serious hope of amelioration. During the intervening time she continued to express her willingness to depart. She signed her will, gave with calmness all necessary orders which she wished to be observed, spoke charitably of all, and little of herself. Among her last acts was one of sacrifice, and perhaps posterity will regret it. She ordered the diary, which she had long kept, and in which she had entered the characters of the most prominent persons with whom she had come in contact, to be burned. This is said to have been done in her presence; but so many things only seem to be done in a dying presence, that our successors may not despair, hereafter, of becoming more intimate with Caroline, her thoughts and feelings, than she ever permitted her contemporaries to be. The great chance against posterity being allowed to read the scandalous chronicle, or the justifying confessions of Caroline, lies in the fact that the series of journals were burned by a foreign female servant, who knew nothing of their value. Such, at least, was the accredited report.

After nearly five days of intense suffering, the queen sank into a stupor from which she never awoke. At half-past ten o'clock, on the morning of the seventh of August, 1821, “after an entire absence of sense and faculty for more than two hours,” Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of Brunswick, queen consort of George IV.,

expired almost without a struggle. There were with her in her supreme hour, only her faithful friends, Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Anne Hamilton. Her legal and medical advisers, with Alderman Wood and one of his sons, were also near her person. She had completed fifty-three years and three months; of these she passed by far the happier and the more innocent half—happier because the more innocent—in Brunswick. Of the following nineteen years spent in England, eighteen of them were passed in separation from, and most of them in quarrelling with, her husband. For the first nine or ten years of this period, she lived without offence and free from suspicion; during the remainder she was struggling to re-establish a fame which had been wrongfully assailed; but this was accompanied by such eccentricity and indiscretion, that she seemed almost to justify the suspicion under which she had suffered. Then came the half-dozen years of her residence abroad, when she too often shaped her conduct as though she had alacrity in furnishing matter condemnatory against herself, to the spies by whom she was surrounded. To say that they exaggerated her offences, does not unfortunately, prove her guiltless of great crime. Her return to England was a bold step, but it was one she was compelled to take, as I have before attempted to show. It failed, however, in its great purpose. She did not triumph. Justice, indeed, was not rendered her, for she was condemned before she was tried; and though the trial was not carried to its intended conclusion, he who would now stand forth as the champion of Caroline of Brunswick, would be necessarily accounted of as possessing more generosity than judgment.

Nevertheless, for this poor woman there is something to be said. She was ill-educated; religiously educated, not at all; and never had religious principles, as expounded by any particular church. Her mother was a foolish, frivolous woman, and her father, whom she ardently loved, a brave, handsome, vicious man, who made his wife and daughters sit down in company with his mistresses. With such an example before her, what could be expected from an ardent-spirited, idle, and careless girl? Much—if she had been blessed with a husband of principle, a man who would have tempered the ardor to useful ends, guided the spirit to profitable pur-

pose, and taught the careless girl to learn and love the cares, or duties, rather, which belonged to her position. But by whom, and what, was that princess encountered in England, whither she had come to marry a prince who had condescended to have her inflicted on him, and bringing with her the memories of pleasant communings with more courteous wooers in Brunswick? She met a husband who consigned her to companionship with women more infamous than ever she herself became, and whose interest and business it was to render the wife disgusting to the husband. They speedily accomplished the end they had in view, and when they had driven the wife from the palace, they endeavored to prove her to be guilty of vices which she had not then, in common with themselves and her husband. If he ever justly complained of wrong, he at least took infinite pains to merit all that was inflicted on him. He outraged every sense of justice when, steeped to the very lips in uncleanness, he demanded that his consort should be rendered for ever infamous, for the alleged commission of acts for which he claimed impunity on his own account. From the bar of man she turned away, certainly more stricken and shattered than he; but at the tribunal where judgments never err, if his sentence be commensurate with his sin, he may fall blasted for ever, unless mercy temper justice;—and may it be so for both, and for all.

But it was the lot of this unhappy queen to be persecuted even after death. Her will, in which she bequeathed the little she had to leave, to William Austin,—the protégé who did not very long survive her, contained a clause to this effect: “I desire and direct that my body be not opened, and that three days after my death it be carried to Brunswick for interment, and that the inscription on my coffin be, ‘Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England.’”

The government, acting under alleged orders from the king, but influenced, no doubt, by a wish not to mar the festivities attendant upon the visit of George IV. to Ireland, by allowing the queen’s body to remain longer than needful in England, announced their determination to pay every sort of respect to the orders and wishes of her late Majesty, and to despatch the body to Harwich,

at once, for embarkation. The personal friends of Caroline protested against this unseemly readiness, on the part of the ministers, to obey the wishes of one who, when alive, never had a wish that was not thwarted. Lady Hood addressed a letter to Lord Liverpool, not so much, indeed, as she said to *him*, as to his heart. The letter pleaded for delay, on the ground of the queen’s ladies being unprepared; and it expressly protested against the intended military escort, as being an honor never allowed to the queen when living, and one not certainly desired by her who was sufficiently guarded by the people’s love. Reply was made, that the arrangements already resolved upon were irrevocable, and that if the ladies were not provided with the necessary mourning, there would be nothing disrespectful in waiting behind till they had been furnished with what was necessary, and then joining in the procession anywhere on its route. There was a singular want of courtesy in all the communications made by the ministry to the friends of the queen. The latter could not even learn by what route the body would be conveyed to Harwich. The most direct road was through the City of London, and the mayor and corporation had announced their intention to attend on the royal remains on the passage through the city. The government curtly intimated that the funeral *cortège* would not be allowed to pass through the city at all. From the same source, it was subsequently learned that the coffin would be carried by the circuitous route of the New Road to Romford, and then by the direct road to Harwich. The popular disgust was justifiably great. Lord Liverpool asserted that he and his colleagues were influenced only by feelings which prompted them to show full respect to the wishes of the deceased queen. How very little the noble lord was really influenced by the feelings in question, may be seen in Dean Pellew’s Life of Lord Sidmouth. In that work there is a letter from Lord Liverpool, in which the writer says, that he would have dispatched the body, the whole way, by water to Harwich, had he not been afraid of the passage at London Bridge! In other words, he would have paid it as much disrespect as was in his power, only that he feared a popular demonstration of unwelcome character at the bridge.

On the 14th of August, the government authorized the persons employed by them, to remove the body from Hammersmith. There had been very scant ceremony displayed in a "laying in state," and the preparations now were but of a meagre description. A few tawdry escutcheons, a tinsel coronet, heralds in private dresses, and a military escort, looking mournful rather because of the rain, which fell in torrents, than for any other reason.

When Sir George Naylor, in his official tabard, and Mr. Bailey, the undertaker, authorized by government to carry out the prescribed arrangements, entered the room in which the body lay, in order to remove it, they were met by Dr. Lushington, who stood at the head of a small group of her majesty's friends, and protested against the intended removal, on account of over-haste, and also against the attendance of the soldiery. "I enter my solemn protest," said the doctor, "in right of the legal power which is vested in me by her late majesty, as executor. I command that the body be not removed till the arrangements suitable to the rank and dignity of the deceased are made." Mr. Bailey declared that, with the authority he held, the body must be removed. "Touch it not, at your peril," exclaimed Dr. Lushington. Mr. Bailey asked if he intended to use or to recognize violence. The legal executor answered that he would neither assist in, nor recommend violence. Whereupon the government officer declared that he should discharge his duty firmly, and, he hoped, properly.

But he had to encounter a second duel of words with the other executor, Mr. Wilde, who protested as Dr. Lushington had done, and to as little purpose. Mr. Bailey said that his orders were imperative, and he would take upon himself the responsibility and peril of removing the body.

The procession then set out, and never had queen a funeral of such strange ceremony and circumstances. The mourners comprised those friends and legal advisers who have been so often named: some of them were not in the mourning coaches, but in their own private carriages. It was a strictly government funeral (the king, it was said, paid all the expenses); but there was a multitude who descended into the streets on that day. There were many among them who deemed that the funereal charges would,

after all, be defrayed out of the public pocket. They were accordingly determined that their own programme should be followed, and that the body of the queen should be carried through the City of London. The ministers, unwisely, were as obstinately bent in dragging the dead queen through the outskirts, and getting her to Harwich in as unceremonious a manner as possible. They professed great respect, but it is certain that they meant none, and it was because the people were convinced of this, that they occupied the highways on that stormy morning, resolute to bear the inanimate Caroline, as it were, and as she had desired, on the popular shoulders, through the very centre of the great metropolis.

It was between seven and eight o'clock when the funeral procession, escorted by, or rather partly made up of cavalry, passed through Hammersmith. It met with no obstruction until it reached Kensington Church. At this point the first attempt to turn out of the direct road leading to the City, by conducting the cortège up Church Street into the Bayswater Road, was met by a hoarse cry of execration on the part of the people. They went further than protest. In a brief space of time the road was dug up, rendered impassable, and obstructed by a barricade that would have won the approval of a Parisian professor of tumults. The military escort kept their places and their tempers; but the Life Guards, with the chief magistrate of Bow Street, Sir Richard Baker, speedily appeared. They saw the uselessness of attempting to force a passage; and when the order was given to proceed in the direct route to London, there broke forth a thundering shout of victory, about the hearse of the unconscious queen, as though expressly raised to give her assurance that the people had compelled respect to her will.

In the Park, the multitude had spent many of the morning hours in rushing from the south to the north side, from the north to the south; and again and again repeating the same oscillatory movement, according as report reached them that the funeral would pass by one or the other line. The issue of the struggle at Kensington having been announced in the park, the great body of the people there had now moved once more to the south side, and were pouring into the Knightsbridge Road. Meanwhile,

orders had been received from ministers, by Sir Richard Baker, and the commander of the Life Guards, to lead the procession through the Kensington Gate of Hyde Park into the Edgeware Road. But at the gate, the scene which had been enacted at Church Street, was replayed with some additions. The people forcibly held the gates closed, placed every impediment in the way which they could collect, and were so fiercely demonstrative with their cry of "The City! the City!" that magistrate and military again yielded to the popular will; and the body, which had halted amid the tumult, was once again carried forward amid shouts of triumph.

The delay had afforded time to Sir Richard Baker to apply to ministers for fresh instructions. These were forwarded to him in a peremptory order to see that the procession was conducted into the Edgeware Road either by the east side of the Park, or through Park Lane. At both points the suspicious and exasperated populace were ready for the expected contest. It was here that the matter assumed a more serious aspect than it had yet worn. The soldiery began to grow chafed at an opposition which, in its turn, began to be emphasized, if I may use the term, by the employment of missiles. The attempt to pass up the Park was made in vain; that to force Park Lane was equally ineffectual. But while the struggle was raging at the latter point, the line of procession was broken, and that part of it near the gate turned into the Park,—carrying the hearse with it. The military at Park Lane turned back, followed the successful Mr. Bailey and his followers, and closing the gates upon the public, the body of the queen was borne at an unseemly pace, onwards to Cumberland Gate. But the increasingly-excited people were light of foot, and when the head of the funeral line reached Cumberland Gate, with the intention to proceed, not down Oxford Street to the City, but up the Edgeware and, subsequently, the New Roads, there was a compact mass resolved to give no passage, and determined to carry the royal corpse through the metropolis. It was here that Sir Robert Wilson endeavored to mediate between the multitude and the military. The commander of the latter had no discretionary power, and could only obey his orders. His men, hitherto, had exhibited

great forbearance, but their patience was overcome when they found themselves fairly attacked by the populace, at this point. Neither mob nor soldiers were really culpable. The blame rested entirely with the ministry, whose folly and obstinacy had provoked the conflict, and made victims on both sides. The military (by which is to be understood the Life Guards, and not the 'Blues' who formed part of the procession, and were quiescent throughout the day) at last fired a volley, by which several persons were severely injured, and two men, Francis and Honey, were slain. Not a few of the military were seriously wounded by the missiles flung at them in return, but the hitherto victors were vanquished. They gave way, and across the blood that had been spilt, and among the wounded lying around, the peoples' queen, as they called her, was once more carried on the way which the respectful feelings of the ministry taught them it was best for her to go.

The defeat and the victory seemed respectively accepted by the different parties. The individuals having the body in charge, and the escort, pushed hurriedly forward with the hearse towards the New Road. But several of the mourners here left a procession, to form part of which was attended with peril to life. The multitude looked moodily on; but suddenly, as if by common impulse, perhaps at suggestion of some shout, they, too, rushed forward, determined to make one more attempt at achieving a victory for themselves and the unconscious queen.

They who were conducting the body along the New Road towards Romford, did not dream of further opposition, and their astonishment was great when, on arriving at Tottenham Court Road, they found all progress, east or northward, completely obstructed, and no way open for them but southward, towards the city. In this direction they were compelled to turn, hailed by the popular exultation, and met with shouts of execration and menace as they sought, but vainly, at each outlet down the east side of Tottenham Court Road, to find a passage back into the suburban line. In the same way the procession was forced down Drury Lane, into the Strand. Sir Richard Baker did not yield to anything but compulsion, yet he lost his office, as Sir Robert Wilson did his commission, for endeavoring to do his duty under most

trying and difficult circumstances. Once in the Strand, the people felt that their victory had been fairly and irrevocably achieved. When the royal body was carried under Temple Bar, its advent there was hailed with such a wild "hurrah" as had never met the ear of living sovereign. For seven hours that body had been dragged through wind, and rain, and mud—the king's will drawing it in one direction, the people in another. How much or how little the latter were influenced by earnest attachment to her for whom, dead, they made this demonstration, even to the shedding of blood, it is not easy to say. There is less difficulty in coming to the decision, that they who professed to be carrying out the king's commands served him ill, and even perilled his crown on that day.

The civil authorities of the city, hurriedly collected for the occasion, accompanied the royal remains as far as the eastern limit of the city's "liberty," Whitechapel. Thence to Romford the funeral train proceeded at a very varied pace, sometimes as slowly as became the solemnity of a funeral, at others the pace would have been counted lively enough for a wedding. At Romford, the mourners, who had rejoined the cortège, passed the night, but the royal corpse was carried on to Colchester, where it rested for the night, in St. Peter's Church.

It was during this night that the silver plate announcing the occupant of the coffin as "the injured," or, according to some, "the murdered Queen of England," was affixed to the lid. Whenever this was done, the plate was not allowed to remain. It was removed, and replaced by another, inscribed simply with the deceased's name and titles, and dates, in the usual form. They who have visited the vaults beneath the Church of St. Blaize, the patron of Brunswick, may remember that the marks of the nails which fastened the original plate are still visible.

The journey to Harwich was unmarked by any particular incident, save that everywhere along the route the feeling of curiosity to see the remains of Caroline pass to their last resting-place, was accompanied by manifest evidences of respect. Off Harwich were awaiting the *Glasgow* frigate, two sloops of war, three brigs, and the *Pioneer* schooner. The coffin was conveyed to the latter, after

being unceremoniously swung into a barge, and from the schooner it was transferred to the *Glasgow*. The little group of mourners followed. They consisted of Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Anne Hamilton, Mr. Austin, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, and Count Vassali. Her majesty's remains were now in charge of Captain Doyle, who, when a midshipman more than a quarter of a century before, had handed the rope to the royal bride, whereby to help her on board the *Jupiter*. The squadron set sail, under a salute from Languard fort, and at two o'clock p.m., on Sunday, the 19th, it anchored in the harbor of Cuxhaven.

The *Gannet* sloop of war conveyed the body up the Elbe, to the mouth of the Schwinde, and up the latter it was carried, with a guard of marines and the mourners, by the boats belonging to the *Wye* sloop, as far as Stade. From this place to Brunswick the body of the unhappy Caroline was borne, by slow journeys, and amid profuse respectful demonstrations on the part of the people. One of its resting-places by the way was at Zell, in the church of which place the body lay for a night upon the tomb of the unfortunate sister of George III., Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark.

At midnight on Friday, August 24, the last rites were performed over the deceased consort of George IV. The body had been removed from the hearse to a funeral car, which was drawn by some hundred Brunswickers, to the cathedral gates. No extraordinary service was allowed to be celebrated at the side of the vault. The Duke of Brunswick was then a minor and an absentee, and the government of the country was administered by the King of England. But though the service was of the most ordinary character, the sexagenarian pastor, Woolf, pronounced an oration above the remains of the queen. He thanked God for adorning her with high advantages of mind and body, for bestowing upon her a heart full of clemency and benignity, and for placing her where she could, and was resolved to accomplish much good. But "unsearchable, O Eternal, are thy ways!" was the perplexed pastor's cry, as he adverted to her subsequent career;—for terminating which the wisdom of the Almighty was again to be revered.

Among the range of coffins in the vaults beneath the cathedral of St. Blaize, at Brunswick, Caroline rests between two which contain two heroic, but far from faultless, men—her father, who fell at Jena, and her brother, who, at the head of his Black Brunswickers, also fell, in avenging him at Waterloo. Speaking of the latter, "two small black flags," says Russell, "the one an offering from the matrons, the other from the maidens of Brunswick, are suspended above his coffin, and its gaudy gold and crimson are still mixed with the brown and withering leaves of the garlands which the love of his people scattered on his bier, when at midnight he was laid among so many of his race who had fought and fell like himself." Between the coffins of these two, lies that of Caroline of Brunswick, between father and brother slain. Her mother died in exile, yet in her own land; and the grave of her murdered sister, Charlotte, the first wife of the Prince of Wurtemberg, would be sought for in vain. Surely, here was a household sternly dealt with.

On the Sunday following the funeral, the venerable pastor, Woolf, preached a sermon appropriate to the event, and which ended in a panegyric on the character of the queen. The old man, with singular tenacity, clung to the assertion, that in early life "her quick understanding eagerly received every ray of divine truth, and her warm heart and lively feelings were excited and elevated by piety." He declared that her sense of religion increased to a confirmed faith, and that pious occupations were dear to her heart. "I knew her," said the aged advocate, "as an enlightened Christian, before she left the country of her birth. She first received, from my hands, with pious emotion, the holy Supper of our Lord, and the solemnity of her manner was like her previous devotions, an unsuspected proof of her sincere faith and pious feeling." The panegyric would have been, like most articles of the kind, far above the merit of the subject, were it not for the strong qualifying sentence in which the preacher acknowledged that "the sense of religion, it was true, did not always preserve her from infirmities and errors;"—but, as he asked, after the admission, "Where is the mortal, where has there been a saint, who has been always perfect? And," said he, aptly and truly

enough, whether addressed to the friends or the foes of poor, ill-used, and erring Caroline of Brunswick—"And he who erred less, may conscientiously ask himself whether he owes that to himself or to his more fortunate situation, and the undeserved grace of God?" It is a query which we are all bound to make, when viewing a brother or a sister of the human family who is reputed as guilty of offence towards God or man. The latter is ever ready to condemn his neighbor, but never ready to pass sentence on himself. Happy for all, that with God there is not only judgment, but mercy.

THE END.

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